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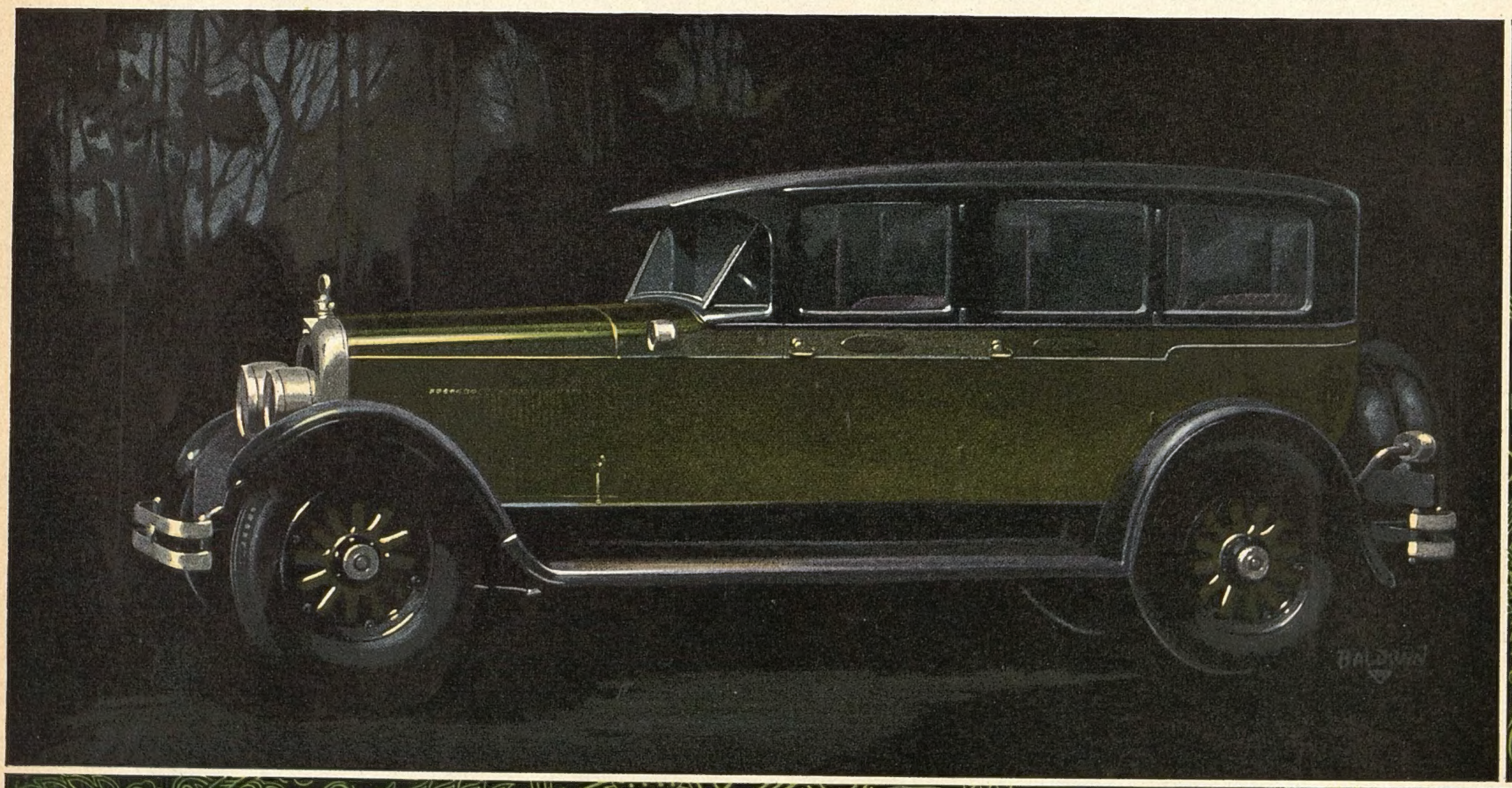

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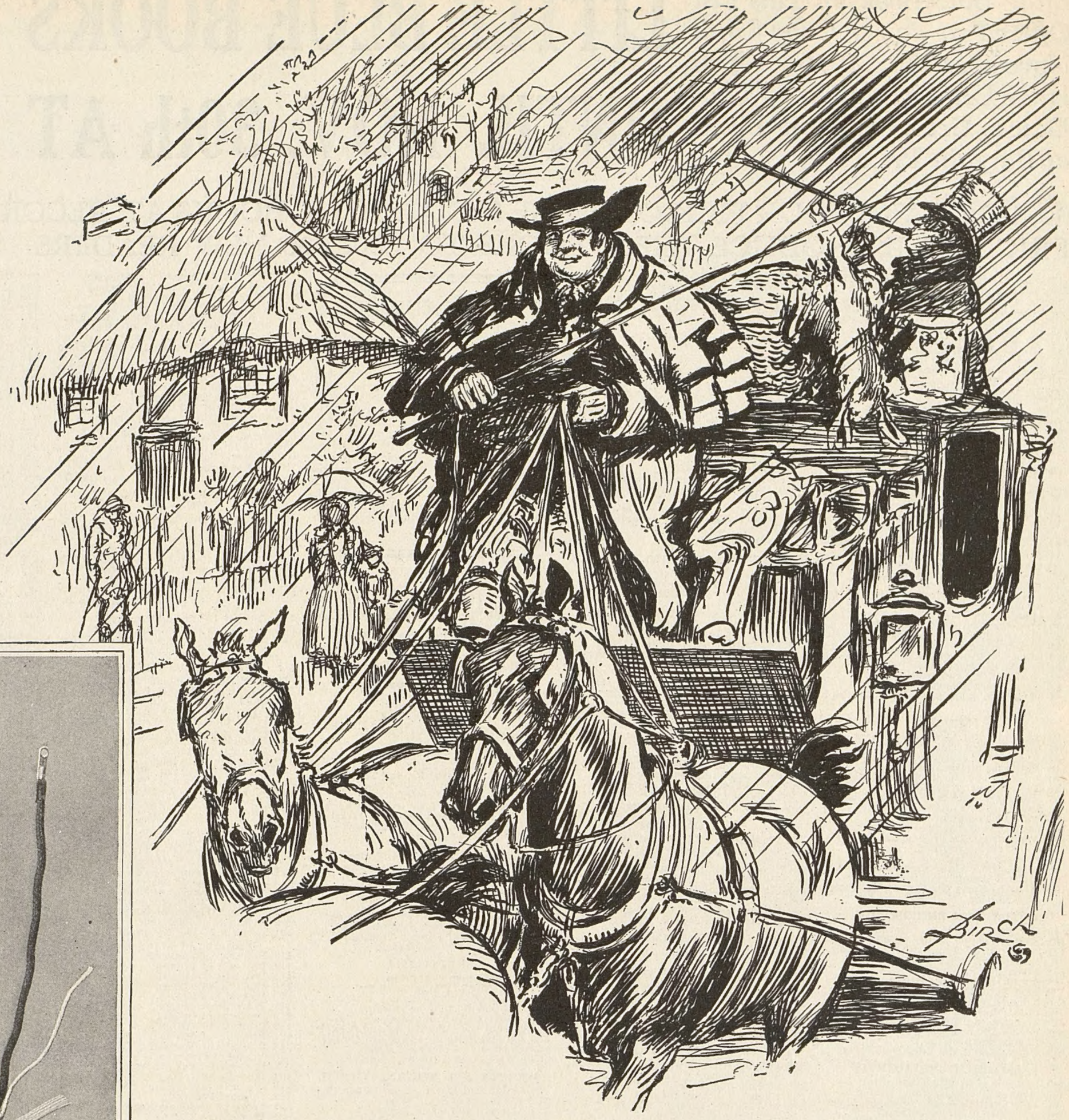


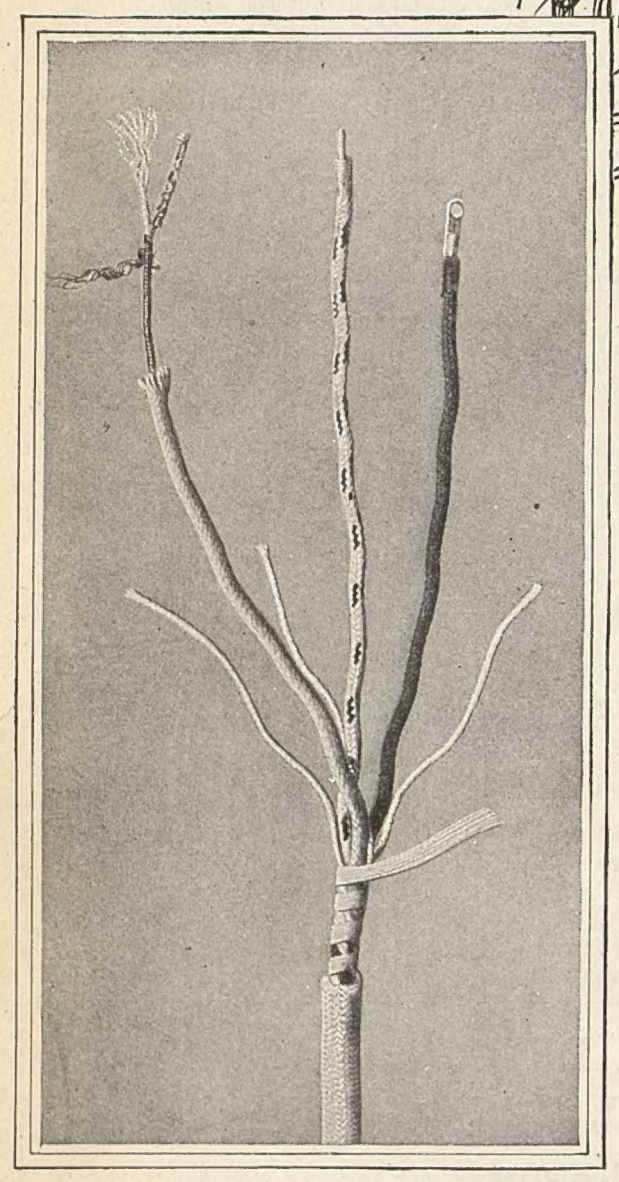

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*"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."*
*—Stephen Decatur.*

## SHALL WE KILL THE KILLERS?—*An Editorial*

Tender-minded, feminized sentimentalists who oppose capital punishment, petitioned, pleaded, and wept, trying to prevent the hanging of Whittemore in Maryland. The same sobbing emotionalists protested against the execution of Gerald Chapman in Connecticut. Every time a particularly cold-blooded criminal is condemned to death, this element of the community will use every possible means of preventing him from paying the penalty. The sobs of the emotionalists over the plight of the criminal entirely drown the weeping of the widows and orphans created wantonly by the killer.

The mental processes of the tender-hearted objector to killing killers are peculiar. He will cheer his neighbor's fine boys off to war, wounds, and death, but shudder at the taking off of a human wolf whose chops still are dripping with the blood of innocents.

The opponents of capital punishment have stock arguments. They charge that the State kills for revenge, that the system is cruel and bungling, and that, instead of creating respect for law, it makes heroes of the condemned and criminals of the executioners. They ridicule the right of the State to settle accounts with incorrigible enemies of society.

They miss, or evade, the real point, which is this: Does the execution of one criminal deter others from committing murder? The theory of capital punishment is not revenge. It is based on the conviction that the killing of one criminal will tend to prevent others from committing murder. If executing murderers lessens murder in the community, then capital punishment justifies itself.

The statistics, according to Connecticut authorities, show that the hanging of Gerald Chapman was followed by a sudden decrease in killings, which, they hold, proves that the execution had an immediate deterrent effect upon potential murderers.

Practically every police chief says capital punishment not only is a deterrent to murder, but the only effective one. Sheriffs and law officers generally accept this belief. The exception are those who sometimes are called upon to execute criminals. The majority of wardens of penitentiaries oppose capital punishment. They see the murderer, not with a smoking pistol in his hand, but whining for the mercy he denied his innocent victim. They hate the hard duty of executing a helpless, terror-stricken wretch. In evading this duty, because it is hard, they condemn to death future innocent victims of future murderers.

The cases of Leopold and Loeb in Chicago reveal the effect of sentimentality. Boys of education, wealth, and with every advantage, they slew viciously. The judge did not hang them. He let them off with a life sentence that probably will not be a life sentence. The respect for the law among a very large number of people was lowered by that sentence.

In the United States, where fewer than two of each one hundred killers are executed, the murder rate is almost twenty times as large as it is in Canada, where most convicted murderers suffer death.

In four States in which capital punishment has been abolished, increases in the murder rate have caused a resumption of the practice of killing killers.

In three known cases in recent years murderers have taken their victims from Massachusetts and Connecticut, in which States the death penalty is inflicted, to Rhode Island, which forbids executions, to kill them where the law did not forfeit their lives.

Incidentally the present would be a propitious time to make a test that would settle the argument finally. Crime is rampant all over the country. Why not stiffen up our backbone, hang our murderers, and see if that does not diminish crime?

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

## IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

### *Thrills from Cosmo Hamilton*

COSMO HAMILTON gives us a tale taut with intrigue, full of lustrous gems and men fighting for them under hot skies, in THE THREE PEARLS. Don't miss this smashing story.

DANA BURNET writes NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HER—a tender yet powerful story of a straight-thinking girl who saves her lover.

And GALLI-CURCI opens her mind to us in an interview with MARGARET NORRIS called: GRAND OPERA—LUDICROUS BUT LOVELY.

## Beg Pardon

A statement in LIBERTY'S recent articles, The Machine-Gunning of McSwiggin, inferentially identified the plant of the National Beverage Company at 1926 West 18th Street, Chicago, Ill., with bootlegging enterprises. The inference was unwarranted, and LIBERTY is pleased to take this opportunity to correct it. For more than thirty years the plant has been operated and controlled by the present owners.

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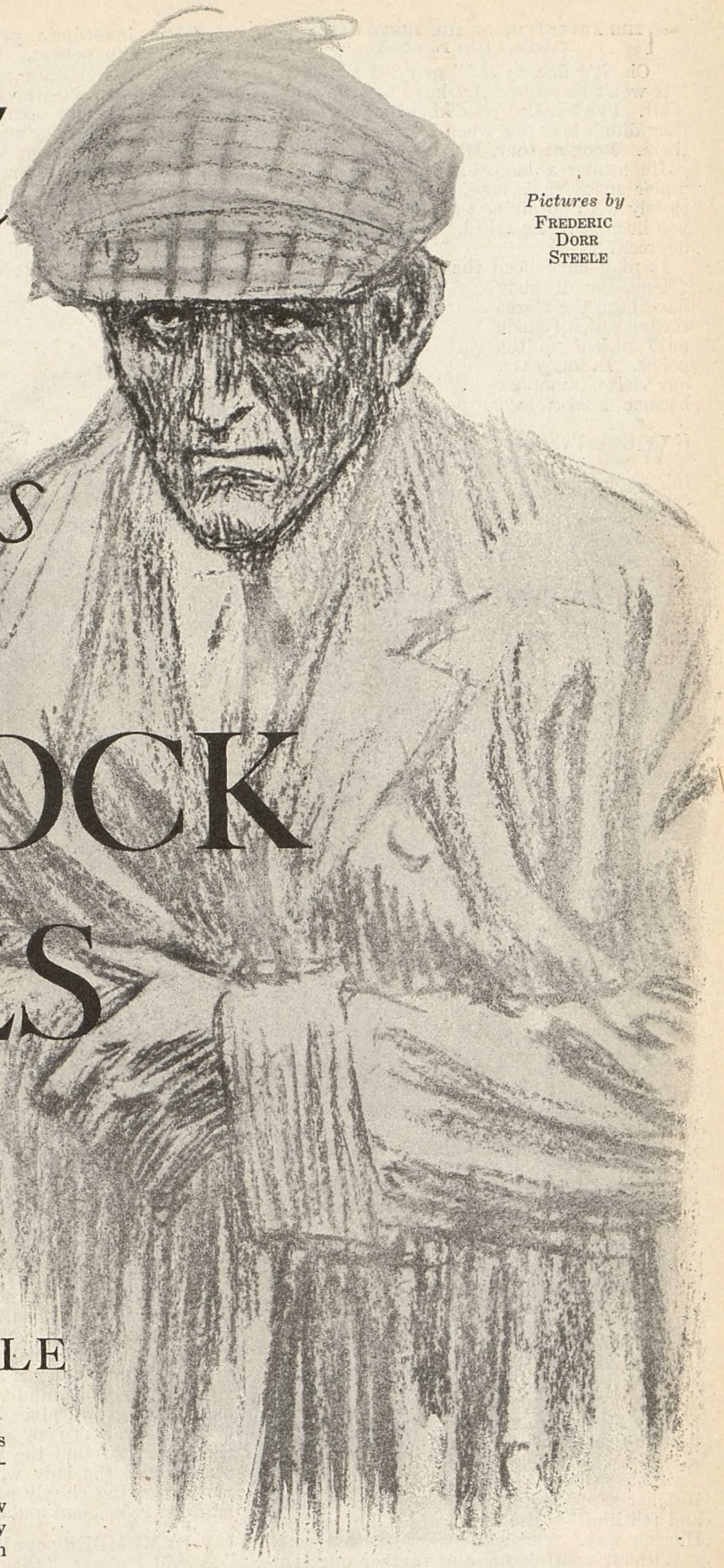

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## *The Adventure of the THREE GABLES*

*By*

Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

I DON'T think that any of my adventures with Mr. Sherlock Holmes opened quite so abruptly, or so dramatically, as that which I associate with the Three Gables.

I had not seen Holmes for some days, and had no idea of the new channel into which his activities had been directed. He was in a chatty mood that morning, however, and had just settled me in the well-worn low armchair on one side of the fire, while he had curled down with his pipe upon the opposite settee, when our visitor arrived. If I had said that a mad bull had arrived, it would give a clearer impression of what occurred.

The door had flown open and a huge Negro had burst into the room. He would have been a comic figure if he had not been terrific, for he was dressed in a very loud gray check suit, with a flowing salmon-colored tie. His broad face and flattened nose were thrust forward, as his sullen, dark eyes, with a smoldering gleam of malice in them, turned from one of us to the other.

"Which of you genelmen is Masser Holmes?" he asked.

Holmes raised his pipe, languidly smiling.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said our visitor, coming with an unpleasant, stealthy step round the angle of the table. "See here, Mr. Holmes, you keep your hands out of other folk's business. Leave folks to manage their own affairs. Got that, Mr. Holmes?"

"Keep on talking," said Holmes. "It's fine."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE ADVENTURE OF THE THREE GABLES]
Continued from Page Nine

"Oh, it's fine, is it?" growled the savage. "It won't be so fine if I have to trim you up a bit. I've handled your kind before now, and they didn't look fine when I was through with them. Look at that, Mr. Holmes!"

He swung a huge knotted lump of a fist under my friend's nose. Holmes examined it closely with an air of great interest. "Were you born so?" he asked. "Or did it come by degrees?"

It may have been the icy coolness of my friend, or it may have been the slight clatter which I made as I picked up the poker. In any case, our visitor's manner became less showy.

*Holmes raised his pipe, languidly smiling.*

"WELL, I've given you fair warnin'," said he. "I've a friend that's interested out Harrow way—you know what I'm meaning—and he don't mean to have no buttin' in by you. Got that? You ain't the law, and I ain't the law either, and if you come in, I'll be on hand also. Don't you forget it."

"I've wanted to meet you for some time," said Holmes. "I won't ask you to sit down, for I don't like the smell of you; but aren't you Steve Dixie, the bruiser?"

"That's my name, Masser Holmes, and you'll get put through it for sure if you give me any lip."

"It is certainly the last thing you need," said Holmes, staring at our visitor's hideous mouth. "But it was the killing of young Perkins outside the Holborn Bar—What! You're not going?"

The Negro had sprung back and his face was leaden. "I won't listen to no such talk," said he. "What have I to do with this 'ere Perkins, Masser Holmes? I was trainin' at the Bull Ring in Birmingham when this boy done get into trouble."

"Yes, you'll tell the magistrate about it, Steve," said Holmes. "I've been watching you and Barney Stockdale——"

"So help me the Lord! Masser Holmes——"

"That's enough. Get out of it. I'll pick you up when I want you."

"Good mornin', Masser Holmes. I hope there ain't no hard feelin's about this 'ere visit?"

"There will be, unless you tell me who sent you."

"Why, there ain't no secret about that, Masser Holmes. It was that same genelman that you just done gone mention."

"And who set him on to it?"

"S'elp me! I don't know, Masser Holmes! He just say, 'Steve, you go see Mr. Holmes, and tell him his life ain't safe if he go down Harrow way.' That's the whole truth."

Without waiting for any further questioning, our visitor bolted out of the room almost as precipitately as he had entered. Holmes knocked the ashes out of his pipe with a quiet chuckle.

"I am glad you were not forced to break his woolly head, Watson. I observed your maneuvers with the poker. But he is really rather a harmless fellow—a great, muscular, foolish, blustering baby, and easily cowed, as you have seen. He is one of the Spencer John gang, and has taken part in some dirty work of late, which I may clear up when I have time.

"His immediate principal, Barney, is a more astute person. They specialize in assaults, intimidation, and the like. What I want to know is, who is at the back of them on this particular occasion?"

"But why do they want to intimidate you?"

"It is this Harrow Weald case. It decides me to look into the matter, for if it is worth anyone's while to take so much trouble, there must be something in it."

"But what is it?"

"I was going to tell you when we had this comic interlude. Here is Mrs. Maberley's note. If you care to come with me, we will wire her and go out at once."

I read:

DEAR MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES:

I have had a succession of strange incidents occur to me in connection with this house, and I should much value your advice. You would find me at home any time tomorrow. The house is within a short walk of the Weald station. I believe that my late husband, Mortimer Maberley, was one of your early clients.

Yours faithfully,
MARY MABERLEY.

The address was, "The Three Gables. Harrow Weald."

"So that's that!" said Holmes. "And now, if you can spare the time, Watson, we shall get upon our way."

A short railway journey and a shorter drive brought us to the house, a brick-and-timber villa, standing in its own acre of undeveloped grassland. Three small projections above the upper windows made a feeble attempt to justify its name. Behind was a grove of melancholy, half-grown pines, and the whole aspect of the place was poor and depressing. None the less, we found the house to be well furnished, and the lady who received us was a most engaging elderly person, who bore every mark of refinement and culture.

"I REMEMBER your husband well, madam," said Holmes, "though it is quite a few years since he used my services in some trifling matter."

"Probably you would be more familiar with the name of my son Douglas."

Holmes looked at her with great interest.

"Dear me! Are you the mother of Douglas Maberley? I knew him slightly. But, of course, all London knew him. What a magnificent creature he was! Where is he now?"

"Dead, Mr. Holmes, dead! He was attache at Rome, and he died there of pneumonia last month."

"I am sorry. One could not connect death with such a man. I have never known anyone so vitally alive. He lived intensely—every fiber of him!"

"Too intensely, Mr. Holmes. That was the ruin of him. You remember him as he was—debonair and splendid. You did not see the moody, morose, brooding creature into which he developed. His heart was broken. In a single month I seemed to see my gallant boy turn into a worn-out, cynical man."

"A love affair—a woman?"

"Or a friend. Well, it was not to talk of my poor lad that I asked you to come, Mr. Holmes."

"Dr. Watson and I are at your service."

"There have been some very strange happenings. I have been in this house more than a year now, and as I wished to lead a retired life, I have seen little of my neighbors. Three days ago I had a call from a man who said that he was a house agent. He said that this house would exactly suit a client of his, and that if I would part with it, money would be no object.

"IT seemed to me very strange, as there are several empty houses on the market that appear to be equally eligible, but naturally I was interested in what he said. I therefore named a price that was five hundred pounds more than I gave. He at once closed with the offer, but added that his client desired to buy the furniture as well and would I put a price upon it. Some of this furniture is from my old home, and it is, as you see, very good, so that I named a good round sum. To this also he at once agreed. I had always wanted to travel, and the bargain was so good a one that it really seemed I would be my own mistress for the rest of my life.

"Yesterday the man arrived with the agreement all drawn out. Luckily, I showed it to Mr. Sutro, my lawyer, who lives in Harrow. He said to me, 'This is a very strange document. Are you aware that if you sign it, you could not legally take *anything* out of the house—not even your own private possessions?'

"When the man came again in the evening, I pointed this out, and said that I meant only to sell the furniture."

"'No, no, everything,' said he.

"'But my clothes? My jewels?'

"'Well, well, some concession might be made for your personal effects. But nothing shall go out of the house unchecked. My client is a very liberal man, but he has his fads and his own way of doing things. It is everything or nothing with him.'

"'Then it must be nothing,' said I. And there the matter was left, but the whole thing seemed to me to be so unusual that I thought——"

Here we had a very extraordinary interruption.

Holmes raised his hand for silence. Then he strode across the room, flung open the door, and dragged in a gaunt woman, whom he had seized by the shoulder. She entered with ungainly struggles, like some huge, awkward chicken, torn squawking out of its coop.

"Leave me alone! What are you a-doin' of?" she screeched.

"Why, Susan, what is this?"

"Well, ma'am, I was comin' in to ask if the visitors was stayin' for lunch, when this man jumped out at me."

"I have been listening to her for the last five minutes, but did not wish to interrupt your most interesting narrative. Just a little wheezy, Susan, are you not? You breathe too heavily for that kind of work."

Susan turned a sulky but amazed face upon her captor.

"Who be you, anyhow, and what right have you a-pullin' me about like this?"

"It was merely that I wished to ask a question in your presence. Did you, Mrs. Maberley, mention to anyone that you were going to write to me and consult me?"

"No, Mr. Holmes, I did not."

"Who posted your letter?"

"Susan did."

"Exactly. Now Susan, to whom was it that you wrote or sent a message to say that your mistress was asking advice from me?"

"It's a lie. I sent no message."

"Now, Susan, wheezy people may not live long, you know. It's a wicked thing to tell fibs. Whom did you tell?"

"Susan!" cried her mistress. "I believe you are a bad, treacherous woman. I remember now that I saw you speaking to someone over the hedge."

"That was my own business," said the woman sullenly.

"Suppose I tell you that it was Barney Stockdale to whom you spoke?" said Holmes.

"Well, if you know, what do you want to ask for?"

"I was not sure, but I know now. Well, Susan, it will be worth ten pounds to you if you will tell me who is at the back of Barney."

"Someone that could lay down a thousand pounds for every ten you have in the world."

"So, a rich man— No, you smiled—a rich woman. Now we have got so far, you may as well give the name and earn the tenner."

"I'll see you in hell first."

"Oh, Susan! Language!"

"I am clearing out of here. I've had enough of you all. I'll send for my trunk tomorrow." She flounced for the door.

"GOOD-BY, Susan. Paregoric is the stuff. Now," Holmes continued, turning suddenly from lively to severe when the door had closed behind the flushed and angry woman, "this gang means business. Look how close they play the game. Your letter had the ten P. M. postmark. And yet Susan passes the word to Barney; Barney has time to go to his employer and get instructions; he or she—I incline to the latter from Susan's grin when she thought I had blundered — forms a plan. Black Steve is called in, and I am warned off by eleven o'clock next morning. That's quick work, you know."

"But what do they want?"

"Yes, that's the question. Who had this house before you?"

"A retired sea captain, called Ferguson."

"Anything remarkable about him?"

"Not that ever I heard of."

"I was wondering whether he could have buried something. Of course, when people bury treasure nowadays, they do it in the post-office bank. But there are always some lunatics about. It would be a dull world without them. At first I thought of some buried valuable. But why, in that case, should they want your furniture? You don't happen to have a Raphael or a first folio of Shakespeare without knowing it?"

"No, I don't think I have anything rarer than a Crown Derby tea set."

"That would hardly justify all this mystery. Besides, why should they not openly state what they want? If they covet your tea set, they can surely offer a price for it without buying you out, lock, stock, and barrel. No, as I read it, there is something which you do not know that you have, and which you would not give up if you did know."

"That is how I read it," said I.

"Dr. Watson agrees, so that settles it."

"Well, Mr. Holmes, what can it be?"

"LET us see whether by this purely mental analysis we can get it to a finer point. You have been in this house a year."

"Nearly two."

"All the better. During this long period no one wants anything from you. Now, suddenly, within three or four days, you have urgent demands. What would you gather from that?"

"It can only mean," said I, "that the object, whatever it may be, has only just come into the house."

"Settled once again," said Holmes. "Now, Mrs. Maberley, has any object just arrived?"

"No, I have bought nothing new this year."

"Indeed! That is very remarkable. Well, I think we had best let matters develop a little further until we have clearer data. Is that lawyer of yours a capable man?"

"Mr. Sutro is most capable."

"Have you another maid, or was the fair Susan, who has just banged your front door, alone?"

"I have a young girl."

"Try to get Sutro to spend a night or two in the house. You might possibly want protection."

"Against whom?"

"Who knows? The matter is certainly ob-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

*"When I woke, one man was at the bedside and another was rising with a bundle in his hand."*

[THE ADVENTURE OF THE THREE GABLES
Continued from Page Eleven]

scure. If I can't find what they are after, I must approach the matter from the other end, and try to get at the principal. Did this house-agent man give any address?"

"Simply his card and occupation: Haines-Johnson, Auctioneer and Valuer."

"I don't think we shall find him in the directory. Honest business men don't conceal their place of business. Well, you will let me know any fresh development. I have taken up your case, and you may rely upon it that I shall see it through."

As we passed through the hall, Holmes' eyes, which missed nothing, lighted upon several trunks and cases that were piled in the corner. The labels shone out upon them.

"'Milano.' 'Lucerne.' These are from Italy."

"They are poor Douglas' things."

"You have not unpacked them? How long have you had them?"

"They arrived last week."

"But you said— Why, surely, this might be the missing link! How do we know that there is not something of value there?"

"There could not possibly be, Mr. Holmes. Poor Douglas had only his pay and a small annuity. What could he have of value?"

Holmes was lost in thought.

"Delay no longer, Mrs. Maberley," he said at last. "Have these things taken upstairs to your bedroom. Examine them as soon as possible and see what they contain. I will come tomorrow and hear your report."

IT was very evident that the Three Gables was under very close surveillance, for as we came round the high ledge at the end of the lane, there was the Negro prize fighter standing in the shadow. We came on him quite suddenly, and a grim and menacing figure he looked in that lonely place. Holmes clapped his hand to his pocket.

"Lookin' for your gun, Masser Holmes?"

"No, for my scent bottle, Steve."

"You are funny, Masser Holmes, ain't you?"

"It won't be funny for you, Steve, if I get after you. I gave you fair warning this morning."

"Well, Masser Holmes, I done gone think over what you said, and I don't want no more talk about that affair of Masser Perkins. S'pose I can help you, Masser Holmes, I will."

"Well then, tell me who is behind you on this job?"

"So help me the Lord! Masser Holmes, I tell you the truth before. I don't know. My boss Barney gives me orders and that's all."

"Well, just bear in mind, Steve, that the lady in that house and everything under that roof are under my protection. Don't you forget it."

"All right, Masser Holmes. I'll remember."

"I've got him thoroughly frightened for his own skin, Watson," Holmes remarked, as we walked on. "I think he would double cross his employer if he knew who he was. It was lucky I had some knowledge of the Spencer John crowd, and that Steve was one of them. Now, Watson, this is a case for Langdale Pike, and I am going to see him now. When I get back I may be clearer in the matter."

I saw no more of Holmes during the day, but I could well imagine how he spent it, for Langdale Pike was his human book of reference upon all matters of social scandal. This strange, languid creature spent his waking hours in the bow window of a St. James' Street club, and was the receiving station, as well as the transmitter, for all the gossip of the metropolis.

Langdale Pike made, it was said, a four-figure income by the paragraphs he contributed every week to the garbage papers that cater to an inquisitive public. If ever, far down in the turbid depths of London life, there was some strange swirl or eddy, it was marked with automatic exactness upon this human dial upon the surface. Holmes discreetly helped Langdale to knowledge, and on occasion was helped in turn.

When I met my friend in his room early next morning, I was conscious from his bearing that all was well, but none the less, a most unpleasant surprise was awaiting us. It took the shape of the following telegram:

> Please come out at once. Client's house burgled in the night. Police in possession.
> SUTRO.

Holmes whistled. "The drama has come to a crisis, and quicker than I had expected. There is a great driving power at the back of this business, Watson, which does not surprise me, after what I have heard. This Sutro, of course, is her lawyer. I made a mistake, I fear, in not asking you to spend the night on guard. This fellow has clearly proved a broken reed. Well, there is nothing for it but another journey to Harrow Weald."

WE found the Three Gables a very different establishment from the orderly household of the previous day. A small group of idlers had assembled at the garden gate, while a couple of constables were examining the windows and the geranium beds.

Within we met a gray old gentleman, who introduced himself as the lawyer, together with a bustling, rubicund inspector, who greeted Holmes as an old friend.

"Well, Mr. Holmes, no chance for you in this case, I'm afraid. Just a common, ordinary burglary, and well within the capacity of the poor old police. No experts need apply."

"I am sure the case is in very good hands," said Holmes. "Merely a common burglary, you say?"

"Quite so. We know pretty well who the men are and where to find them. It is that gang of Barney Stockdale's, with the big nigger in it—they've been seen about here."

"Excellent! What did they get?"

"Well, they don't seem to have got much. Mrs. Maberley was chloroformed and the house was— Ah! there is the lady herself."

Our friend of yesterday, looking very pale and ill, had entered the room, leaning upon a little maidservant.

"You gave me good advice, Mr. Holmes," said she, smiling ruefully. "Alas, I did not take it. I did not wish to trouble Mr. Sutro, and so I was unprotected."

"I only heard of it this morning," the lawyer explained.

"Mr. Holmes advised me to have some

*HOLMES flung open the door and dragged in a gaunt woman, whom he had seized by the shoulder.*

*"Shall I give this back?" she asked.*

friends in the house. I neglected his advice and I have paid for it."

"You look wretchedly ill," said Holmes. "Perhaps you are hardly equal to telling me what occurred."

"It is all here," said the Inspector, tapping a bulky notebook.

"Still, if the lady is not too exhausted——"

"There is really so little to tell. I have no doubt that wicked Susan had planned an entrance for them. They must have known the house to an inch. I was conscious for a moment of the chloroform rag that was thrust over my mouth, but I have no notion how long I may have been senseless. When I woke, one man was at the bedside and another was rising with a bundle in his hand from among my son's baggage, which was partially opened and littered over the floor. Before he could get away, I sprang up and seized him."

"You took a big risk," said the Inspector.

"I clung to him, but he shook me off, and the other may have struck me, for I can remember no more. Mary, the maid, heard the noise and began screaming out of the window. That brought the police, but the rascals had got away."

"What did they take?"

"Well, I don't think there is anything of value missing. I am sure there was nothing in my son's trunks."

"Did the man leave no clue?"

"There was one sheet of paper, which I may have torn from the man that I grasped. It was lying all crumpled on the floor. It is in my son's handwriting."

"Which means that it is not of much use," said the Inspector. "Now, if it had been in the burglar's——"

"Exactly," said Holmes. "What rugged common sense! None the less, I should be curious to see it."

THE Inspector drew a folded sheet of foolscap from his pocketbook.

"I never pass anything, however trifling," said he with some pomposity. "That is my advice to you, Mr. Holmes. In twenty-five years' experience, I have learned my lesson. There is always the chance of finger marks or something."

Holmes inspected the sheet of paper.

"What do you make of it, Inspector?"

"Seems to be the end of some queer novel, so far as I can see."

"It may certainly prove to be the end of a queer tale," said Holmes. "You have noticed the number of the top of the page. It is two hundred and forty-five. Where are the odd two hundred and forty-four pages?"

"Well, I suppose the burglars got those. Much good may it do them!"

"It seems a queer thing to break into a house in order to steal such papers as that. Does it suggest anything to you, Inspector?"

"Yes, sir, it suggests that in their hurry, the rascals just grabbed at what came first to hand. I wish them joy of what they got."

"Why should they go to my son's things?" asked Mrs. Maberley.

"Well, they found nothing valuable downstairs, so they tried their luck upstairs. That is how I read it. What do you make of it, Mr. Holmes?"

"I must think it over, Inspector. Come to the window, Watson." Then as we stood together he read over the fragment of paper. It began in the middle of a sentence and ran like this:

> . . . face bled considerably from the cuts and blows, but it was nothing to the bleeding of his heart as he saw that lovely face, the face for which he had been prepared to sacrifice his very life, looking out at his agony and humiliation. She smiled—yes, by heaven! She smiled, like the heartless fiend she was, as he looked up at her. It was at that moment that love died and hate was born. If it is not for your embrace, my lady, then it shall surely be for your undoing and my complete revenge.

"Queer grammar!" said Holmes with a smile, as he handed the paper back to the Inspector. "Did you notice how the 'he' suddenly changed to 'my'? The writer was so carried away by his own story that he imagined himself at the supreme moment to be the hero."

"It seemed mighty poor stuff," said the Inspector, as he replaced it in his book. "What! Are you off, Mr. Holmes?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE ADVENTURE OF THE THREE GABLES
Continued from Page Thirteen]

"I don't think there is anything more for me to do now that the case is in such capable hands. By the way, Mrs. Maberley, did you say you wished to travel?"

"It has always been my dream, Mr. Holmes."

"Where would you like to go — Cairo, Madeira, the Riviera?"

"Oh! If I had the money I would go round the world."

"Quite so. Round the world. Well, good morning. I may drop you a line in the evening."

AS we passed the window I caught a glimpse of the Inspector's smile and shake of the head. "These clever fellows have always a touch of madness." That was what I read in the Inspector's smile.

"Now, Watson, we are at the last lap of our little journey," said Holmes, when we were back in the roar of central London once more. "I think we had best clear the matter up at once, and it would be well that you should come with me, for it is safer to have a witness when you are dealing with such a lady as Isadora Klein."

We had taken a cab and we were speeding to some address in Grosvenor Square. Holmes had been sunk in thought, but he roused himself suddenly.

"By the way, Watson, I suppose you see it all clearly."

"No, I can't say that I do. I only gather that we are going to see the lady who is behind all this michief."

"Exactly! But does the name Isadora Klein convey nothing to you? The celebrated beauty? There was never a woman to touch her. She is pure Spanish, the real blood of the masterful conquistadors, and her people have been leaders in Pernambuco for generations. She married the aged German sugar king, Klein, and presently found herself the richest, as well as the most lovely, widow upon earth.

"Then there was an interval of adventure when she pleased her own tastes. She had several lovers, and Douglas Maberley, one of the most striking men in London, was among them. It was by all accounts more than an adventure with him. He was not a society butterfly, but a strong, proud man, who gave and expected all. But she is the *belle dame sans merci* of fiction. When her caprice is satisfied, the matter is ended, and if the other party in the matter can't take her word for it, she knows how to bring it home to him."

"Then that was his own story——"

"Ah! You are piecing it together now. I hear that she is about to marry the young Duke of Lomond, who might almost be her son. His Grace's ma might overlook the age, but a big scandal would be a different matter, so it is imperative— Ah! here we are!"

It was one of the finest corner houses of the West End. A machine-like footman took up our cards and returned with word that the lady was not at home. "Then we shall wait until she is," said Holmes cheerfully.

The machine broke down.

"Not at home means not at home to *you*," said the footman.

"Good," Holmes answered. "That means that we shall not have to wait. Kindly give this note to your mistress."

He scribbled three or four words upon a sheet of his notebook, folded it, and handed it to the man.

"What did you say, Holmes?" I asked.

"I simply wrote 'Shall it be the police then?' I think that should pass us in."

It did—with amazing celerity. A minute later we were in an Arabian-night drawing-room, vast and wonderful, in a half gloom, picked out with an occasional pink electric light. The lady had come, I felt, to that time of life when even the proudest beauty finds the half light more welcome. She rose from a settee as we entered—tall, queenly, a perfect figure, a lovely mask-like face, with two wonderful Spanish eyes that looked murder at us both.

"What is this intrusion—and this insulting message?" she asked, holding up the slip of paper.

"I need not explain, madam. I have too much respect for your intelligence to do so—though I confess that your intelligence has been surprisingly at fault of late."

"How so, sir?"

"By supposing that your hired bullies could frighten me from my work. Surely no man would take up my profession if it were not that danger attracts him. It was you, then, who forced me to examine the case of young Maberley."

"I have no idea what you are talking about. What have I to do with hired bullies?"

Holmes turned away wearily.

"Yes! I have underrated your intelligence. Well, good afternoon!"

"Stop! Where are you going?"

"To Scotland Yard."

WE had not got halfway to the door before she had overtaken us and was holding his arm. She had turned in a moment from steel to velvet.

"Come and sit down, gentlemen. Let us talk this matter over. I feel that I may be frank with you, Mr. Holmes. You have the instincts of a gentleman. How quick a woman's instinct is to find it out! I will treat you as a friend."

"I cannot promise to reciprocate, madam. I am not the law, but I represent justice so far as my feeble powers go. I am ready to listen and then I will tell you how I will act."

"No doubt it was foolish of me to threaten a brave man like yourself."

"What was really foolish, madam, is that you have placed yourself in the power of a band of rascals who may blackmail or give you away."

"No, no! I am not so simple. Since I have promised to be frank, I may say that no one, save Barney Stockdale and Susan, his wife, have the least idea who their employer is. As to them, well, it is not the first—" She smiled and nodded, with a charming coquettish intimacy.

"I see. You've tested them before."

"They are good hounds who run silent."

"Such hounds have a way sooner or later of biting the hand that feeds them. They will be arrested for this burglary. The police are already after them."

"They will take what comes to them. That is what they are paid for. I shall not appear in the matter."

"Unless I bring you into it."

"No, no! You would not! You are a gentleman. It is a woman's secret."

"In the first place, you must give back the manuscript."

She broke into a ripple of laughter, and walked to the fireplace. There was a calcined mass, which she broke up with the poker. "Shall I give this back?" she asked. So roguish and exquisite did she look as she stood before us with a challenging smile, that I felt of all Holmes' criminals, this was the one whom he would find it hardest to face. However, he was immune to sentiment.

"That seals your fate," he said coldly. "You are very prompt in your actions, madam, but have overdone it on this occasion."

SHE threw the poker down with a clatter. "How hard you are!" she cried. "May I tell you the whole story?"

"I fancy I could tell it to you."

"But you must look at it with my eyes, Mr. Holmes. You must realize it from the point of view of a woman who sees all her life's ambition about to be ruined at the last moment. Is such a woman to be blamed if she protects herself?"

"The original sin was yours."

"Yes, yes! I admit it. He was a dear boy, Douglas, but it so chanced that he could not fit into my plans. He wanted marriage—Marriage, Mr. Holmes, with a penniless commoner! Nothing less would serve him. Then he became pertinacious. Because I had given, he seemed to think I still must give, and to him only. It was intolerable. At last I had to make him realize it."

"By hiring ruffians to beat him under your own window."

"You do, indeed, seem to know everything. Well, it is true. Barney and the boys drove him away, and were, I admit, a little rough in doing so. But what did he do then? Could I have believed that a gentleman would do such an act! He wrote a book in which he described his own story. I, of course, was the wolf. He the lamb. It was all there, under different names, of course; but who in all London would have failed to recognize it? What do you say to that, Mr. Holmes?"

"Well, he was within his rights."

"It was as if the air of Italy had got into his blood and brought with it the old cruel Italian spirit. He wrote to me and sent me a copy of his book that I might have the torture of anticipation. There were two copies, he said—one for me, one for his publisher."

"How did you know the publisher's had not reached him?"

"I knew who his publisher was. It is not his only novel, you know. I found out that he had not heard from Italy. Then came Douglas' sudden death. So long as that other manuscript was in the world, there was no safety for me. Of course, it must be among his effects, and these would be returned to his mother.

"I set the gang at work. One of them got into the house as a servant. I wanted to do the thing honestly. I really and truly did. I was ready to buy the house and everything in it. I offered any price she cared to ask. I only tried the other way when everything else had failed. Now, Mr. Holmes, granting that I was too hard on Douglas—and, God knows, I am sorry for it—what else could I do, with my whole future at stake?"

Sherlock Holmes shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, well," said he, "I suppose I shall have to compound a felony, as usual. How much does it cost to go round the world in first-class style?"

The lady stared in amazement.

"Could it be done on five thousand pounds?"

"Well, I should think so, indeed!"

"Very good. I think you will sign me a check for that, and I will see that it comes to Mrs. Maberley. You owe her a little change of air. Meantime, lady,"—he wagged a cautionary forefinger—"have a care! Have a care! You can't play with edged tools forever without cutting those dainty hands!"

THE END

*Another Sherlock Holmes story will appear in an early issue of LIBERTY. Watch for it!*

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

*"She said, 'Oh, thank you so much!'"*

# The Small Bachelor

## *Beginning a Comedy of Young and Scrambled Love*

A New Serial by

## P. G. WODEHOUSE

*Pictures by* JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

I

THE roof of the Sheridan Apartment House, near Washington Square, New York. Let us examine it. There will be stirring happenings on this roof in due season, and it is as well to know the ground.

The Sheridan stands in the heart of New York's Bohemian and artistic quarter. If you threw a brick from any of its windows, you would be certain to brain some rising young interior decorator, some vorticist sculptor, or a writer of revolutionary *vers libre*. And a very good thing, too. Its roof, cozy, compact, and ten stories above the street, is flat, paved

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with tiles and surrounded by a low wall, jutting up at one end of which is an iron structure—the fire escape. Climbing down this, should the emergency occur, you would find yourself in the open-air premises of the Purple Chicken restaurant—one of those numerous oases in this great city where, in spite of the law of prohibition, you can still, so the cognoscenti whisper, "always get it if they know you."

On the other side of the roof, opposite the fire escape, stands what is technically known as a small bachelor apartment, "penthouse style." It is a white walled, red tiled bungalow, and the small bachelor who owns it is a very estimable young man named George Finch, originally from East Gilead, Idaho, but now, owing to a substantial legacy from an uncle, a unit of New York's Latin Quarter. For George, no longer being obliged to earn a living, has given his suppressed desires play by coming to the metropolis and trying his hand at painting. From boyhood he had always wanted to be an artist and now he is an artist, and probably the worst artist who ever put brush to canvas.

FOR the rest, that large round thing that looks like a captive balloon is the water tank. That small oblong thing that looks like a summerhouse is George Finch's outdoor sleeping porch. Those things that look like potted shrubs are potted shrubs. That stoutish man sweeping with a broom is George's valet, cook, and man-of-all-work, Mullett.

And this imposing figure with the square chin and the horn-rimmed spectacles that flash like jewels in the sun, is no less a person than J. Hamilton Beamish, author of the famous Beamish Booklets ("Read Them and Make the World Your Oyster"), which have done so much to teach the populace of the United States observation, perception, judgment, initiative, will power, decision, business acumen, resourcefulness, organization, directive ability, self-confidence, driving power, originality—and, in fact, practically everything from poultry to poetry.

The first emotion which any student of the Booklets would have felt on seeing his mentor in the flesh—apart from that natural awe which falls upon us when we behold the great—would probably have been surprised at finding him so young. Hamilton Beamish was still in the early thirties. But the brain of Genius ripens quickly; and those who had the privilege of acquaintance with Mr. Beamish at the beginning of his career say that he knew everything there was to be known—or behaved as if he did—at ten.

Hamilton Beamish's first act on reaching the roof of the Sheridan was to draw several deep breaths—through the nose, of course. Then, adjusting his glasses, he cast a flashing glance at Mullett; and, having inspected him for a moment, pursed his lips and shook his head.

"All wrong!" he said.

The words, delivered at a distance of two feet in the man's immediate rear, were spoken in the sharp, resonant voice of one who Gets Things Done, which, in its essentials, is rather like the note of a seal barking for fish. The result was that Mullett, who was highly strung, sprang some eighteen inches into the air and swallowed his chewing gum. Owing to that great thinker's practice of wearing No-Jar Rubber Soles ("They Save the Spine"), Mullett had had no warning of Mr. Beamish's approach.

"All wrong!" repeated Mr. Beamish.

*"Come this way, Garroway," said Hamilton Beamish.*

And when Hamilton Beamish said "All wrong!" it meant "All wrong!" He was a man who thought clearly and judged boldly, without vacillation. He called a Ford a Ford.

"Wrong, sir?" faltered Mullett, when, realizing that there had been no bomb outrage after all, he was able to speak.

"Wrong. Inefficient. Waste motion. From the muscular exertion which you are using on that broom you are obtaining a bare sixty-three or sixty-four per cent of result value. Correct this. Adjust your methods. Have you seen a policeman about here?"

"A policeman, sir?"

Hamilton Beamish clicked his tongue in annoyance. It was waste motion—but even efficiency experts have their feelings.

"A policeman. I said a policeman and I meant a policeman."

"Were you expecting one, sir?"

*interrupting curtly. "We cannot waste time in idle chatter."*

"I was and I am."

Mullett cleared his throat.

"Would he be wanting anything, sir?" he asked, a little nervously.

"He wants to become a poet. And I am going to make him one."

"A poet, sir?"

"Why not? I could make a poet out of far less promising material. I could make a poet out of two sticks and a piece of orange peel, if they studied my booklet carefully. This fellow wrote to me, explaining his circumstances and expressing a wish to develop his higher self, and I became interested in his case and am giving him special tuition. He is coming up here today to look at the view and write a description of it in his own words. This I shall correct and criticize. A simple exercise in composition."

"I see, sir."

"He is ten minutes late. I trust he has some explanation. Meanwhile, where is Mr. Finch? I would like to speak to him."

"Mr. Finch is out, sir."

"He always seems to be out nowadays. When do you expect him back?"

"I don't know, sir. It all depends on the young lady."

"Mr. Finch is out with a young lady!"

"No, sir. Just gone to look at one."

"To look at one!" The author of the Booklets clicked his tongue once more. "You are driveling, Mullett. Never drivel—it is dissipation of energy."

"It's true, Mr. Beamish. He has never spoken to this lady—only looked at her."

"Explain yourself."

"Well, sir, it's like this: I'd noticed for some time past that Mr. Finch had been getting what you might call choosey about his clothes."

"What do you mean—choosey?"

"Particular, sir."

"Then say particular, Mullett. Avoid jargon. Strive for the Word Beautiful. Read my booklet on Pure English. Well?"

"PARTICULAR about his clothes, sir, I noticed Mr. Finch had been getting. Twice he had started out in the blue with the invisible pink twill and then suddenly stopped at the door of the elevator and gone back and changed into the dove-gray. And his ties, Mr. Beamish. There was no satisfying him. So I said to myself, 'Hot dog!'"

"You said what?"

"Hot dog, Mr. Beamish."

"And why did you use this revolting expression?"

"What I meant was, sir, that I reckoned I knew what was at the bottom of all this."

"And were you right in this reckoning?"

A coy look came into Mullett's face.

"Yes, sir. You see, Mr. Finch's behavior having aroused my curiosity, I took the liberty of following him one afternoon. I followed him to Seventy-ninth Street, east."

"And then?"

"He walked up and down outside one of those big houses there, and presently a young lady came out. Mr. Finch looked at her and she passed by. Then Mr. Finch looked after her, sighed, and came away. The next afternoon I again took the liberty of following him and the same thing happened. Only this time the young lady was coming from a ride in the Park. Mr. Finch looked at her, and she passed into the house. Mr. Finch then remained staring at the house so long that I was obliged to leave him, having the dinner to prepare. And what I meant, sir, when I said that the duration of Mr. Finch's absence depended on the young lady, was that he stops longer when she comes in than when she goes out. He might be back any minute, or he might not be back till dinner time."

Hamilton Beamish frowned.

"I don't like this, Mullett."

"No, sir?"

"It sounds like love at first sight."

"Yes, sir."

"Have you read my booklet on the Marriage Sane?"

"Well, sir, what with one thing and another and being busy about the house——"

"In that booklet I argue very strongly against love at first sight."

"Do you indeed, sir?"

"I expose it for the mere delirious folly it is. Mating should be a reasoned process, ruled by the intellect. What sort of a young lady is this young lady?"

"Very attractive, sir."

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"Tall? Short? Large? Small?"

"Small, sir. Small and roly-poly."

Hamilton Beamish shuddered violently.

"Don't use that nauseating adjective! Are you trying to convey the idea that she is short and stout?"

"Oh, no, sir; not stout; just nice and plump; what I should describe as cuddly."

"Mullett," said Hamilton Beamish, "you will not, in my presence and while I have my strength, describe any of God's creatures as cuddly. Where you picked it up, I cannot say, but you have the most abhorrent vocabulary I have ever encountered— What's the matter?"

The valet was looking past him with an expression of deep concern.

"Why are you making faces, Mullett?" Hamilton Beamish turned. "Ah, Garroway," he said, "there you are at last. You should have been here ten minutes ago."

A policeman had come out on to the roof.

II

THE policeman touched his cap. He was a long, stringy policeman, who flowed out of his uniform at odd spots, as if Nature, setting out to make a constable, had had a good deal of material left over which it had not liked to throw away but hardly seemed able to fit neatly into the general scheme. He had large, knobby wrists of a geranium hue and just that extra four or five inches of neck which disqualify a man for high honors in a beauty competition. His eyes were mild and blue, and from certain angles he seemed all Adam's apple.

"I must apologize for being late, Mr. Beamish," he said. "I was detained at the station house." He looked at Mullett uncertainly. "I think I have met this gentleman?"

"No, you haven't," said Mullett quickly.

"Your face seems very familiar."

"Never seen me in your life."

"Come this way, Garroway," said Hamilton Beamish, interrupting curtly. "We cannot waste time in idle chatter." He led the officer to the edge of the roof and swept his hand round in a broad gesture. "Now, tell me. What do you see?"

The policeman's eye sought the depths.

"That's the Purple Chicken down there," he said. "One of these days that joint will get pinched."

"Garroway!"

"Sir?"

"For some little time I have been endeavoring to instruct you in the principles of pure English. My efforts seem to have been wasted."

The policeman blushed.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Beamish. One keeps slipping into it. It's the effect of mixing with the boys—with my colleagues—at the station house. They are very lax. What I meant was that in the near future there was likely to be a raid conducted on the premises of the Purple Chicken, sir. It has been drawn to our attention that the Purple Chicken still purveys alcoholic liquors."

"Never mind the Purple Chicken. I brought you here to see what you could do in the way of a word-picture of the view. The first thing a poet needs is to develop powers of observation. How does it strike you?"

The policeman gazed mildly at the horizon. His eye flitted from the roof tops of the city, spreading away in the distance, to the Hudson, glittering in the sun. He shifted his Adam's apple up and down two or three times, as one in deep thought.

"It looks very pretty, sir," he said at length.

"Pretty?" Hamilton Beamish's eyes flashed. You would never have thought, to look at him, that the J. in his name stood for James, and that there had once been people who called him Jimmy. "It isn't pretty at all."

"No, sir?"

"It's stark."

"Stark, sir?"

"Stark and grim. It makes your heart ache. You think of all the sorrow and sordid gloom which those roofs conceal, and your heart bleeds. I may as well tell you, here and now, that if you are going about thinking things pretty, you will never make a modern poet. Be poignant, man, be poignant!"

"Yes, sir. I will, indeed, sir."

"Well, take your notebook and jot down a description of what you see. I must go down to my apartment and attend to one or two things. Look me up tomorrow."

"Yes, sir. Excuse me, sir, but who is that gentleman over there with the broom? His face seemed so very familiar."

"His name is Mullett. He works for my friend, George Finch. But never mind about Mullett. Stick to your work. Concentrate!"

"Yes, sir. Most certainly, Mr. Beamish."

He looked with doglike devotion at the thinker, then gravely bent himself to his task.

Hamilton Beamish turned on his No-Jar rubber heel, and passed through the door.

III

FOLLOWING his departure, silence reigned some minutes on the roof of the Sheridan. Mullett resumed sweeping, and Officer Garroway scribbled industriously. But after about a quarter of an hour, feeling apparently that he had observed all there was to observe, he put book and pencil away and, approaching Mullett, subjected him to a mild but penetrating scrutiny.

"I feel convinced, Mr. Mullett," he said, "that I have seen your face before."

"And I say you haven't," said the valet testily.

"Perhaps you have a brother, Mr. Mullett, who resembles you?"

"Dozens. And even mother couldn't tell us apart."

The policeman sighed.

"I am an orphan," he said, "without brothers or sisters."

"Too bad."

"Stark," agreed the policeman. "Very stark and poignant. You don't think I could have seen a photograph of you, Mr. Mullett?"

"Haven't been taken for years."

"Strange!" said Officer Garroway meditatively. "Somehow—I cannot tell why—I seem to associate your face with a photograph."

"Not your busy day, this, is it?"

"I am off duty at the moment. I seem to see a photograph—several photographs—in some sort of collection."

There could be no doubt by now that Mullett had begun to find the conversation difficult. He looked like a man who has a favorite aunt in Poughkeepsie and is worried about her asthma. He was turning to go, when there came out on to the roof from the door leading to the stairs a young man in a suit of dove-gray.

"Mullett!" he called.

The other hurried toward him, leaving the officer staring at his spacious feet.

"Yes, Mr. Finch?"

It is impossible for a historian with a nice sense of value not to recognize the entry of George Finch, following immediately after that of J. Hamilton Beamish, as an anti-climax. Mr. Beamish filled the eye. An aura of authority went before him as the cloud of fire went before the Israelites in the desert. When you met J. Hamilton Beamish, something like a steam hammer seemed to hit your consciousness and stun it long before he came within speaking distance. In the case of George Finch nothing of this kind happened.

George looked what he was—a nice, young, small bachelor, of the type you see bobbing about the place on every side. One glance at him was enough to tell you that he had never written a booklet and never would write a booklet. In figure he was slim and slight; as to the face, pleasant and undistinguished. He had brown eyes which in certain circumstances could look like those of a stricken sheep; and his hair was of a light chestnut color. It was possible to see his hair clearly, for he was not wearing his hat, but carrying it in his hand.

HE was carrying it reverently, as if he attached a high value to it. And this was strange, for it was not much of a hat. Once it may have been, but now it looked as if it had been trodden on and kicked about.

"Mullett," he said, regarding this relic with a dreamy eye, "take this hat and put it away."

"Throw it away, sir?"

"Good heavens, no! Put it away—very carefully. Have you any tissue paper?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then wrap it up very carefully in tissue paper and leave it on the table in my sitting-room."

"Very good, sir."

"Pardon me for interrupting," said a deprecating voice behind him, "but might I request a moment of your time, Mr. Finch?"

Officer Garroway had left his fixed point and was standing in an attitude that seemed to suggest embarrassment. His mild eyes wore a somewhat timid expression.

"Forgive me if I intrude," said Officer Garroway.

"Not at all," said George.

"I am a policeman, sir."

"So I see."

"And," said Officer Garroway sadly, "I have a rather disagreeable duty to perform, I fear. I would avoid it, if I could reconcile the act with my conscience, but duty is duty. One of the drawbacks to a policeman's life, Mr. Finch, is that it is not easy for him always to do the gentlemanly thing."

"No doubt," said George.

Mullett swallowed apprehensively. The hunted look had come back to his face. Officer Garroway eyed him with solicitude.

"I would like to preface my remarks," he proceeded, "by saying that I have no personal animus against Mr. Mullett. I have seen nothing in my brief acquaintance with Mr. Mullett that leads me to suppose that he is not a pleasant companion and zealous in the performance of his work. Nevertheless, I think it right that you should know that he is an ex-convict."

"An ex-convict!"

"Reformed," said Mullett hastily.

"As to that, I cannot say," said Officer Garroway. "I can but speak of what I know. Very possibly, as he asserts, Mr. Mullett is a reformed character. But this does not alter the fact that he has done his bit of time; and in pursuance of my duty I can scarcely refrain from mentioning this to the gentleman who is his present employer. The moment I was introduced to him, I detected something oddly familiar about Mr. Mullett's face, and I have just recollected that I saw a photograph of him in the Rogues' Gallery at Headquarters. You are possibly aware, sir, that convicted criminals are 'mugged'—that is to say, photographed in various positions—at the commencement of their term of incarceration. This was done to Mr. Mullett some eighteen

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months ago, when he was sentenced to a year's imprisonment for an inside burglary job. May I ask how Mr. Mullett came to be in your employment?"

"He was sent to me by Mr. Beamish. Mr. Hamilton Beamish."

"In that case, sir, I have nothing further to say," said the policeman, bowing at the honored name. "No doubt Mr. Beamish had excellent reasons for recommending Mr. Mullett. And, of course, as Mr. Mullett has long since expiated his offense, I need scarcely say that we of the police have nothing against him. I must now leave you, as my duties compel me to return to the station house. Good afternoon, Mr. Finch."

"Good afternoon."

"Good day, Mr. Mullett. Pleased to have met you. You did not by any chance run into a young fellow namd Joe the Gorilla while you were in residence at Sing Sing? No? I'm sorry. He came from my home town. I should have liked to have had news of Joe."

OFFICER GARROWAY'S departure was followed by a lengthy silence. George Finch shuffled his feet awkwardly. He was an amiable young man, and disliked unpleasant scenes. He looked at Mullett. Mullett looked at the sky.

"Er — Mullett," said George.

"Sir?"

"This is rather unfortunate."

"Most unpleasant for all concerned, sir."

"I think Mr. Beamish might have told me."

"No doubt he considered it unnecessary, sir. Being aware that I had reformed."

"Yes, but even so. Er—Mullett."

"Sir?"

"The officer spoke of an inside burglary job. What was your exact—er—line?"

"I used to get a place as a valet, sir, wait till I saw my chance, and then skin out with everything I could lay hands on."

"You did, did you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I do think Mr. Beamish might have dropped me a quiet hint. Good heavens! I may have been putting temptation in your way for weeks."

"You have, sir — serious temptation. But I welcome temptation, Mr. Finch. Every time I'm left alone with your pearl studs, I have a bout with the Tempter. 'Why don't you take them, Mullett?' he says to me. 'Why don't you take them?' It's splendid moral exercise, sir."

"I suppose so."

"Yes, sir; it's awful what that Tempter will suggest to me. Sometimes, when you're lying asleep, he says, 'Slip a sponge of chloroform under his nose, Mullett, and clear out with the swag!' Just imagine it, sir."

"I am imagining it."

"But I win every time, sir. I've not lost one fight with that old Tempter since I've been in your employment, Mr. Finch."

"All the same, I don't believe you're going to remain in my employment, Mullett."

Mullett inclined his head resignedly.

"I was afraid of this, sir. The moment that flat-footed cop came on to this roof I had a presentiment that there was going to be trouble. But I should appreciate it very much if you could see your way to reconsider, sir. I can assure you that I have completely reformed."

"Religion?"

"No, sir. Love."

The word seemed to touch some hidden chord in George Finch. The stern, set look vanished from his face. He gazed at his companion almost meltingly.

"Mullett! Do you love?"

"I do, indeed, sir. Fanny's her name, sir. Fanny Welch. She's a pickpocket."

"A pickpocket!"

"Yes, sir. And one of the smartest girls in the business. She could take your watch out of your pocket and you'd be prepared to swear she hadn't been within a yard of you. It's an art, sir. But she's promised to go straight, if I will, and now I'm saving up to buy the furniture. So I do hope, sir, that you will reconsider. It would set me back if I fell out of a place just now."

George wrinkled his forehead.

"I oughtn't to."

"But you will, sir?"

"It's weak of me."

"Not it, sir. Christian, I call it."

George pondered.

"How long have you been with me, Mullett?"

"Just on a month, sir."

"And my pearl studs are still there?"

"Still in the drawer, sir."

"All right, Mullett. You can stay."

"Thank you very much, indeed, sir."

THERE was a silence. The setting sun flung a carpet of gold across the room. It was the hour at which men become confidential.

"Love is very wonderful, Mullett!" said George Finch.

"Makes the world go round, I say, sir."

"Mullett."

"Sir?"

"Shall I tell you something?"

*"OH, no, sir; not stout; just nice and plump; what I should call cuddly."*

"If you please, sir."

"Mullett," said George Finch, "I, too, love."

"You surprise me, sir."

"You may have noticed that I have been fussy about my clothing of late, Mullett?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"Well, I have been, and that was the reason. She lives on East Seventy-ninth Street, Mullett. I saw her first, lunching at the Plaza with a woman who looked like Catherine of Russia. Her mother, no doubt."

"Very possibly, sir."

"I followed her home— I don't know why I am telling you this, Mullett."

"No, sir."

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

"Since then I have haunted the sidewalk outside her house. Do you know East Seventy-ninth Street?"

"Never been there, sir."

"Well, fortunately, it is not a much frequented thoroughfare, or I should have been arrested for loitering. Until today I have never spoken to her, Mullett."

"But you did today, sir?"

"Yes. Or, rather, she spoke to me. She has a voice like the fluting of young birds in the springtime, Mullett."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes. This hat that you see in my hand was trodden on by her. This very hat."

"And then, sir?"

"In the excitement of the moment she dropped the leash. And the Scotch terrier ran off round the corner in the direction of Brooklyn. I went in pursuit, and succeeded in capturing it in Lexington Avenue. My hat dropped off again and was run over by a taxicab. But I retained my hold of the leash, and eventually restored the dog to its mistress. She said—and I want you to notice this very carefully, Mullett—she said, 'Oh, thank you so much!'"

"Did she, indeed, sir?"

"She did. Not merely 'Thank you!' or 'Oh, thank you!' but 'Oh, thank you so much!'" George Finch fixed a penetrating stare on his employee. "I think that is significant, Mullett."

"Extremely, sir."

"If she had wished to end the acquaintance then and there, would she have spoken so warmly?"

"Impossible, sir."

"And I've not told you all. Having said 'Oh, thank you so much!' she added: 'He is a naughty dog, isn't he?' You get the extraordinary subtlety of that, Mullett? The words 'He is a naughty dog' would have been a mere statement. But by adding 'isn't he?' she invited my opinion. She gave me to understand that she would welcome discussion. Do you know what I am going to do, directly I have dressed, Mullett?"

"Dine, sir?"

"Dine!" George shuddered. "No! There are moments when the thought of food is an outrage to everything that raises Man above the level of the beasts. As soon as I have dressed—and I shall dress very carefully—I am going to return to East Seventy-ninth Street and I am going to ring the doorbell and I am going to go straight in and inquire after the dog—hope it is none the worse for its adventure, and so on. After all, it is only the civil thing. I mean, these Scotch terriers—delicate, highly strung animals—never can tell what effect unusual excitement may have on them. Yes, Mullett, that is what I propose to do. Brush my dress clothes as you have never brushed them before."

"Very good, sir."

"Put me out a selection of ties—say a dozen."

"Yes, sir."

"And—did the bootlegger call this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then mix me a very strong whisky and soda, Mullett," said George Finch. "Whatever happens, I must be at my best tonight."

IV

TO George, sunk in a golden reverie, there entered some few minutes later, jarring him back to life, a pair of three-pound dumb-bells, which shot abruptly out of the unknown and came trundling across the room at him with a clumping sound that would have disconcerted Romeo. They were followed by J. Hamilton Beamish on all fours. Hamilton Beamish, who believed in the healthy body as well as the sound mind, always did half an hour's open-air work with the bells of an evening and, not for the first time, he had tripped over the top stair.

He recovered his balance, his dumb-bells, and his spectacles in three labor-saving movements; and with the aid of the last named was enabled to perceive George.

"Oh, there you are!" said Beamish.

"Yes," said George, "and——"

"What's all this I hear from Mullett?" asked Hamilton Beamish.

"What," inquired George simultaneously, "is all this I hear from Mullett?"

"Mullett says you're fooling about after some girl uptown."

"Mullett says you knew he was an ex-convict when you recommended him to me."

HAMILTON BEAMISH decided to dispose of this triviality before going on to more serious business.

"Certainly," he said. "Didn't you read my series in the *Yale Review* on the Problem of the Reformed Criminal? I point out very clearly that there is nobody with such a strong bias toward honesty as the man who has just come out of prison. It stands to reason. If you had been laid up for a year in hospital as the result of jumping off this roof, what would be the one outdoor sport in which, on emerging, you would be most reluctant to indulge? Jumping off roofs, undoubtedly."

George continued to frown in a dissatisfied way.

"That's all very well, but a fellow doesn't want ex-convicts hanging about."

"Nonsense! You must rid yourself of this old-fashioned prejudice against men who have

been in Sing Sing. Try to look on the place as a sort of university which fits its graduates for the problems of the world without. Morally speaking, such men are the student body. You have no fault to find with Mullett, have you?"

"No, I can't say I have."

"Does his work well?"

"Yes."

"Not stolen anything from you?"

"No."

"Then, why worry? Dismiss the man from your mind. And now let me hear all about this girl of yours."

"How do you know anything about it?"

"Mullett told me."

"How did he know?"

"He followed you a couple of afternoons and saw all."

George turned pink.

"I'll fire that man. The snake!"

"You will do nothing of the kind. He acted as he did from pure zeal and faithfulness. He saw you go out muttering to yourself."

"Did I mutter?" said George, startled.

"Certainly you muttered. You muttered, and you were exceedingly strange in your manner. So naturally Mullet, good, zealous fellow, followed you to see that you came to no harm. He reports that you spend a large part of your leisure goggling at some girl in Seventy-ninth Street, east."

George's pink face turned a shade pinker. A sullen look came into it.

"Well, what about it?"

"That's what I want to know—what about it?"

"Why shouldn't I goggle?"

"Why should you?"

"Because," said George Finch, looking like a stuffed frog, "I love her."

"Nonsense!"

"It isn't nonsense."

"Have you ever read my booklet on the Marriage Sane?"

"No, I haven't."

"I show there that love is a reasoned emotion that springs from mutual knowledge, increasing over an extended period of time and a community of tastes. How can you love a girl when you have never spoken to her and don't even know her name?"

"I do know her name."

"How?"

"I looked through the telephone directory till I found out who lived at Number Sixteen, East Seventy-ninth Street. It took me about a week, because——"

"Sixteen East Seventy-ninth Street? You don't mean that this girl you've been staring at is little Molly Waddington?"

George started.

"Waddington is the name, certainly. That's why I was such an infernal time getting to it in the book. Waddington, Sigsbee H." George choked emotionally, and gazed at his friend with awed eyes. "Hamilton! Hammy, old man! You—you don't mean to say you actually know her? Not positively know her?"

"Of course I know her. Know her intimately. Many's the time I've seen her in her bathtub."

George quivered from head to foot.

"It's a lie! A foul and contemptible——"

"When she was a child."

"Oh, when she was a child!" George became calmer. "Do you mean to say you've known her since she was a child? Why, then you must be in love with her yourself."

"Nothing of the kind."

"You stand there and tell me," said George, incredulously, "that you have known this wonderful girl for many years and are not in love with her?"

"I do."

GEORGE regarded his friend with a gentle pity. He could only explain this extraordinary statement by supposing that there was a kink in Hamilton Beamish. Sad, for in so many ways he was such a fine fellow.

"The sight of her has never made you feel that, to win one smile, you could scale the skies and pluck out the stars and lay them at her feet?"

"Certainly not. Indeed, when you consider that the nearest star is millions of——"

"All right," said George. "All right. Let it go. And now," he went on, simply, "tell me all about her, and her people, her house, her dog, and what she was like as a child, when she first bobbed her hair, and who is her favorite poet, and where she went to school, and what she likes for breakfast."

Hamilton Beamish reflected.

"Well, I first knew Molly when her mother was alive."

"Her mother is alive. I've seen her. A woman who looks like Catherine of Russia."

"That's her stepmother. Sigsbee H. married again a couple of years ago."

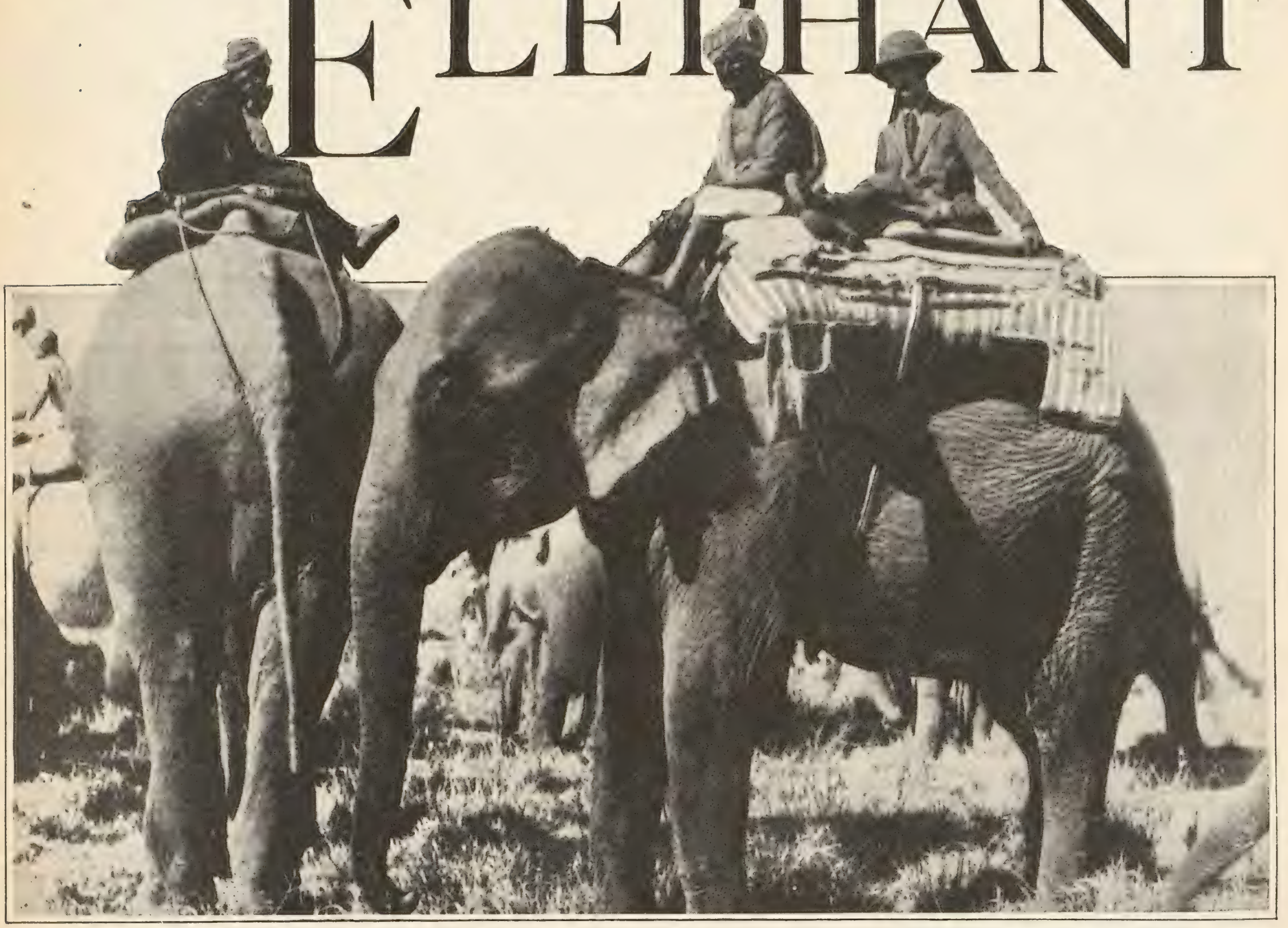
"Tell me about Sigsbee H."

J. Hamilton Beamish twirled a dumb-bell thoughtfully.

---

*You'll be roaring every minute as the complications of this yarn grow more intricate. How can the inoffensive George Finch storm the impregnable defenses of a mansion in East Seventy-ninth Street? But a young man in love is undaunted by the most fearsome perils. Next week's installment carries a guarantee of twenty minutes' unrestrained mirth.*

# Shooting *from an* ELEPHANT



*Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt on one of the pad elephants that bore her prize of the chase—a huge deer.*

## *An American Hunter Kills Big Game and Is Feted by a Princess in Darkest India*

## *By* THEODORE ROOSEVELT

EDITOR'S NOTE—For nearly a year Colonel Roosevelt, his brother Kermit, George K. Cherrie, naturalist and explorer, and Suydam Cutting trekked the mountainous regions of India, Tibet, and China for the Field Museum of Chicago.

They sought specimens of the Ovis Poli, the elusive mountain goat, first discovered by Messer Marco Polo, and after months of hardships and dangers succeeded in bagging eight.

Much of their hunting was done at an icy altitude of 20,000 feet, where the slightest misstep might precipitate an avalanche that would sweep the entire party to death.

Scientists have pronounced their bag one of the finest of rare mammals ever taken. They returned with eighty specimens of twenty large species, nearly one thousand small animals, and innumerable birds, some hitherto unknown to science.

No white man had ever penetrated to the territory covered by the Roosevelt Expedition, nor has there ever before been assembled a collection of so many rare species.

THE Indian deer in which my brother and I were most interested was the swamp deer of the Terai, which is locally known as the gond. We did not know how we were going to get a chance to shoot it, for the distribution is very limited and the places where it is at all plentiful are strictly preserved.

When Colonel Fawnthorpe telegraphed us to Nepal, where we were tiger hunting, that he had arranged a gond hunt for us, we were delighted. We knew that any trip arranged by him would be good, for he is one of the best shikaris in India.

We mobilized at Lucknow, where we spent a pleasant evening with our hard-riding, pig-sticking friends, the Fourth Hussars.

Early next morning we left by the typical Indian railroad, which to me is always one of the most incongruous of all things, for there Western efficiency struggles with the Eastern belief that time is of no value.

Our party consisted of our wives, Kermit and me, and Duncan Ellsworth, an old friend, nicknamed Biffin for no reason I was ever able to discover.

We were to meet Colonel Fawnthorpe at

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

*for Economical Transportation*

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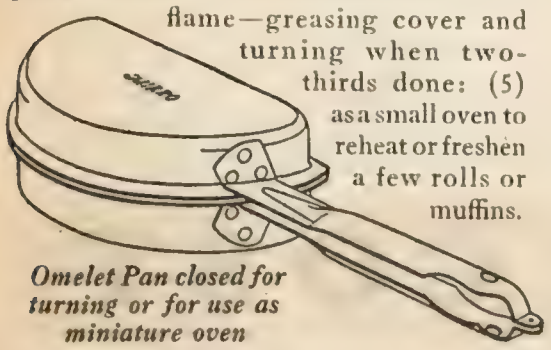
# MIRRO

## The Finest Aluminum

### *Star-Points of the Mirro Omelet Pan*

*The Uses*—(1) For the "puffy" omelets, with cheese, bacon, asparagus tips, tomato, etc.; also for sweet omelets with fruit sauce: (2) for hashed brown potatoes—they turn out perfectly: (3) for use open as two utensils, cooking two different dishes over one burner and under one cover: (4) for baking quick breads over mat with moderate flame—greasing cover and turning when two-thirds done: (5) as a small oven to reheat or freshen a few rolls or muffins.



*Omelet Pan closed for turning or for use as miniature oven*

YOU should have one! A Mirro omelet pan—expert maker of omelets, and handy in a dozen other ways, as you will see when you read the uses listed on the left . . . This pan is only one of many interesting discoveries which the complete Mirro line holds for you. Visit the Mirro dealer and see. You will find what you want in "The Finest Aluminum," together with a durability and economy that are "finest" too.

ALUMINUM GOODS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
*Makers of Everything in Aluminum*

### *Star-Points of the Mirro Omelet Pan*

*The Design*—Sections come together snugly for ease in turning—insuring even distribution and perfect retention of heat. Full-length hinge is strong and rustproof. Handles meet, affording a firm grip.

*The Material*—Extra hard, thick aluminum, dense and tough, resistant to dents and scratches and easy to keep clean—the kind of aluminum that makes *all* Mirro utensils long-lived and economical.

*The Mark*—"MIRRO, The Finest Aluminum," stamped only on the finest guaranteed products of the world's largest manufacturers of aluminum ware.

*The Price*—Only $1.35, at the best stores everywhere. Just 13½ cents per year for the first ten years—nothing per year afterward—is all you pay for the satisfaction of owning the best.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

Palia, where the Maharanee of Saheba had invited us to be her guests and to shoot in her protected marshes. Early in the morning of the 20th we arrived at Palia, our baggage cascading to the platform behind us. We were met by a very nice Eurasian doctor, and there were a couple of Fords waiting. We piled in with our rifles and started. Our kit was to follow in bullock carts.

The country was flat; plains stretched to right and left, broken only by patches of jungle. Villages through which we passed were thoroughly primitive. The houses were built of mud and thatch. Inside were one or two rooms in which a large family of both sexes lived in communal friendliness and dirt. The floors were mud and served as beds, chairs, tables, and fireplaces.

The people were dark and very scantily clad. Often a necklace of beads was considered a sufficient garment.

AFTER a ten- or fifteen-mile drive we came to our camp. It was a luxurious affair, a sharp contrast to the simplicity of the camps we had had when alone. The tents were large and inside were beds, chairs, and a dressing-table. We had bathrooms with large tin tubs.

Colonel Fawnthorpe met us here. He had been attending the Maharanee's jubilee celebration. We piled out, and he introduced us to Kunwar Dillipat Shah, the heir apparent, who had come to do the honors as host. Dillipat was a slight, rather short man with white hair and mustache, and a very gentle face. He was a keen shikari and shot excellently with either rifle or bird gun.

There was no chance of our kit arriving until afternoon. This did not matter to Kermit and me, for we were in hunting clothes, but Eleanor and Belle were still dressed for traveling. They were thoroughly philosophical, however, and prepared to go just as they were in blue serge suits, silk stockings, and high-heeled slippers.

Soon the elephants were brought up. They were fine-looking animals, in splendid condition. Their foreheads were painted black with arabesque designs in red. Each of us was to hunt in a howdah, a wicker and wood affair with two seats, which is strapped like a saddle on the elephants.

This meant five elephants with howdahs. In addition, there were three more, one to carry Haslam and the tiffin, and the others to carry such game as might be shot.

The swamp deer, barasingha, or gond, formerly was found in many of the marshes of the Ganges, but they have been drained and the hunters have killed him off. At present he is confined to a strip of land running across the southern part of the Terai.

By preference he lives in the swamps, though a few are found in the forests. He feeds and hides among the tall marsh grass. He is a splendid animal, measuring from seven to eight feet from nose tip to tail tip. The male is dark brown in color, with a ruff of coarse hair surrounding his neck.

The antlers of a mature animal have twelve points (hence the name barasingha) and are curiously shaped. The normal head has only one brow tine; the other tines are clustered at the tip and are rather short. A good full-grown stag's horns measure thirty-four or thirty-five inches and have twelve points.

The largest horns known measure about forty inches. Curiously enough, this record head had only eight points. The female is much lighter in color and smaller.

After we were all safely in our howdahs we started for the marsh. It took us about a half hour to get to its edge. It was a wide expanse of tall grass cut by sluggish channels and mud lagoons. On every side lay the forest.

We formed in a rough line, Fawnthorpe directing our movements. Kermit, because he had to leave in two days, was given the best place, a position well in advance on the left flank.

The elephants plodded into the marsh. It was interesting to see them splashing through the mud and water, testing footholds with their trunks before putting their weight on them.

When we crossed a deep channel they would wade with part of their heads below water, but with their trunks curled up so that the top came well above the surface of the stream, looking much like the periscope of the submarine.

*The hunting column advancing into the marsh, showing Colonel Roosevelt and his wife, who have made their kills, seated in the same howdah.*

*A close-up of the Roosevelts on their lumbering hunting steed.*

As we wandered through the marsh they kept pulling up tufts of grass by the roots, thrashing them to and fro, beating them against the ground and their forelegs until they had dislodged most of the dirt that clung to the roots. Then they would stuff what was left into their mouths.

As we moved forward, marsh birds of every sort rose on all sides.

WE had gone only a short distance when small stags and a half a dozen does jumped up in front of me and splashed off. There was no shootable head, but they were very pretty as they flashed through the high grass.

A little later I heard Eleanor fire from the left side of the line. It was impossible to tell at what she shot, for all that could be seen above the reeds was the back of her elephant and the howdah. Later I found it was a hog deer, of which she had caught a glimpse as it rustled through the grass.

We knew that she had not hit, for the elephant on which she rode did not stop. A few minutes later she fired again. This time her luck was better, for her elephant stopped and the rest of the line gathered around her. She had killed a splendid barasingha, a twelve-pointer, the antlers measuring thirty-five inches.

When the line moved forward again we scared up a great number of deer. They splashed out from every point ahead of us.

*The Colonel on the march, perched behind his mahout, or elephant driver.*

There must have been fully fifty milling in front of our line.

I watched as carefully as I could, and finally caught a glimpse of an animal among the herd that seemed to me of good size. He was quite far away and surrounded by a number of others. I took aim and fired as I saw his head for an instant. He disappeared at once and I felt sure I had missed.

The line went ahead. Then Kermit, on the far left flank, fired and moved up in such fashion that we knew he had at least wounded his animal. He was on a fast elephant and was soon far in advance. We heard him fire again, but could not see the result.

Swamp deer continued to break out ahead of us. Sometimes they would lie like quail before a bird dog until they were literally walked upon.

It was now afternoon, so at the command from Fawnthorpe we swung to the left and made for a tree that stood on a little hummock of dry ground. Here Kermit met us. He had, as we thought, wounded the stag, but after following him for a half hour lost him in the high grass.

A surprise was waiting for me, for the left flank of the line had found the stag at which I had shot, dead. He was mature, but not a big head, as he carried only eleven points and his antlers measured but thirty-one and a half inches.

The stags were turned over to the native skinners, who started to work under our supervision. They took off the entire skins in order that they might be used for mounting at the Field Museum. We had an excellent lunch and in half an hour started again.

The return trip was made on the other side of the marsh, where it was drier. Here, in the grass, lay hog deer. They are queer little animals and look their name. When aroused,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

# Pledge to the Public
## on Used Car Sales

1 All used cars offered to the public shall be honestly represented.

If a car is suitable only for a mechanic who can rebuild it, or for some one who expects only a few months' rough usage on a camping trip, it must be sold on that basis. Each car must be sold for just what it is.

2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

This is possible because tremendous reserve mileage has been built into every Studebaker, which it is impossible to exhaust in years.

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It is assumed, of course, that the car has not been smashed up by collision or other accident in the meantime.

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You can buy with complete confidence under this Pledge—confidence in the car and in the high character of the Studebaker dealer who gives you this insurance of his integrity.

Used Studebakers, like new Studebakers, can be bought on a liberal Budget Payment Plan. Your Studebaker dealer will show you both and show you the same consideration whichever you buy.

S T U D E B A K E R

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]
they scamper off at a surprising rate of speed.

Shooting them is exceedingly difficult. Very rarely is there a chance to do anything that approaches sighting. We scared up a number and got a couple of snap shots, which we missed.

Toward the end of the day a sounder of pig got up ahead of us and splashed through the lagoon, churning the muddy water like an old-time side-wheel steamboat. Our line opened fire on them at once and two fell. When we plodded up on our elephants we found one was a fine big boar and the other a sow, which gave us just the specimens we needed for the museum.

Just before dark we came to a small village that marked the edge of the swamp. There we found the automobiles, so we left the elephants and motored back to camp. On the way in we saw in the gathering dusk a small herd of nilgai containing one fine old bull. As he was needed for the museum group, Eleanor and Belle got out and fired at him. The range was far and light bad, so the old fellow cantered off unhurt.

*As the party moved on the second day of the hunt.*

NEXT morning we decided it would be better if we reduced the number of howdahs, so, as Eleanor and I had our stags, we rode together on one elephant.

While we were on our way to the swamp we saw silhouetted against the mist the rather ungainly shape of a bull nilgai. Kermit and I stopped him with a couple of bullets. He was a fine animal, slate blue in color and in the pink of condition.

By the time we reached the edge of the swamp the sun had driven off the mist. We needed a female swamp deer for the group. A couple got up on our left and flitted off through the grass. Eleanor fired, made an excellent shot, and dropped one. We stopped, measured it, and loaded it on an elephant.

As we marched along we saw on the far left a herd of black buck. They were a long way off, perhaps 500 yards, but both Eleanor and I took a shot at them, for we wanted a female to complete the group we had already collected near Muttra. We missed, and the herd streaked off in single file. They were very picturesque, for black buck do not run through the undergrowth; they go in great leaps that clear the tall grass as a porpoise clears the waves.

Shooting from an elephant has its drawbacks. It is always more or less difficult to aim. If he is moving, the howdah rocks from side to side like a skiff in a tide rip. To shoot, it is necessary to stand up, wedge your legs between the front and the seat and fire as your sights come in line.

When, in addition, the target is a deer running like chain lightning through the reeds, the shot becomes next to impossible. Even when the elephant is standing still, there are difficulties, for as he breathes the howdah sways up and down.

In the afternoon we went to a small patch of marsh which stretched up into the forest. Here we saw more stags than we had seen anywhere. The grass seemed literally alive with them. All around us we could hear them splashing through the water.

We had gone but a short distance when Kermit shot a fine twelve-point stag, measuring thirty-six and a half inches. In another half hour Belle brought down a thirteen-pointer measuring thirty-four inches. Hardly had this happened when Ellsworth followed suit and added to our bag a beautifully symmetrical head with twelve points.

Measuring them was quite a job, for we had to do it thigh deep in the water. When we had finished we looked like mud hens.

This gave us our quota of stags and all that the skinners could do, so we decided to return to camp.

Our route took us over the dry edge of the marsh. Three or four times hog deer got up in front and scuttled off without giving us a shot. Finally, Ellsworth made a very fine whirling shot at one of these animals that broke back behind our line. At first he insisted that someone else must have shot him, but no one else had fired.

A little later Belle brought down a fawn barasingha, completing that group.

Next morning early Kermit had to leave. It was a raw, cold day.

THE elephants were tired after the hard work they had had the previous day, so we decided not to start our hunt until late.

The elephant, if he is to be kept in top condition, should have plenty of time for his toilet in the morning. First, he is driven out by the mahout and gathers his own breakfast—branches, leaves, etc. These he brings back to camp with him.

After breakfasting, he is taken to the river—if there is one near by—and washed. His mahout rides him into the shallows and makes him lie down on his side. The mahout then scrubs and pounds him while the elephant sluices himself with water from his trunk until he shows up like a bulky glistening black rock in the stream.

About ten, my lord the elephant was ready, and we left camp. The first game of the day was a small leopard cat that I shot just before we got to the marshes. The leopard cat is a pretty little creature, not a cat at all, more like a civet—with a pointed nose and tawny hide blotched with darker spots.

When we got to the cat, it moved. The elephant gave a trumpet of fright, wheeled and bolted. The animal was not larger than a good-sized jack rabbit, yet when I approached the elephant, carrying my trophy, he muttered and grumbled apprehensively.

We plodded on through the first bit of jungle we had seen that looked at all tigerish. The grass was perhaps twenty feet high. It looked much like the country where we had found tigers in Nepal.

In one particularly likely place the natives fired the dried reeds on the chance that the ruler of the Indian jungles was lurking there. We lined up on our elephants beyond to see what would break out. Flocks of duck circled the sky. Heron flapped overhead. Every now and then swamp deer burst out. Tiger, however, were lacking.

LATER in the afternoon we passed through some country where hog deer were fairly plentiful. Eleanor brought one down with a very nice shot. I got another and did not know I had hit it until the rest of the line called to me, for it fell behind a tuft of grass.

Next day we decided to hunt for the swamp partridge, a rare bird that lives in much the same marshes as the swamp deer. Soon after we started we flushed one. Fawnthorpe fired and the bird tumbled into the brush. The native who picked it up brought it to my howdah. It was a handsome brown bird with breast and back dappled with darker spots. Another bird rose, a gun flashed, and down he fell. We also bagged a number of common black partridges.

In the afternoon, as we were going through some very heavy undergrowth, the elephant on my left screamed shrilly and a tremendous commotion ensued. I had my mahout steer for the scene, because I thought either a tiger or leopard had been put up. When I got there I found that a female sambar had rushed toward one of our pad elephants and the elephant had kicked her to death.

Again the line pushed on and suddenly, just ahead of us, a beautiful male peacock rose and flew across our front, flashing like a black opal in the sunlight. Colonel Fawnthorpe brought it down. At the sound of the shot, more rose and for the next few minutes Fawnthorpe and Ellsworth were busy loading and firing.

When we moved on, there were eight peafowl hanging from the howdahs. We had them for din-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


# A Steel Blue Chin Wins Mennen Prize

*If you've got a good face*

Mennen Talcum for Men

*will improve it*

It took a steel blue chin and keen sense of appreciation for a good thing to win for Mr. Paul S. Ellison, 45 Argyle Road, Brooklyn, N. Y., the prize in the Mennen Bag Contest, No. 2. Here's his letter:

"My prehistoric grandfather was a hairy man. So am I. He needed his whiskers to keep warm, but I'm the bird who has to scrape 'em twice a day. All of which gives you an inkling that my school-girl complexion is usually a midnight blue.

"An hour after shaving, the irrepressible little shoots of my private and personal rubber plant are coming up again for air. I've found that the judicious use of Mennen for Men (the Neutral Tint Talcum) hides my steel blue chin without looking like a lacquer of Chinese white. It's great! Thanks!"

Mr. Ellison rests his case on one virtue only. But he knows, as you will when you try it, that the value of Mennen Talcum for Men is not confined to the face alone. It's an all-over powder that is a real masculine delight. If you talked with Mr. Ellison, he'd tell you that Mennen Talcum for Men spells COMFORT wherever it's used. On the body, it absorbs all the excess moisture the towel doesn't quite reach after the bath. On the face and neck, it constitutes a soft, soothing film which protects against rain, wind, sun, hail and the effects of a scraggly collar.

A large tin costs 25 cents and lasts longer than the patience of a stoic. Matches the color of your skin—doesn't show. And gives the "super" well-groomed look that helps you borrow money at the bank.

As for Mennen Shaving Cream, it is quite serenely holding first place in the hearts of millions of our solid fellow citizens. The real reason for this is that *Dermutation*—the exclusive Mennen principle of absolute beard softening—gives that quick, smooth shave. An easy shave, with water hot or cold, hard or soft, that leaves the face clean, clear and comfortable. 50 cents for a large tube. Five months of economical shaving, at ¾-inch of cream per shave. All druggists.

*Jim Henry* (Mennen Salesman)

P.S. Just a line about Mennen Skin Balm for after-shaving. Cooling, refreshing, antiseptic, astringent. 50c tube.

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM

## The Ashless Ashstand

## Wherever She Goes There's a Smokador

And, now, at the country club she sees clean, ashless Smokadors keeping the lounge and porch free from smokers' litter—just like the ones at home and in her husband's office — always on guard against the dangers and dirt caused by matches, ashes and stubs!

***It Keeps the Place Clean***

Smokador is the non-tipping, non-spilling, ashless and odorless ashstand. It frees the place of that offensive smokers' litter which is the bane of cleanliness. And if knocked over, Smokador bobs up again, nothing is spilled or broken, nothing is soiled or burned.

***It is Ashless—Odorless***

You simply drop your matches, ashes and stubs into Smokador. They are instantly dispatched through the *bottomless tray* and *hollow tube* to the *air-tight base*, where the debris safely remains for convenient disposal. Because of these features and its snuffer clips Smokador prevents dangerous fires.

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*The Ashless Ashstand*

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[SHOOTING FROM AN ELEPHANT Continued from Page Twenty-nine]

ner that evening. It made me feel rather like an ancient Roman emperor.

Kunwar Sahib had been anxious for me to get a really large swamp deer, as my animal shot on the first day was some inches the smallest stag collected so far.

As we pushed down the stream bed we started a lot of little pig. We wanted a couple to mount, so I called to Ellsworth to join me, picked up my shotgun, and together we followed them through the grass. I had just seen the grass move near Ellsworth and called to him that one of the pig was in front of him, when a stag sprung up to my right.

I did not need the excited shout of the Kunwar Sahib to make me realize that this was my big stag. His horns were reddish brown, not the gray of the other animals we had shot, and as he trotted away they showed that sweep and spread which only a large stag has.

I dropped the bird gun, picked up my rifle, and was lucky enough to hit him with my first shot. He kept on and a number of shots were fired. Finally I brought him down with a bullet through the shoulder. When we got to him we found he was a splendid animal, with a beautifully symmetrical head, the horns measuring thirty-seven inches. He had only eleven points—a further illustration of the fact that sometimes the large animals have less points than the small. He was unusually light in color.

The brown of his horns and his light coloration were explained when we discovered that he was a eunuch. Of course, this was the reason we had chanced on him alone. We hoisted him on an elephant and called it a day's work.

NEXT day we not only had to leave for Delhi, where we were to stay with the Viceroy, but, in addition, had to pay a call on our kind hostess, the Maharanee, some sixty miles away. We would have to leave the camp not later than 1 o'clock. I planned, therefore, to get in a little early morning work by myself, and see if I could not get the elusive female black buck.

This time I ordered a bullock cart to hunt from. The black buck live on the plains, where it is possible to see for a long distance. They have very sharp eyes and are very alert. They are up and away the moment they see anything that suggests a hunter. They are not a bit afraid of the ordinary Indian cultivator on whose crop they feed and are thoroughly used to the bullock carts.

Before the mist cleared we were off. A good average snail can outpace a bullock cart with ease. Besides this, a bullock cart is rougher than a camel. I lay flat on a blanket in order that the black buck might not see me.

We creaked along for a couple of hours. At last, as we were driving through a slight depression on the plain, I saw a ripple in the waist-high grass to our left. This meant that some animal was there. I pointed it out to the driver and told him to turn in that direction. As we approached, the animal moved on just ahead of us. Sometimes it was not more than ten yards from the cart. We could not catch a glimpse of it, as it was well down in the grass, and I did not want to risk a shot because I thought it might be a doe.

FOR fully a half hour we kept up this laborious hide and seek, toward a point where the grass pinched out. Suddenly it darted off ahead, and I was more than surprised when I saw through the thinning stalks that it was a leopard.

It must have been about a hundred yards away when I got my first fair view. I fired. It rolled over, but was up and off again to another grass plot before I had a chance for a second shot. The driver, shouting shrilly, beat the bullock into a lumbering trot and off we went in pursuit.

It seemed a pretty large contract to beat a wounded leopard out of a ten-acre patch of high grass with a bullock cart, so I was delighted to see Haslam, who had been out on a morning hunt also, come up on a pad elephant. I explained to him what had happened, and together we beat through the patch.

Nearly an hour must have gone by before we started the leopard. As it showed itself, I knocked it over again. It dragged itself back into the thick grass.

My bullock driver had become so excited that I could do nothing with him, so I jumped out and went ahead on foot. I found the leopard badly crippled, but still living. As I was only twenty feet away I did not wish to put another bullet from my .375 for fear of damaging its hide, so I called to Haslam, who came and finished it off with his light Mauser.

When the big cat was dead we dragged it out of the grass and saw it was a nice leopardess. We loaded it onto the bullock cart and carried it back in triumph to camp. There we found everyone preparing for a leopard hunt. We had had goats tied out at several places and it appeared that the previous night one had been killed. I felt exceedingly guilty when it turned out that my leopardess was the one they had been preparing to drive.

This finished hunting. I changed my clothes and with Colonel Fawnthorpe and the Kunwar Sahib made ready to pay off the men. Though guests of the Maharanee, we, of course, gave presents to all the natives who had helped in the hunt, for she, as native ruler, simply orders them to do work of this sort as a kind of taxation.

In India the money must be given directly by the Sahib himself to the individual, or at least he must watch the funds distributed by his headman. If he does not, the money is more than apt never to reach those for whom it was intended.

Eleanor and Belle had gone out on an elephant for a last look around. Just as we were finished paying the men, we heard a wild commotion. We rushed to the point from which the shouts were coming, and found the ladies arriving in camp in triumph. They had completed our chetal group by shooting a doe.

THE Maharanee had sent her car for us, and at about 1 o'clock we started out, two Fords carrying the luggage and Biffin. After a couple of hours' run we reached the palace.

The palace was a thoroughly modern building of Indian type surrounded by clusters of small houses. The walls were decorated with the horns of swamp deer, chetal, sambar, and hog deer, for Indian men of the upper classes are great hunters.

We were ushered to a room where the Maharanee and some of the women of the family were gathered. They were thoroughly modern, and though dressed in bright-colored and graceful native draperies, did not consider it wrong to show their faces to strange men.

Contrary to what is supposed to be the rule in the East, the reins of authority evidently lay in the hands of the ladies. The old Maharanee was particularly delightful. She was dressed in flowing white and her shrewd, wrinkled, brown face beamed with good nature. We talked on hunting, farming, politics, and education of children. On all, she was well informed and interesting.

Of the younger women, the most charming was the Bubhan. She was the granddaughter of the famous Jung Bahadur of Nepal, who made himself ruler of that country. She could not have been a day over twenty-five, but she had two cunning little sons, one twelve and the other ten. She was small and pretty, spoke English perfectly, and had a delightful sense of humor.

At the end of an hour, we had to leave to catch our train, and our trip in the Oudh ended.

THE END

*Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and her swamp deer.*

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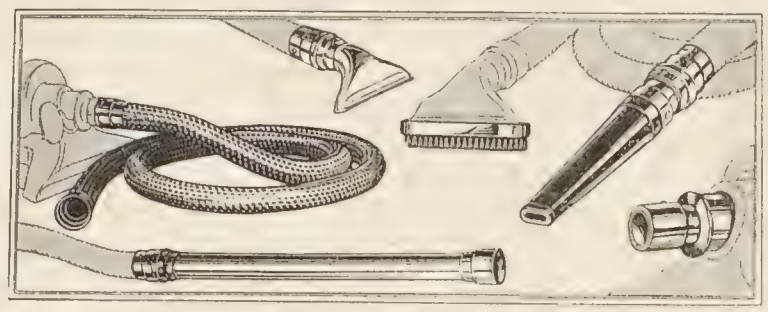

The six very exceptional attachments are connected by swivel joints that make them particularly easy to use. How they do get into corners—and clean 'em up!

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# War Birds

## *The Uncensored Diary of An American Flyer*

Picture by Frank Hoffman

*WE gave a farewell dinner for Eighty-four at the Criterion. I'll bet the bill for breakage will be more than the bill for food.*

*EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of this diary was shot down in combat in France. He was a young American flyer attached to the Royal Flying Corps. This is the uncensored story of his life in training and his few brief, mad months at the front. The diary is fresh, unaffected, spontaneous, straight from the heart of a fighting man.*

[The author and his friends, in the final stages of training, have taken a house in London and are living in luxury.]

PART SIX

*April 20.*

IT looks like we were going to be delayed. Eighty-four Squadron on the same field at Hounslow is ready to go over, but the factory is short on Dolphins, as they have been using all the new ones to replace Spads at the front. They have taken our Dolphins and we have to refit with S. E's. I'm not sorry to get S. E's, but I hate the delay. If we don't get to the front pretty soon, there won't be much use in taking us—we'll be too busy fighting off the purple crocodiles.

Mathews, Oliver, Eckert, Newhall, Gile, and Hammer are ready to go out to the front today. There was a big party last night and we went to a dance at the Elysee Gardens. The whole flying corps was there and all tight. Hash and Springs held their usual reunion. Springs has something wrong with his left eye, and when he drinks too much it closes. I went downstairs to the bar and found Hash holding Springs' eye open with his hand so he could have another drink to Old Nassau. When they meet in hell those two will organize a Princeton reunion.

I heard that Stanberry was killed last week

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Without charge or obligation on my part, send me your special introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

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[WAR BIRDS Continued from Page Thirty-three]

in a Camel. He and I were always good friends after our fight at Ground School. There was only one blow struck in that fight, and he went out like a candle in the wind. We both apologized and have been good friends ever since.

*April 25.*

We gave a farewell dinner for 84 at the Criterion. I'll bet the bill for breakage will be more than the one for food. Mac brought back a sign, "Ladies' Room," and hung it over our spare bedroom.

A little girl came around to the house the other night that I've known for some time; named Lily. She's a cute little kid and a good dancer. She's been living with one of the boys for a couple of months. She went up to his squadron and took a house for a while. He's nutty about her and would have married her if she'd tried to make him.

She has a sort of past that wouldn't sound well at home, but doesn't seem to make much difference over here.

At home every woman that isn't a virgin has a past, while over here they've got to shoot somebody, be divorced by somebody who is somebody, or get run over by a train.

Well, this particular cadet had just got his commission and he celebrated the happy event by diving into the ground from five thousand feet. The poor little girl is all broken up and is scared to death because she thinks she is going to have a baby. She wanted me to tell her what to do. She wanted to know whether to write his people or not. I told her not to. He had done the best he could, and it would be a shame to spoil his family's solace in sorrow. They've probably got a dozen artists busy painting wings on all his pictures by this time. I told her if she loved him, to say nothing about it. I gave her what money I had—not much, I'm sorry to say.

Tommy Herbert and Paul Winslow were in the other night, full of rumors. They have a scheme for getting switched from Camels, or rather Winslow has. They are ferrying and always take a Bristol Fighter. They are going to pass themselves off as Bristol pilots. Tommy is not so enthusiastic, as he crashed a Bristol last week and broke a couple of ribs and sprained his back. I wish he'd sprain his throat so he couldn't sing.

THE other evening, before going out to dinner, we heard a terrific explosion up on the third floor, and we dashed up the stairs, thinking we were being bombed. 'Twas only Springs trying to take a bath and the geyser had exploded. The gas in the water heater had blown out and he lit it again after the room was full of gas. Funny things, these geysers. The English stick a tank over the tub and when you turn on the water it turns up the gas to heat it. Springs is short his eyelashes and eyebrows. He didn't have much to start with. Dora says he looks perpetually startled and she's afraid every minute that he's going to run away.

Tom Mooney has been killed. So has Brader.

*April 28.*

Cal got a cable from his grandmother today which called for a hundred pounds. A lot of famous writers would like to get paid at that rate for their work.

Springs and I went out to a hospital in the suburbs to see Bostick, who's back from the front all shot to hell. He flew a Camel into the ground and his face looks like a scrambled egg. His jaw is broken in two places, his arm is broken, and he may lose one eye. On top of that, he's had pneumonia. He couldn't talk much, but all that worried him was getting back to the front. He'll never see the front again, poor kid. We took him some strawberries. They are worth their weight in gold over here.

The Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service have been merged into one service, known as the Royal Air Force, which is to rank equal with the Army and Navy and be under neither one. From now on it will be the Army, Navy, and Air Force.

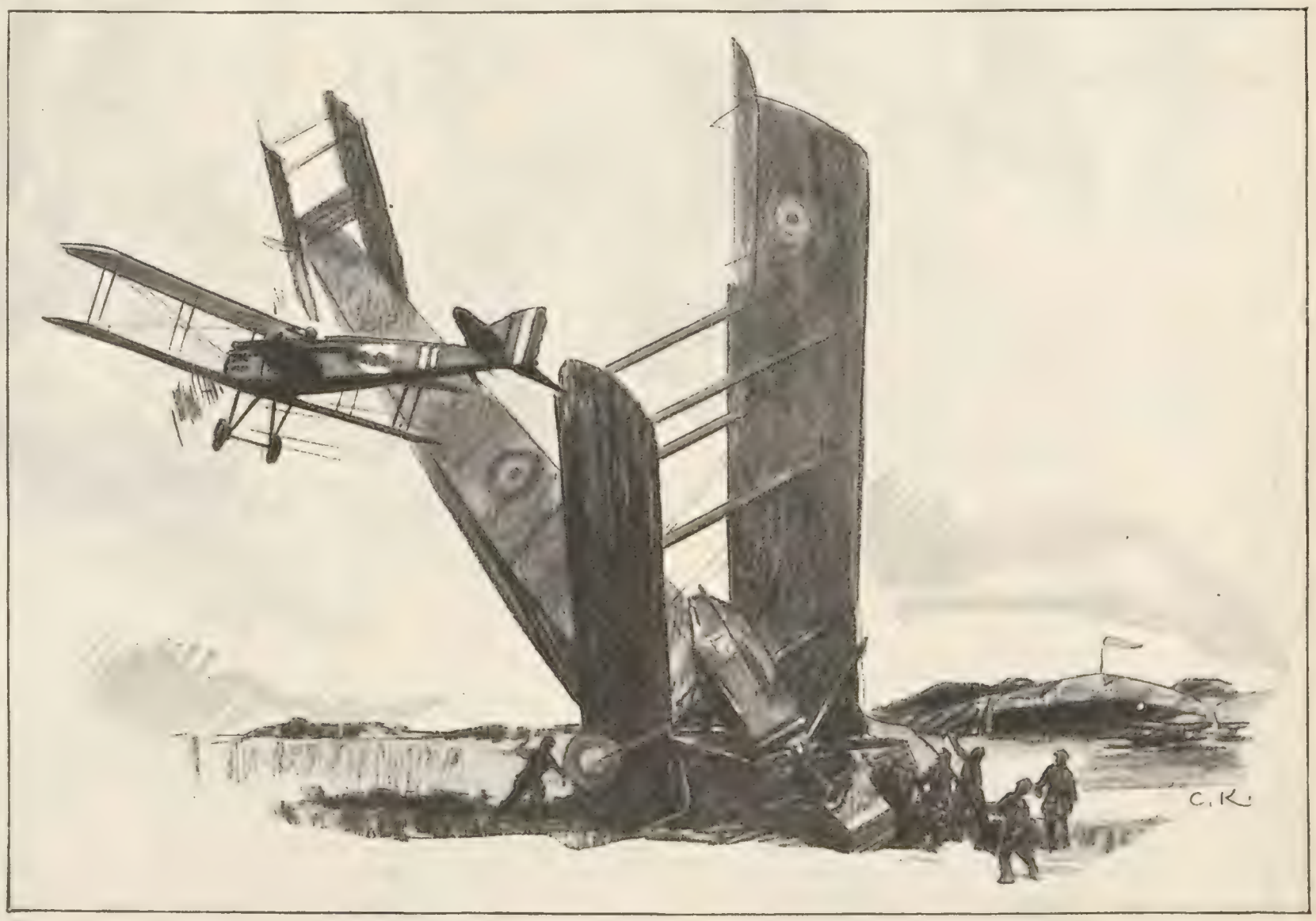
I understand the Navy doesn't like the idea at all. It ought to save a lot of confusion and duplication of work.

Some of the non-flyers will lose their jobs, which will be a good thing.

*May 3.*

Lily, the widow, came around to the house again. It was a false alarm about the baby and she acts as if she might be consoled very easily. However, none of us wanted the job. We wanted to get rid of her, but we didn't know how to do it. Then one of these bold, bad, handsome woman-stealers came in to call. With a little careful arranging we permitted him to steal our girl right out from under our eyes. Weren't we mad? I hope he gets into trouble, as the last time he pulled that little trick he got one that didn't have any label on her addressed to him.

[CONT'D ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]




Picture by Clayton Knight

*A pilot was taking off in a Spad and flew right into the tail of the Handley.*

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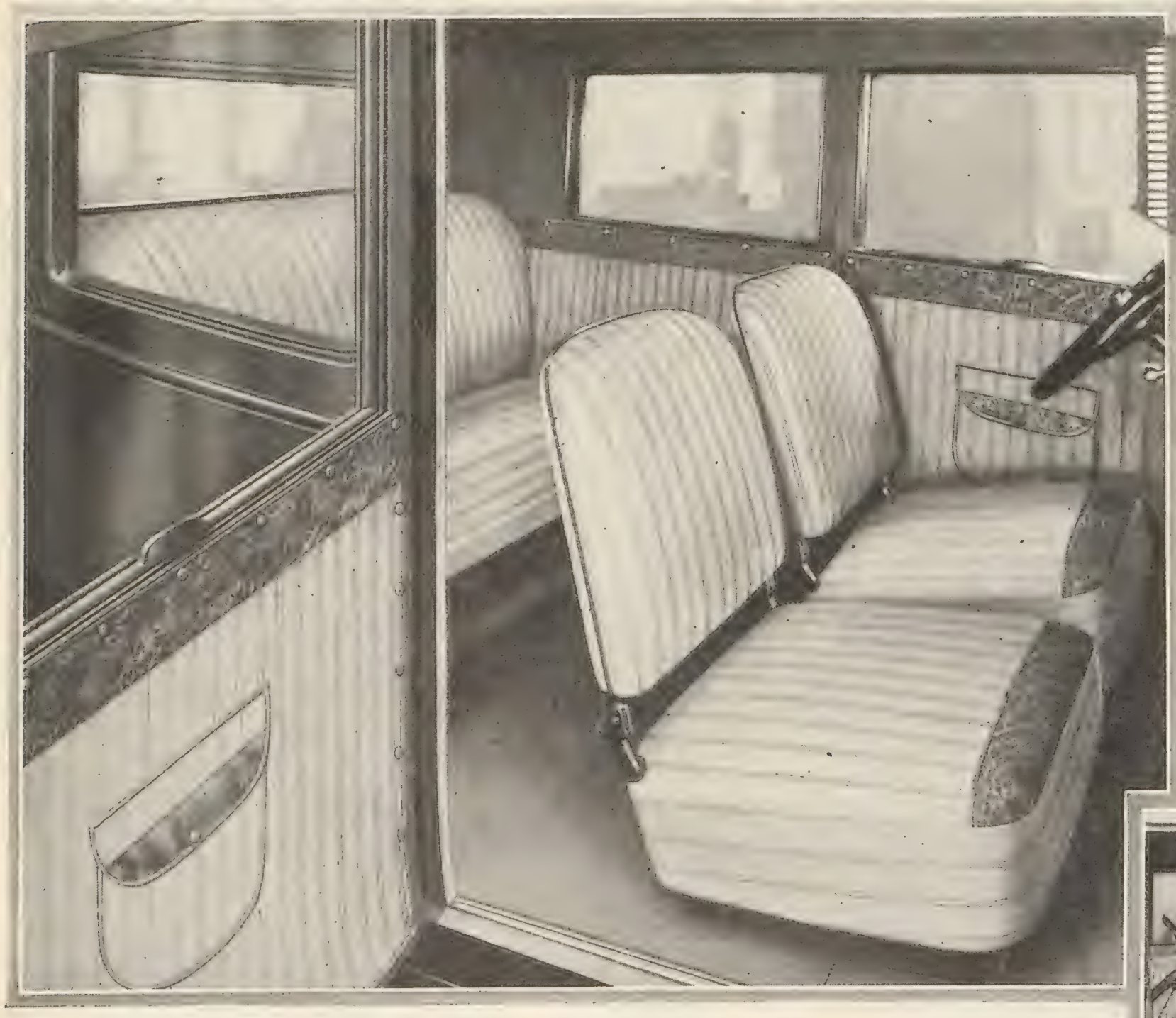

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| | $123.00 |

*Average prices from medium-priced department store

Now figure roughly the value of your own laundry. Your total may be twice as big!

Give these costly things the same protection you give fine fabrics—keep them looking always radiantly new—make them serve you longer!

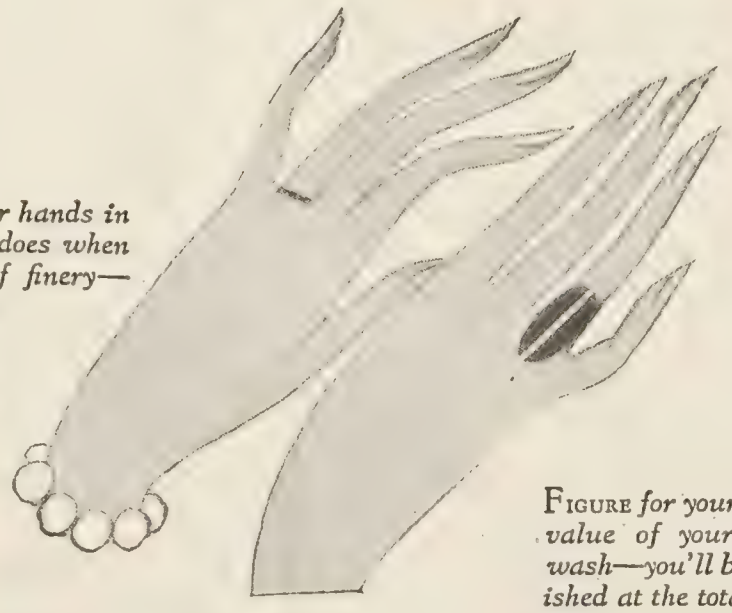
For just 4 pennies more than you pay for ordinary laundry soap you wash *everything* in Lux. Think what it *saves* in wear and tear—literally *dollars!*

You know how Lux saves your fine things. How it guards your pretty silks and chiffons, your soft woolens—keeps them fresh, unfaded,—like new!

Now, in the laundry, Lux lengthens the life of your everyday things, too—the children's clothes and your husband's, your nice little housedresses and aprons, your precious household linens. Pretty and colorful as fine fabrics, many of them, and oh, so much more costly than they used to be!

Obviously it's good economy to use Lux for all those things as well—make them last longer, give you added service. It's such a joy to use Lux, too. Quickly its tissue-thin flakes melt, making a wonderfully rich, creamy suds—so soft so cleansing!

And your hands—how they welcome Lux in the laundry! It is so different from harsh soap which burns and stings cruelly! Pure, gentle Lux treats your hands so kindly they don't mind Monday a bit. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



*Now let Lux save your hands in the laundry just as it does when you wash out a bit of finery—when you wash dishes*

*Figure for yourself the value of your week's wash—you'll be astonished at the total!*

ENOUGH LUX IN THE BIG PACKAGE FOR TWO AVERAGE WASHINGS

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

Springs had a narrow escape. He was about to go up in an S. E. and he just happened to notice in time that his elevator turnbuckle was broken and the controls were held only by a safety wire. He would have gotten off and then it would have broken in the air.

We had a game of follow the leader. Mac was the leader. We had an old two-twenty S. E. and he took it up first. He dove it at the ground wide open and leveled off and ran his wheels along the ground and pulled up in a long zoom and looped. The trick of the stunt is to zoom high enough to get over the top of your loop. An S. E. will zoom 1,500 feet from the level and that's why they are so good at the front.

Cal was next. The idea was that each man should do the stunt of the preceding man and then set another one for the next man. Cal did Mac's and then half rolled at the top of the loop.

Springs was next and his stunt was a full roll at the top of the loop. Of course he was up above 1,000 feet.

I was next and I put my nose down to about 200 after I did my full roll, and as soon as I started up for my zoom, I kicked on full right rudder and pulled the stick back into the right-hand corner. I didn't know what I was doing, but I sure did it. I whirled around a couple of times with my nose up, and then I whirled around with my nose down, and ended up stalled upside down and then spun. The motor stopped and I just did get in the field with a dead prop.

It was Thompson's turn next. Mac said what I did was an upward spin followed by an outside spin, whatever that is. I told Thompson how I did it and he went up and started into it with terrific speed. The propeller shaft broke and his prop flew off, just nicking the leading edge of the wing. He got into the field all right. That ended the afternoon performance. Mac and Cal certainly can fly.

ABOUT 11 o'clock last night the phone rang and Springs answered. It was a lady, and she wanted to speak to His Lordship. Springs got to chewing the rag with her and ascertained the fact that there were two of them and they were alone and would be agreeable to gargling a little champagne. So he and Cal got some pop and went over to call. In about an hour Cal came back without his hat. Springs came in about half an hour later with it and kidded the life out of him. Cal says the lady made an improper proposal to him, so when she wasn't looking he departed. Springs says Cal had been making improper proposals himself for half an hour and, as soon as the lady began to take them seriously, he lost his nerve. He sure is funny with women. Give him a piano or a dance floor and a girl, and he's like a snake with a toad—just fascinates them! But as soon as they surrender, he gets stage fever or stage fright or something and takes his foot in his hand.

*May 4.*

London was too much for us. The house was getting too crowded every night, so we decided we'd better leave for a few days and send out the rumor that we had left for good. Everybody in the flying corps knew about the house and came around for a drink after hours and brought their brothers and sisters. The story goes that we three have been picked by Bishop for his circus, which is going out to fight Richthofen's circus, because of our great skill as pilots. Isn't that a joke? Particularly after the stunt I pulled the other day.

Picture by Clayton Knight

*We didn't hear any bombs explode, but Archie kept up a lot of fuss.*

Bishop had a little Bristol Scout that the General gave him to play around in—pretty little thing, all painted silver, and it had a Le Rhone motor.

He let me fly it the other day. I took off and the motor cut out cold at about 200 feet. I tried to land short, but I didn't have room enough to even side slip and I couldn't turn and there was a high fence right in front of me that I couldn't glide over. Then I had a brilliant idea: I pointed the nose at the ground in front of the fence and deliberately bounced. And I bounced over that fence. All would have been well if there hadn't been a football goal post on the other side of the fence. I hit the crossbar and the Bristol was reduced to matchwood and I got a bruised knee and a split lip.

Yes, London was getting to be too much for us, so we came down here to Eastbourne to rest up for four days.

This is a beautiful place, down by the sea, quiet and restful.

WE had a funny party the night before we left. Sir Somebody or other and Lord Somebody and their wives came around to the house to call on His Lordship. I explained that His Lordship was in the country and that we were holding down the fort. Then I asked them to come in and crack a bottle with us. They came in and I opened some pop. They were very nice and were much interested in the American Army and asked a lot of questions.

About that time, Cal and Halley and Nigger came in. A nice time was had by all, though no one could figure it out. I believe they thought that Halley lives here too. But they didn't say so, and we couldn't just volunteer the information that she didn't. The titled contingent left and we went down in the kitchen and cooked sausage and mushrooms and made some eggnog.

Vic Hastings came in with two Canadians and two girls. One of them was a raving beauty and the other one wasn't so bad. The beauty and Springs cooked up a mess that was easy on the palate. After a while the Canadians got tired of our kitchen and their dignity got restless and they left. We kept the girls and took them home ourselves. You can't laugh that off! We called the girls Cherubim and Seraphim.

I wonder what the boys in Texas are doing for amusement. You chase me and I'll chase you!

*May 6.*

We did rest for two days and felt a lot better. Cal, the nice boy, took up with an old gentleman and his charming young daughter. While he was telling them all about the war this morning,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE]


# Watch This Column

JULES VERNE'S "MICHAEL STROGOFF"

Years ago the powerful stage-play ***"MICHAEL STROGOFF"*** from Jules Verne's thrilling novel, created a sensation throughout the country and was pronounced one of the greatest melodramas ever written. The only thing that prevented it from becoming really great in all respects was the limitation of the stage and its inability to accommodate effective scenery.

UNIVERSAL now announces the screen production of this great story and it becomes doubly strong because of the vast open-air spaces representing the country in and around Siberia where much of the action is laid. In other words, Nature supplies in picture all that the stage-play lacked. I think the production will meet with world-wide popularity.

A formidable rebellion threatens to wrest the Siberian provinces from the Russian Crown. A Colonel Ogareff, degraded in rank and exiled by the Grand Duke, plots with Tartar chiefs to destroy the Grand Duke. The Czar sends a special and trusted messenger, Captain Michael Strogoff, to deliver a letter of warning to his brother, the Grand Duke, and it is around the Courier's adventures in the Siberian wilds that the play is written. It is most picturesque, dramatic and thrilling throughout.

This is a UNIVERSAL FILM DE FRANCE TRIUMPH and is cast with exceptional players. The story was written by Jules Verne, author of that celebrated classic "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," and this fact in itself is enough to warrant an evening of most unusual entertainment. Thousands of members of the Latvian Army actually took part in the battle scenes which were laid in the actual territory in Siberia.

Permit me again to recommend heartily UNIVERSAL'S great play reproducing Custer's last battle with the Sioux and entitled ***"The Flaming Frontier,"*** featuring HOOT GIBSON, DUSTIN FARNUM and ANNE CORNWALL. Also ***"The Midnight Sun,"*** featuring LAURA LA PLANTE, PAT O'MALLEY, GEORGE SEIGMAN and RAYMOND KEANE. And keep an eye open for some important announcement regarding REGINALD DENNY'S first Special Picture, ***"Take It From Me,"*** a William A. Seiter production.

*Carl Laemmle*
*President*

***Send 10c each for autographed photograph of Laura La Plante and Raymond Keane***

**UNIVERSAL PICTURES**
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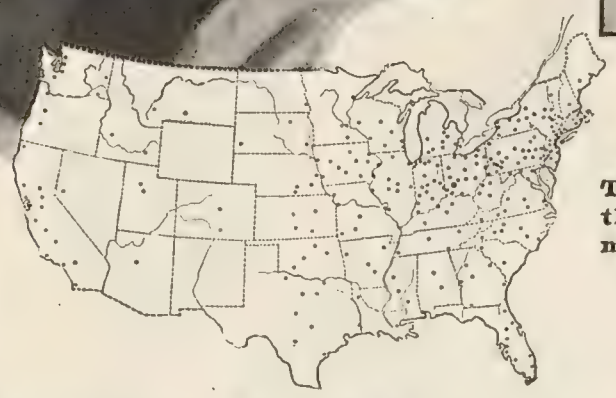

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# National Cash Registers

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

Springs and I went out for a stroll. We saw a bottle of ancient pre-war Haig and Haig in a pinch bottle sitting in a bar window and we went in and tried to buy it. They wouldn't sell it except by the drink. So we bought it by the drink and sent a messenger after Cal and started on another one. Cal arrived, and in order to catch up, he poured out half of the other bottle and took it neat. It took effect like a dentist's drill and by the time we finished the second bottle, we were ready to fight a buzz saw.

We hired a limousine and told the driver to show us the sights. He took us out to Beachy Head, which is a cliff 300 feet high, and showed us Lover's Leap, where all the suicides do their stuff. Cal and Springs began chasing each other around and got over the side of the cliff on a gentle slope. They slipped in the soft dirt and slid right on down the first stage of the cliff to the perpendicular drop above the rocks 100 feet below. I was scared stiff. They managed to check themselves right on the edge.

Cal was all right, because he was on his stomach and dug his toes in the soft dirt, but Springs was on his back and the dirt kept crumbling away under his heels, and he slowly slid on down to the very edge. Cal and I were yelling at the top of our lungs, but we couldn't go to his assistance. He held on to a bunch of weeds until he could get his knife out and dig a slot for his heels. I yelled for help, and the chauffeur got some officers to come and help us. We made a chain out of our Sam Brownes and some rope and they lowered me and I pulled Cal up easily. But we had an awful time with Springs, because he couldn't turn over and didn't dare let go either hand because he was still slipping a little. I don't see why he wasn't killed. We had to lasso him and pull him up backward.

Picture by Clayton Knight

WE decided that since our lives were in jeopardy we ought to have our pictures taken to preserve our likenesses for posterity. The photographer nearly had a fit at our poses. Then we went down to an indoor swimming pool. There was a flying trapeze over it and Springs insisted on getting up on it, as he used to be a trapeze expert at college. He isn't so good now and he missed his jump over shallow water and took all the skin off one side of his face, where he cracked the bottom.

Then we went roller skating. That's where I shine. Everybody got off the rink for me and I put on an exhibition for them that was an exhibition. I had on my new pink breeches and when I tried a double reverse, I tripped. My beautiful pink breeches are ruined! When the place was ready to close, the band played God Save the King. Cal was sitting on the side lines, talking to a girl, and he forgot he had skates on and jumped to attention. His feet went out from under him and he lit on the floor on his back. Springs embraced a post for support.

*May 10.*

THE good effects of the Eastbourne trip didn't last long. Kelly came down to town from some ungodly hole and we had a terrible battle. Springs had a date and Kelly didn't have a girl, so Springs called up and said he was sick and sent Kelly around after his girl. That pair certainly are funny. They aren't satisfied with trying to give each other the shirts off their backs, but each wanted the other to have everything they've got. This time the girl didn't like the idea so well, so Kelly came back and they started out together.

We had a fine bomb raid last night. Springs, Cal, and I were over at Cherubim's flat. Sherry was there too, and they were playing bridge while I was writing some letters. The maron, which is a shot fired as a raid warning, went off about 10:30. The girls jumped like they had been hit already. They grabbed some camp stools and said they were going down in the tube station. We said we weren't going, but they begged us to go with them, so we did. We took along a bottle of whisky and a plate of cake. The girls were hysterical with fright. Cherry had a sister killed in a raid last year and Sherry had some friend bumped off.

When we got to the station, it was already packed. We couldn't get down to the platform, so camped on a landing halfway down. The air was as foul as the Black Hole of Calcutta and those people certainly were scared. We cheered the girls up and drank the whisky and felt better. Everyone had brought camp stools and it sure was a funny sight. I hadn't realized before how successful the raids are. It doesn't matter whether they hit anything or not as long as they put the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]


*Here's* AFTER SHAVING COMFORT *on the hottest day*

A COMFORTABLE *face goes far toward making the whole body comfortable. Aqua Velva after shaving keeps the face feeling fit all day long.*

IF you're looking for a new sensation, first slap a dash of Aqua Velva on your newly shaven face one of these sultry September mornings. Step out to your job with a new vim!

The cool, refreshing tingle of Williams new after-shaving preparation puts a new complexion on the whole day—keeps your own complexion as it should be—skin flexible and smooth. No more powders—they absorb moisture. Greases? Not this weather. Aqua Velva *conserves* the natural moisture of your skin—keeps it cool and like velvet all day long.

*Aqua Velva does these five refreshing things*

*First:* It gives your face an invigorating, lively tingle.

*Second:* It sterilizes and helps to heal each tiny cut and scrape.

*Third:* It has a fine, fresh, manly fragrance.

*Fourth:* It helps the skin in its fight against sun and wind and exposure.

*Fifth:* It conserves the needed natural moisture in the skin. (Powder absorbs this necessary moisture—leaves the skin dry.) Aqua Velva conditions your face and *keeps* it just as comfortable all day long as Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it.

Aqua Velva is a clear, sparkling liquid—not gummy or greasy. Nothing to wipe off. We are so sure that you will become a steady user that we'll send you a generous test bottle FREE—enough for several delightful applications. All you have to do is to mail us the coupon below—or use a postcard.

The large 5-ounce bottle of Aqua Velva costs 50c (60c in Canada). By mail, postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it. Aqua Velva costs almost nothing a day to use.

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Lib. 9-18-26

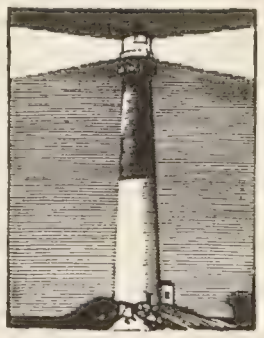
# Something to tie to

IN THE language of the old river-man, "something to tie to" meant a rock or tree that was solidly enough planted to hold the boat against all the power of wind and current. "Something to tie to" meant stability to trust.

This simple phrase has become current in our language. It has not lost its meaning. *And nowhere in all the rush of American life is "something to tie to" more important than in the choice of a newspaper.*

PUBLISHING has undergone many changes. Favorite journals have disappeared. Ownership has changed again and again. New money has brought new voices to be heard. "Who speaks?" is a fair question when any newspaper utters an opinion.

In this shifting scene, steadfastness, which has been a principle of Scripps-Howard journalism since its beginning in 1879, is valued more than ever by the readers of these newspapers. *Scripps-Howard fearlessness, honesty of opinion and independence of control furnish something for the public to tie to.*



SCRIPPS · HOWARD

HERE is the most potent reason why Scripps-Howard newspapers enjoy the confidence of more than a million and a half families in twenty-four cities. *They are dependable; they can be counted upon for accurate news and for sane and constructive liberalism in policy.*

The highest reward of journalism is the respect and confidence of newspaper readers. This, the Scripps-Howard organization values highly.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

wind up the civilian population so thoroughly. These people wanted peace and they wanted it quick. Possibly Lord Lansdowne got caught out in a bomb raid.

The air got so bad that we said good night and left. Outside, the town was absolutely deserted. We waited fifteen minutes for a taxi, but there wasn't any, so we had to walk home. The city was like a sepulcher, except for the terrible racket of the anti-aircraft guns. Not a light anywhere. We didn't hear any bombs explode, but Archie kept up a lot of fuss. There wasn't the tiniest crack of light to be seen anywhere. They certainly do enforce the law about lights. They don't have many laws in this country, but they certainly enforce what they do have.

THERE is a battery over in Hyde Park a couple of blocks from the house and it shakes the panes in the windows when it fires. When there's a big raid on, you can sit at our window upstairs and hear the pieces of shrapnel falling in the street like hail. It's just as well to stay indoors. Archie has quit trying to hit anything. They just put up a barrage and hope the Huns fly into it. They have certain areas that they range and certain areas that they leave clear so they won't hit our planes that are up after them. Our night-flying Camels are doing a lot of damage to the raiders and that's the only way they will ever stop them.

Armstrong, the South African stunt pilot, was over at Hounslow the other day in his specially rigged Camel and gave an exhibition for us. He's certainly a wonderful pilot. He runs his wheels on the ground and then pulls up in a loop and if he sees he hasn't got room enough, he just half rolls at the top. I saw him land from a full roll and he glides and does S turns upside down. I don't think he has long to live, just the same. He says night flying is not so difficult after you once get used to it. And he says it's just as easy to fire at night as in daytime. I don't see how he figures that though.

After the raid was over, an assorted crowd came around to the house. Two of mamma's own little darlings came around with two wild women. I eased them toward the door gently but firmly. One of the boys was highly insulted when I told him that we were glad to have him any time, but he'd have to leave his girl friend at home. He got real nasty and said he didn't know that we were running a nunnery, and from what he'd heard he didn't think we were in a position to object to anything. Then he took a couple of nasty cracks at a few of our friends and regular callers.

I told him that, after all, it was our house and I was sorry he couldn't see the thing right. We were trying to keep our house respectable. I told him that since we had moved in here, not a woman had spent the night in the house and while I wasn't any inspector of public morals and hadn't snooped around any, and I wasn't concerned with what they did elsewhere, they had all been ladies around here. So they left. I should have crowned them. Gosh, it's wonderful the way I control my temper now! I used to like that kid. I remember his mother came out to Mineola to pack up for him and she asked MacDill to please write to her if he didn't behave.

But what I told him was the truth. Some of our guests may be a bit unconventional in their mode of living, but they have certainly all been ladies around here. And considering the number that have drifted in and out, I think it's right remarkable. These London women are in a class by themselves. They are good sports, good looking, good dancers, well educated, act like ladies, and they don't sit around and worry about their honor all the time. They aren't a bit conceited about the matter, as they all are at home. Virtue, over here, isn't even its own reward.

Flew over to London Colney for lunch and heard that Waite killed himself by driving a Spad into the Elstree reservoir. He was firing at the ground target, which is in the center of it, and his controls must have jammed, for he never came out of his dive. London Colney is sure an unlucky place.

*Lieutenant Armstrong, famous stunt pilot who was killed looping. He shot down several German planes at night.*

THEY are having hard luck over at London Colney again. I saw Barksdale in town and he had a long tale of woe. [Lieutenant E. H. Barksdale of the Italian detachment was killed at McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio, on August 11 last. He leaped from a plunging plane, but his parachute fouled on one of the wings. It was Barksdale's third leap for life in three years.] A big two-engined Handley-Page landed on top of an Avro over there the other day. The pilot in the Avro was hurt but not killed and the pilot of the Handley was killed when it nosed on him. The next day the Handley was still standing on its nose and a pilot was taking off in a Spad.

The Spad swung 90 degrees taking off and flew into the tail of the Handley. The Spad turned the Handley over on its back and wrecked the fuselage. The Spad was a write-off, of course. The pilot may live.

---

*Only a few days more, and then France! Don't miss next week's installment of War Birds.*


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# The Irregular DEBUTANTE

*A Short Story of a Romantic Girl Stranded in Paris*

*By* PHYLLIS DUGANNE

*Pictures by* R. R. SCHABELITZ

*Jane stood up in her chair and lifted her voice in an excited, ringing cry.*

THIS is the story of J-A-N-E and D-A-V-I-D, who was the first man in Jane's life. But it has to begin—if one is to excuse Jane's outrageous conduct at all—with Allida Carr, who was Jane's mother.

It was not Allida's fault that God had never intended her to be a mother, but it was rather hard on Jane. Allida was proud of Jane. She admired, as one admires a lovely miniature, her daughter's shock of brown curls, her wide brown eyes, her elusive, flashing smile; but her heart and her first attention were always her husband's. Allida was made that way, and Jane discovered and accepted the fact early in life.

When Jane was six years old the death of her father flung the household into chaos. After Will Carr's body had been removed to the family plot in the hills beyond Boston, and Allida's, almost equally lifeless, to a sanitorium, Jane was borne away to a Maine island by David's mother.

David was reading a book, lying flat on his stomach on the grass, when Jane arrived at the house, and at Mrs. Allen's bidding, she went toward him diffidently.

"Hello!"

He looked up at her and, from the greater experience of eleven years, recognized that she was the prettiest little kid he had ever seen. Then he remembered that her father had died.

"Hello," he said softly. "Wanta sit down here with me?"

She dropped solemnly to the grass and stared at him. Never before had she seen such hair as flamed, like an autumn sunset, upon David Allen's head. Never had she seen such freckles.

"Can you read?"

She shook her head. "Can you?"

"Of course! Want me to teach you?"

She had no real interest in reading, or, for that matter, in anything else, but he took her diffident murmur for assent, assent devitalized by grief. For an hour, an hour in which her hard little heart was softened like wax beneath a flame, her curls fluttered against his cheek, and when Esther Allen came to look for them, she found her, sprawled upon the grass, with her head on David's knee, abandoned to sleep.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

# The New ESSEX "6" COACH

## $10,000,000 Was Invested to Make It Possible

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All-steel bolted and riveted the New Essex Coach is as rigid as a steel building. Doors are so hung that even the most extraordinary strains will not spring them out of true. A new and exclusive method of construction permits the use of high baked enamel in new color schemes of lasting finish.

It is the best looking, best value, best Essex ever built. Ten million dollars was invested in creation of designs, development of special machinery and the erection of a special body plant to make it possible.

Added to the great resources already devoted to Essex, the vast physical equipment of its production alone makes this Essex value exclusive. But back of it, and even more exclusive, is the structure of experience and knowledge gained in building more than 350,000 earlier Essex cars, and 850,000 cars under the Super-Six principle, from which this greatest Essex of all was evolved.

In beauty, in riding ease, comfort and performance the New Essex Coach is proving by all odds the most wanted Essex ever offered.

Its reception has been instantaneous—overwhelming all past Essex triumphs in interest, enthusiasm and sales. New thousands are riding daily. "A 30-Minute Ride Will Win You" is a fact that sales, sweeping the country to new high records, verify every day more strongly.

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**A specially balanced five tube receiver. Very selective and with astonishing range and volume. In richly appointed two-tone walnut cabinet with inside dial illumination.**

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**This model is identical with 5-26 in its inside features and power of fine reception. A compact open cabinet model in dark velvety two-tone walnut.**

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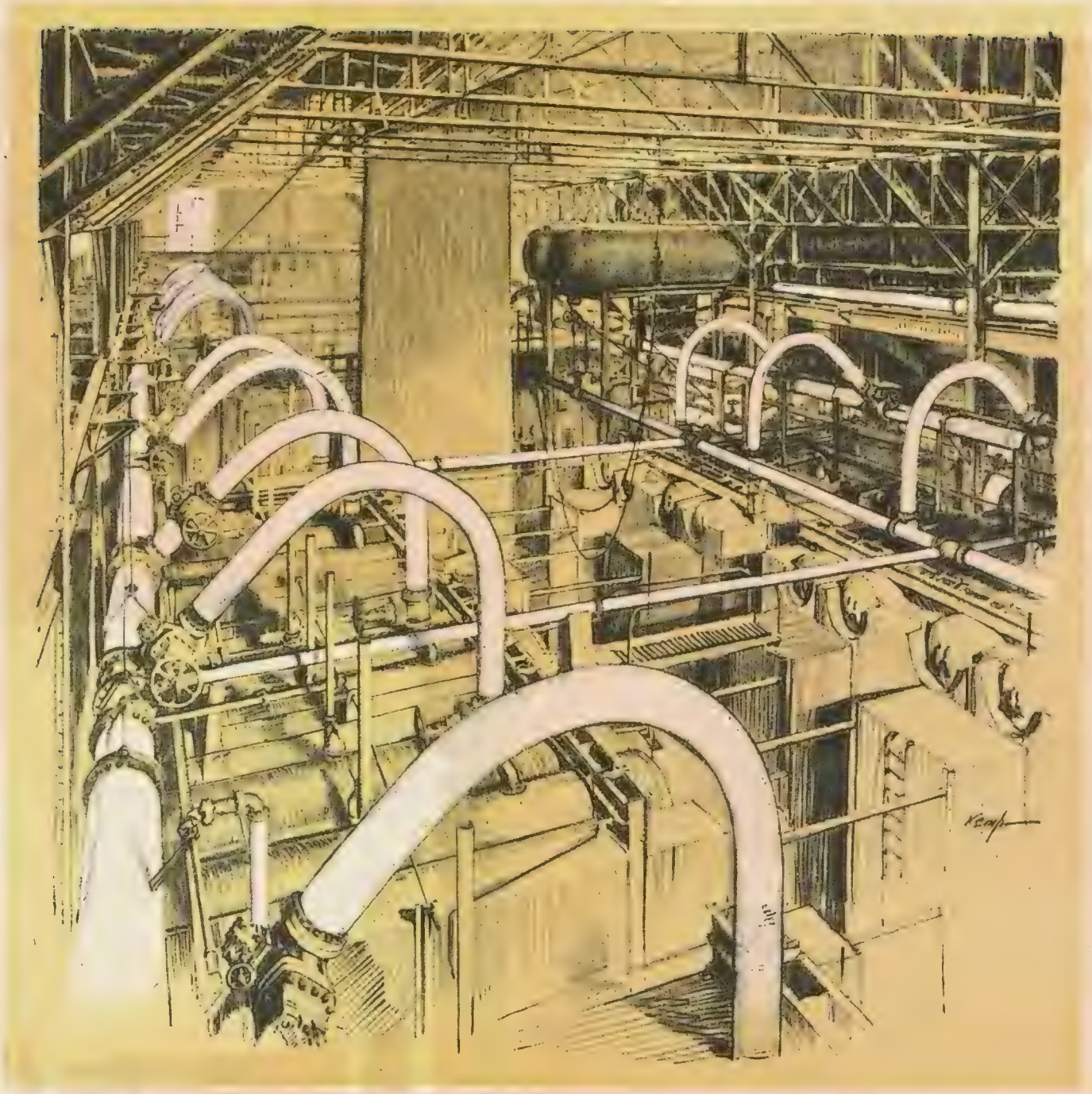

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One brief, laconic sentence in a letter from The Atlas Portland Cement Company tells the story of the service given by Crane valves, fittings, and piping. "This material," it says, "was purchased in 1904 and is still operating as originally installed."

In the sheer simplicity of this statement is a tribute to the value of Crane quality that would be difficult to equal with pages of proof. For it translates into terms of service to the user the results of Crane foundry experience, which began in 1855. It testifies to the worth of Crane chemical control of raw materials. It suggests the benefits of the pioneer Crane research to determine the behavior of metals under the stress of high temperatures.

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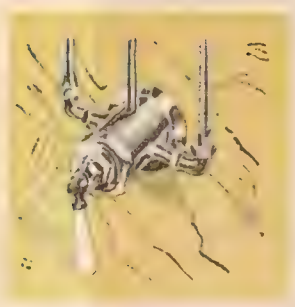

A Crane mixing valve to temper and control your morning shower.

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[CONT. FROM PAGE 42]

From sympathy and curiosity, the boy's attitude toward her changed into pride. She was his, mind and soul. All that she had to give, she gave him, and his least word was final to her baby brain.

"Hello, J-A-N-E!" he would greet her.

"Hello, D-A-V-I-D!"

Perhaps if there had been other children about, their intimacy would have been broken, but the Allen house was alone on the little island. They became inseparable, and it was a short time before Esther Allen discovered that the most willful specimen of human nature she had ever encountered could be brought to any obedience by the two words, "David says."

Always Jane spelled out his name. "Where's D-A-V-I-D, Aunt Esther?" Her baby voice echoed about the island, calling him back if he escaped her. "D-A-V-I-D!"

THEN after five months, in which her adoration had grown to incredible proportions, Allida Carr came for her daughter. David had said she mustn't cry. With frigid politeness and stricken eyes on David, Jane greeted her mother. She disliked the blackness of Allida's clothes, disliked the passion with which Allida gathered her to her breast. But D-A-V-I-D had said . . .

They returned to the Boston house, where Allida made a valiant struggle toward maternity, and Jane moped like an orphaned child. Jane was eight years old when Allida gave up the struggle and married Philip Burton. Which gave sanctuary to Allida's heart; but David was away at boarding school and Jane was pitifully alone.

They took her to Europe on their wedding trip. "I want the youngster to like me," Allida's husband said. As though Jane were the bride, they bowed to her slightest whim and fancy. Allida wanted the youngster to like her, too!

Jane determined to make the most of it. If she couldn't have David, at least she could have her own way. And what a lot there would be to tell him, when she returned! She behaved outrageously. She stayed up as late as she wanted to at night, and in the mornings, when they should have been boarding trains or visiting museums, she slept.

In Brussels, they bought her a police dog, that made of their lives a nightmare. In Berlin, more to test her power over them than because she wanted it, she demanded and got a Dachshund. She ate three plates of cremes Suzette in Paris and became ignominiously ill. In Vienna she drank amber beer on the terrace and was very silly and more than a little drunk. A long-legged, unhappy child, who chatted capably in three languages and shamelessly slaughtered a fourth, a terrible child, with the wit and derisive eyes of an old woman.

*"They admitted I could dance," Jane explained, "but they said I had no sex appeal!"*

SHE returned to find David away at summer camp, and another stratum of shell hardened about her little heart.

It would be difficult to decide whether the six years that followed were more painful for Jane or for her parents. At least Allida and Phil had each other. Jane, loving no one but the dream of a red-headed boy, slashed her way ruthlessly through childhood.

David belonged to a remote world—Harvard University and the insurmountable barrier of being twenty years old—when Jane decided to take her life into her own hands. Clearly, it was a question of Jane Carr against the universe! She was only fifteen, but she was a young person of action.

For a week, Allida and Phil Burton lived in a confused kaleidoscope of policemen and private detectives, a maze of questions and answers. At the end of the week, Jane came home as calmly as she had gone away.

"I've been to New York," she explained, in casual indifference to their agonies. "Tried to get on the stage, but they wouldn't have me. Tried night clubs and two cabarets. No go. What do you think?"

"What?" asked her mother and stepfather weakly.

"They admitted I could dance, but they said"—Jane's eyes flashed brown flames; her upper lip, the one mobile portion of her usually sphinxlike face, twitched in a mingling of humor and resentment—"they said I had no sex appeal!"

The roar of Phil Burton's laughter was

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

# "Lucky Boy"

## His father starts him off with the *right* razor

THIS youngster won't have to experiment with a half dozen different razors.

His father, a graduate in shaving, has done the experimenting for him.

So it's a Valet AutoStrop Razor!

No dull blades—no pull. Every shave with a super-keen blade.

This is the famous razor which strops its own blades. A few strokes and a blade is new-like. A smooth, comfortable shave *every* time.

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Shave, clean and strop without removing the blade from the handle.

Whatever your favorite now, make this experiment. It means a future of shaving enjoyment.

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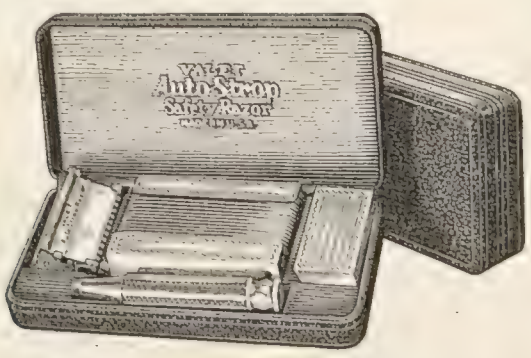

*The Razor That Sharpens Itself*


[THE IRREGULAR DEBUTANTE Continued from Page Forty-seven]

accompanied by the contralto chuckles which Jane used to express extreme entertainment.

"I s'pose they're right, at that," she admitted generously.

The story of her exploit reached David, through a letter from his mother, at college, and he shook his red head in amused wonder. J-A-N-E! He thought of her always as a small girl, with flying legs and worshipful brown eyes. It would be fun to look her up, when he next went to Boston.

But Jane was not there. The Burtons had to do something with her, and the words "French convent" had a soothing sound to Allida's ears. Convent walls; secluded gardens.

Two weeks after they had left Paris, frantic telegrams reached the Burtons in Switzerland, where they had repaired for a short rest before returning to America. Again Jane disappeared. They found her waiting for them at the Ritz, in Paris, with a hotel bill and a general equanimity that staggered them, and a digestion wracked by a diet more imaginative than discreet.

"They called me a *sale Americaine*," said Jane calmly. "Just because I wore my riding boots to dinner. You wouldn't expect me to stand for that, would you?"

PHIL BURTON had been a captain in the World War, and his handling of men and his vocabulary in general had been greatly enriched thereby. It is to his credit that, after he had banished his wife from the room, he employed words which were foreign even to the ears of his stepdaughter. She listened with scientific interest.

Then he placed her—with no small difficulty—across his knee and spanked her.

"I didn't know you had it in you, Phil," Jane commented dryly, when he released her. "How long do you want me to stay in that damned school, anyway?"

"Until next June, at least," Phil Burton said firmly.

"Humph!" Silhouetted against the window, Jane looked fragile and more feminine than he had ever seen her. Fragile! Her upper lip quivered and again Phil Burton was reminded of a young filly of the most excellent family connections. Fragile and feminine, and lengths ahead of any other horse on the tracks! With the right trainer, if there were such a person. He didn't think of David Allen.

"Oh, all right!" She held out her hand. "I'll go back tomorrow. And seeing as how we haven't acquired any black eyes or other incriminating bruises in our argument, why don't you take your wife and me to Montmartre tonight? You ought to be grateful I was a gentleman and didn't bite or scratch!"

He knew that it was a compromise, but peace treaties are peace treaties, and when they are made between nearly equal powers——

"Righto," he said.

Jane wrote home occasionally, scathing, sardonic letters that

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

# SNUGTEX

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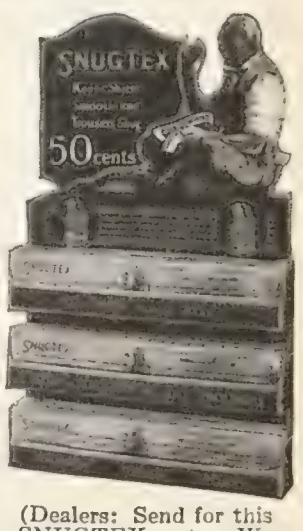


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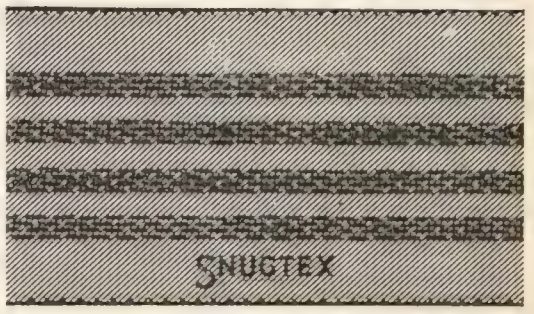


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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

horrified her mother and inspired her stepfather with mingled emotions. Dimly he understood the root of Jane's hardness and comprehended her loneliness. Poor little kid! After she returned, he'd try to help her. But in April a falling stock market commanded all his attention.

"We can't go over after Jane," he told his wife regretfully. "Lord knows, she's competent to make the trip alone. Send her a check and tell her I'll write when I get a chance."

Allida told her. Also she told her of their plans for the summer—dances and garden parties.

Jane's reaction was immediate.

"Competent," she said to herself. "But willing? Ha!"

That June, after his graduation from college, David Allen sailed for France.

"Oh, let her stay over there!" Phil Burton snapped, when the news crashed against the peaceful walls of their Boston home. "When she wants to come back, she can cable. Jane isn't a child, Allida—she's older than you are!"

ALLIDA fluttered and wept and was comforted. Jane was and always had been inexplicable to her. It was easier, less conducive to madness, to put her daughter out of her mind. Phil, after all, was her chief concern. And he was so upset—business matters — something about Wall Street.

And Jane reached Paris in June, two whole weeks before David Allen set foot on the dock at Havre.

She drove in an open taxi to the Ritz, her eyes shining with joy at every skid and swerve of a chauffeur whose native recklessness was warmed by much red wine. She didn't know what she was going to do, and she didn't care.

Within a week she had spent four of her five hundred dollars, and though she would not have exchanged a single frock or hat or pair of slippers for the most exquisitely pastel banknote in the French mint, she realized that something must be done. Something? Well, she could dance. She was seventeen years old now and in Paris. There was nothing in life that could touch her. Jane Carr against the world!

It was after midnight when she arrived, her excitement veiled by her old indifference, at the Montmartre establishment to which her stepfather had taken her the year before. The manager, who was a Frenchman, made no comment of any lack of sex appeal. He listened to her clipped, concise French while his eyes appraised her slowly.

"Will you dance now, mademoiselle? It is the Charleston."

Jane glanced into the dance room. The orchestra, American Negro, made a writhing, contorting accompaniment of their bodies to the sounds of their instruments. In the center of the floor, skirts held high, knees flashing, a girl danced. Charleston. The jumble of notes rose insistently, surging through Jane's blood, as she watched and listened. Charleston! *Charleston!* She could do that!

SHE dropped her cloak and flashed into the center of the crowded room, her diffident eyes sweeping the table. Voices — French, Spanish, American — called out to her. Champagne corks were drawn explosively. The orchestra swept into a torrent of sound, without prelude. *Charleston!* Jane stood, slim and calm, ignoring its roar, gauging her audience. Something apart, serenely untouched, in a bedlam. Then she danced.

*"D-A-V-I-D."*

It was her insolence, more than anything else—that caught their imaginations. She didn't care for a living soul and she showed it. *Bravo!* The orchestra leader, a broad shouldered Negro, bent toward her, clapping his hands together in a swinging, ape-like rhythm.

"Well?" she demanded coolly, of the manager.

She was hired, not so much for her dancing, as for her peculiar charm. People, the manager foresaw, would remember this girl, and even as he engaged her, a tall South American, with pearl studs in his evening shirt and a huge pearl on his little finger, shouldered between them.

"Would mademoiselle join my party—a little wine?"

Jane would and did.

The South American, who was old enough to be her father, was called Carlo. Jane called him Carlo, at once. He was very rich and rather stupid; but when he asked her to go to the races with him, the next day, she agreed readily. She wanted to go to the races.

He had never seen anyone like her. A woman one minute, with tantalizing, slow smiles and a slim, graceful body; a child the next, with all a child's willfulness and elusiveness. She fascinated him—and she knew it.

During that week, Jane played Carlo as naturally and as coolly as she had danced, abusing him, mocking him, and accepting from him whatever she wanted.

"Why won't you let me get you an apartment of your own, Jane?" he asked her, one evening.

They were sitting together at a small table, and Jane's eyes were looking dreamily past him, at the dancers. She turned and smiled and her upper lip quivered delightfully.

"Don't let me stop you!" she said impudently. "Couldn't hurt my feelings by buying me a Rolls-Royce!" At the intentness of his gaze, she laughed. "If someone doesn't get me an apartment pretty soon, I'll have to have the gendarmes lock me up in the Luxembourg Gardens every night! I owe a week's bill at the hotel, right now! But if you think I'm going to be even civil to a great, stupid creature like you —oh, there's that nice English boy again! He wants me to dance."

THE South American smoked and looked at her gloomily.

"Jane, do you really want money?"

Her smile mocked him. "Of course I want money, foolish. Who doesn't?"

He shrugged. "What do you think I'm going to get out of it?"

"What other people get out of things," said Jane, "is a matter which I am far too young to consider! What interests me—" Her voice broke, and color, brilliant as the flame chiffon of her frock, flooded her face. Still holding her champagne glass in her hand, tilted, so that the wine dripped over her golden shoes, she stood up in her chair and lifted her voice in an excited, ringing cry.

"Hello, D-A-V-I-D!"

The red-headed young man who had entered the room looked up, and an answering color crept over brown freckles, as he recognized her. People had turned, at Jane's call. They watched, amused and interested, as they always are at a meeting, while David Allen pushed through the dancers to her side, plainly embarrassed.

"Hello, J-A-N-E," he said.

She jumped to the floor and lifted her mouth to him with the directness of a child, as happily oblivious as he was aware of their audience. Her heart, beneath the folds of chiffon, was pumping like an engine. He kissed her awkwardly, while his faint memories of a six-year-old Jane were wiped away forever.

The South American, watching them, saw the hardness melt from her face, saw, for the first time, those mocking brown eyes lighted with tenderness. "Gee, I'm glad to see you!" Her fingers twisted about his tightly. "Come and sit down and talk to me!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


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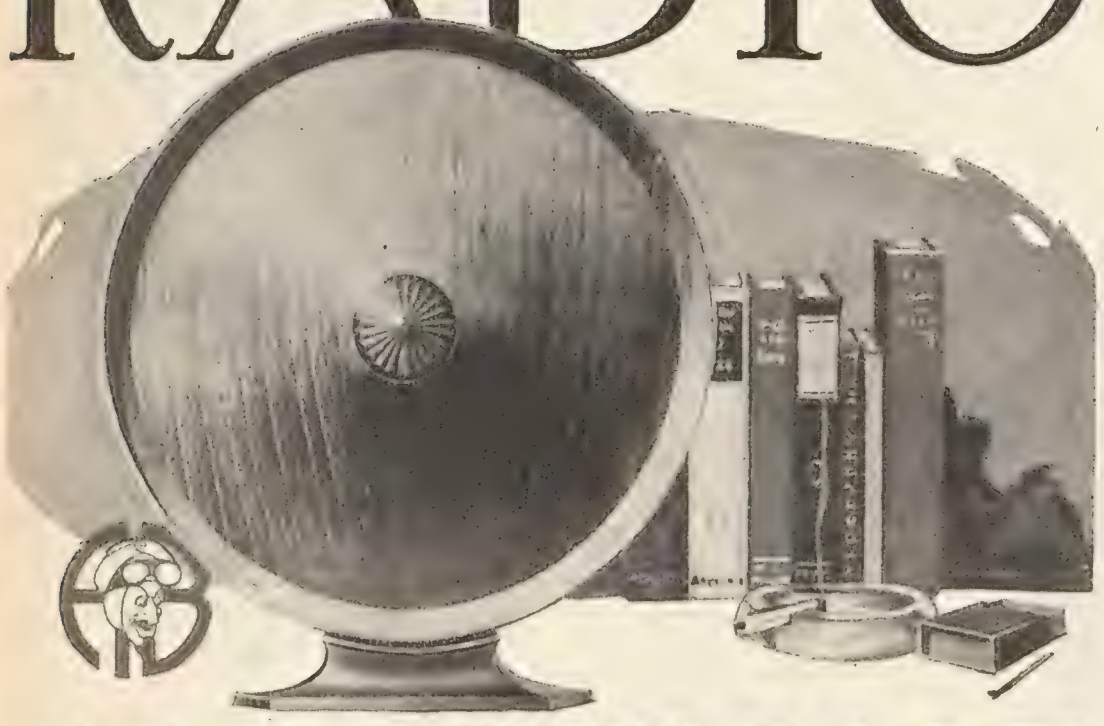
# BOSCH RADIO



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[THE IRREGULAR DEBUTANTE]
Continued from Page Forty-nine

He tried to hide his self-consciousness, as he smiled. "Can't now—I'm with some people." The people, two girls and another young man, were watching the tableau in frank curiosity. David released her fingers. "I'll get on over later for a dance, if I may," he said formally.

"But — D-A-V-I-D —" She stood, faltering, as he smiled again and left her.

"An old friend?" asked Carlo.

"Wh-what?" She sat down in a daze, still staring at a head of red hair beneath the lights. David was lifting the wrap from the shoulders of a girl. Deftly, he arranged it across her chair. Another girl, fair-haired with blue eyes, was addressing him.

Who were these people with David Allen? What were they doing here? Carlo and the cafe, all of Paris faded into unreality, and there seemed nothing actual but David and the comfort of his presence.

THE orchestra abandoned itself to the Charleston. "Go on, Jane," Carlo was saying, and she looked at him in bewilderment. Go on? Eyes on David, she moved uncertainly to the center of the floor. Charleston. Charleston! *Charleston!* CHARLESTON!

"Do you go in for this sort of thing often, J-A-N-E?" David asked her curiously, when he had come to claim his dance. His blue eyes, looking down into hers, were grave, and his voice was the same serious boy's voice.

"You haven't changed a bit, D-A-V-I-D!" she marveled happily. "You're just as I remember you. Oh—David—" And, as an afterthought, "What sort of thing?"

He gestured vaguely. "Oh, Montmartre—exhibition dancing—all this——"

"Why, I work here!"

"You—*what!*"

"Work here," she repeated. "I've left the convent, you know."

"I'd rather suspected that," David said. "But where do you live, J-A-N-E? I don't know a thing about you!"

She told him, and both eyebrows flew up at her answer.

Rather expensive, that, David Allen was reflecting; and Phil Burton's finances . . . He looked from Jane to the brooding Carlo.

"You'll leave your party, won't you?" she asked him. "We'll have breakfast together and talk and talk. We——"

He hesitated. "I can't very well do that, Jane." He nodded toward Carlo briefly. "You have an escort of your own, haven't you?"

"Oh—*him!*" said Jane scornfully. "He's just a rich South American who hangs around. I don't bother about *him!* Why can't you, David?"

David Allen was unpleasantly conscious of the eyes of his three companions upon them, as they danced past. He'd told them that she was a girl he hadn't seen since they were children together, yet . . .

"I have to stay with my own

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

party, Jane," he told her. "I—I'll telephone you at your hotel."

"Can't we have dinner together tomorrow night?" That he should be less interested in her than she was in him never occurred to her.

But at dinner the next night, she realized that something was wrong. David was so strange! She looked from his grave eyes to her mirrored reflection in the panel of the restaurant. Her green dress, deceivingly simple, was of the most chic; the amber earrings that dropped from her uncovered ears repeated their color in her cigarette holder and fan.

"Don't you approve of my working, D-A-V-I-D?" she asked.

"It's none of my business, J-A-N-E."

HER eyes widened. Whose business was it, then? There were so many things to ask David, and constantly he evaded her, held her back.

"Of course," he burst out abruptly, "if you really knew how to dance——"

"*What!*" demanded Jane.

He flushed and looked down at the tablecloth. Hadn't he just said it was none of his business? And yet . . . "I mean *dance!* Not just get up and—oh, never mind!"

But she did mind. More, she was interested. If David said . . . "Get up and what?" she persisted.

"If you weren't so pretty, no one would look twice at your dancing," he evaded.

And Jane, unconscious of evasion, sparkled delightedly: "Do you really think I'm pretty, D-A-V-I-D?"

He refused to go to Montmartre with her. He'd take her to the cafe, he said, but he was getting up early in the morning.

"I hate to think of you up there alone," he said.

"Oh, Carlo'll be there," she answered carelessly. But she felt an extreme distaste for the place without David.

In the taxi she sighed and leaned her head against his shoulder.

For a minute David sat very still. Then:

"You *are* pretty!" he said, in a low voice, and drew her closer to him. She looked up, smiling, her face close to his, and his lips descended upon hers swiftly.

"Do you know, D-A-V-I-D," said Jane contentedly, "that you are the only man I've ever kissed?"

He started, and then laughed. "L-I-A-R!" he spelled.

"Really!"

He looked at her tolerantly. "You ought to be spanked and put to bed, Jane Carr."

"Why, David?"

Her eyes were round, like a child's, and for answer, he kissed her again, roughly, fiercely. And Jane, who actually had never kissed another man, looked at him so tenderly that he pushed her away from him in a panic. If he hadn't seen her dancing the night before; if he hadn't watched the proprietary gaze of the South American and her own contemptuous familiarity, in return—he would almost believe her as innocent as she looked!

"I'll see you soon, David?" she asked, as the cab slipped against the curb.

A veil seemed to descend between his eyes and Jane. "I'm going out to the country for a week or so," he said. "I'll call you when I get back."

It was the longest succession of five days that Jane had ever known which elapsed before she saw David again. From morning until night—or rather from late afternoon, when she rose, until morning when she retired—she thought of him. He'd said she was pretty and he'd kissed her! Her heart beat furiously, when she remembered that. But he'd said, too, that she couldn't dance.

For the first time she considered her dancing impartially, not as steps taken by the pretty feet of Jane Carr, but simply as steps. It amazed her to discover that he was right, amazed her, until she remembered that he was D-A-V-I-D. And he'd said that she ought to be spanked. Why?

Then, too, Jane had begun to worry. Three times, now, the hotel clerk had asked her politely when she planned to settle her bill. The third time his manner had been imperceptibly less polite. She had only to ask Carlo, of course; but, somehow, now that David was here, she didn't want to.

She was dining with him, trying to conceal her increasing worry and sadness, when David and a young woman came into the restaurant. He saw her, bowed, and passed by.

JANE stared, incredulously, fighting away the tears that had sprung to her eyes. David was back in Paris and he hadn't let her know! With a flash of insight, she wondered if he had ever gone away. Suddenly she hated

him. Her eyes, turned toward his table, blazed threateningly.

"What's the matter?" Carlo asked sharply.

"Nothing!" she said. "Nothing at all!"

She talked with a fierce gayety, laughed loudly, so that David should hear. She smiled radiantly at the astonished Carlo, and put her small hand in his large brown one, and gazed at him as though she had never loved anyone else.

But when David and the blonde girl left the restaurant, her gayety crumpled. She pulled her hand away from Carlo's.

"I'm going home," she said. "I don't feel well. I can't dance tonight."

Nor could she sleep. When the first light of dawn began seeping through the drawn curtains of her room, she got up and ordered her breakfast. The sight of the waiter with the tray reminded her again of her lack of money. What was she going to do? Why was she here, alone, in Paris? Suddenly Jane felt not at all like a competent young woman, but like a little girl who wanted the comfort of her mother's arms. Her mother's! When the guinea hens had chased her, it was in David's arms that she had found protection.

SHE telephoned David at 9 o'clock. His voice was sleepy, and she realized, with panic, that now that she had waked him, she had nothing to say. But she had to see him!

"I have a luncheon engagement," he told her, when he arrived at the hotel, "but we might take a walk, if you like. What's the matter, Jane?"

A luncheon engagement! She looked at him unhappily.

"Are you going out with that girl you were with last night?" she demanded.

David snorted. He was too near her own age to be amused, as Carlo was, by her flashes of childishness, and he resented her curiosity. "Don't you wish you knew?" he asked, reverting, himself, to a small boy's repartee.

They had turned into the Tuileries Gardens, and Jane scuffled sullenly at the dirt path.

"I should think," she said, because she had to say something, "you'd rather go about with a girl who's well dressed!"

"Yourself, for example?" David asked scathingly. "Modest little violet, aren't you?" He looked at her coldly, and was forced to admit to himself that from her close-fitting hat of gray straw to her lizard-skin slippers, Jane was exquisite. Oddly, that admission made him all the angrier. "It's a strange taste, perhaps," he said disagreeably, "but I do come from Boston, you know—not South America. I think I really prefer to be seen with a girl who looks like a lady!"

"You mean I don't look like a lady?" asked Jane.

Her voice was so meek that he was ashamed.

"Bright girl!" he answered. "You certainly don't act like one!"

He expected her to become very angry. But she didn't. She put her hand on his arm and looked beguilingly up into his face. "Oh, D-A-V-I-D!" she said.

Again David Allen experienced that sense of panic. If he didn't know better, he'd think—and he blushed a manly, twenty-three-year-old blush at the thought—he'd think the girl was in love with him! He wasn't going to be played with like this.

"You're a little fool, J-A-N-E!" he said. "But you can't get away with that stuff with me! I don't know anything at all about you, and I don't want to! But I do know what anyone who sees you at Montmartre would think! You're not eighteen yet—you

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The one dentifrice approved by PYORRHEA clinics

At the first sign of bleeding gums

*. . . give them this real protection*

REAL protection against pyorrhea requires the daily use of a medicated dentifrice specially compounded for pyorrhetic conditions.

Pyorrhocide Powder is prepared expressly for the prevention and treatment of pyorrhea. It is medicated with Dentinol, a germicidal and healing agent used by dentists in their pyorrhea work.

Pyorrhocide Powder has the endorsement of dentists because its unusual effectiveness in treating and preventing pyorrhea has been demonstrated in clinics devoted exclusively to the study of this disease.

Tests with thousands of pyorrhea patients in these clinics have proved that Pyorrhocide Powder is the *only* dentifrice that meets all requirements for home use in the prevention and treatment of pyorrhea.

*Corrects soft, tender bleeding gums*

PYORRHOCIDE Powder relieves gum tenderness—heals bleeding gums—makes soft gums hard and firm. It thoroughly cleans the teeth and retards tartar formation. Co-operate with your dentist by using Pyorrhocide Powder daily.

A full six months' supply is in the economical dollar package. Buy it at your druggist's. Start this *real* protection against pyorrhea today.

Send for free sample and booklet on the causes and treatment of pyorrhea.

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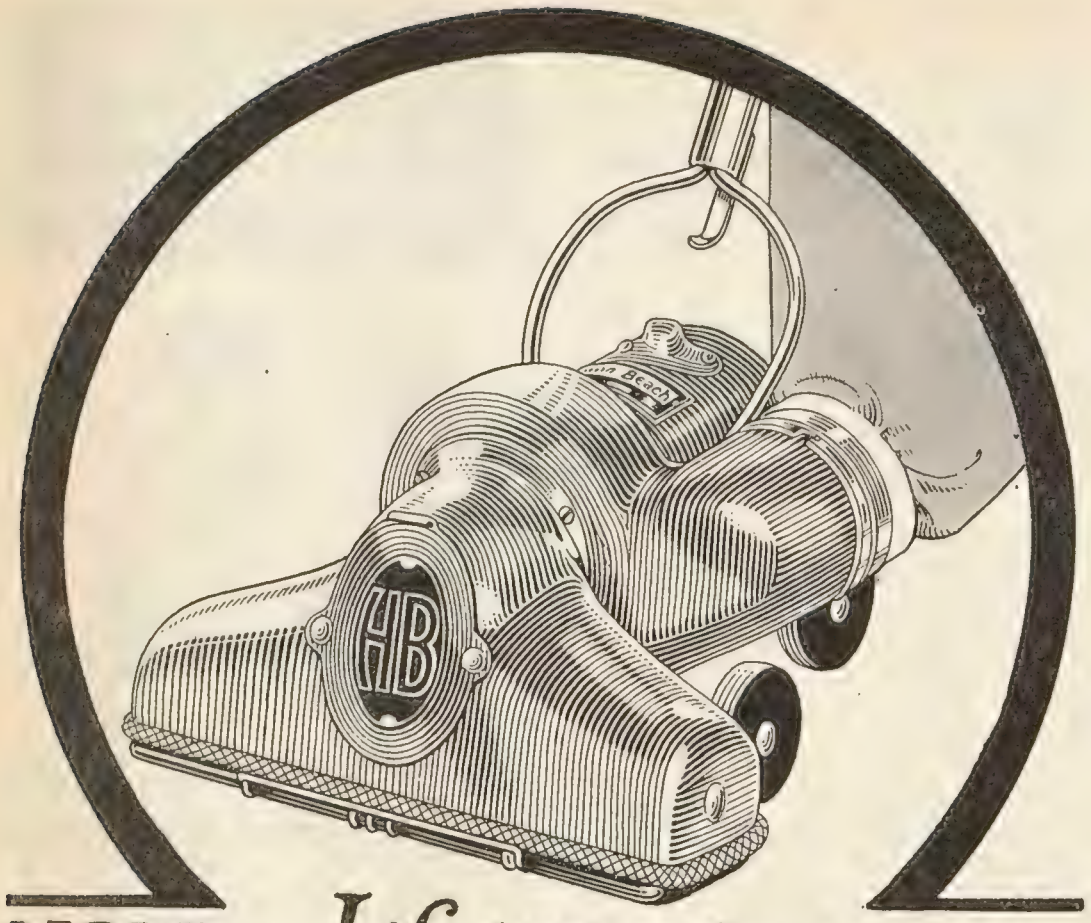
Send me free sample of Pyorrhocide Powder and booklet.

*Name* .....

*Address* .....




# NOW- a *Lifetime* Sweeper That Gets *All Imbedded* Dirt and Surface Litter

Most any cleaner will remove surface dirt and pick up some surface litter but which one will pick up fine ravelings and hair and get all imbedded dirt *over a long period of years?* This you must decide before buying.

Combining a highly efficient motor brush with a suction as powerful as that found in most machines cleaning by air alone the Hamilton Beach picks up the *finest* ravelings and hair and *gets all the deeply imbedded dirt.*

As for durability, the motor is rugged and powerful, developing a full 1/5 H. P. Its oversized armature shaft; oversized, self aligning bearings, and scientific oiling system ensure long, satisfactory use. All other parts are equally reliable. The guarantee covers *entire* machine, including belt, bag and brush.

A demonstration will quickly show the remarkable ease of handling and cleaning efficiency of the Hamilton Beach, but users of the first cleaners built—better than we—can tell you of their remarkable durability and reliability.

With attachments you can quickly and easily clean everything in the house.

In buying a cleaner make sure it's a Hamilton Beach—Built to Last a Lifetime. Sold and demonstrated by reliable Dealers everywhere. Convenient monthly payments. Write for illustrated literature and name of nearest Dealer.

HAMILTON BEACH MFG. CO., RACINE, WIS.

# Hamilton Beach *Vacuum Sweeper* Built To Last a Lifetime


[THE IRREGULAR DEBUTANTE]
Continued from Page Fifty-one

ought to be at home with your mother, going to sub-deb dances and—and——"

"Garden parties?" asked Jane.

"Yes, garden parties!" snapped David, and was more than ever angry to discover himself picturing how exquisite she would be in organdie and a floppy hat. "You may be a nice girl, but you certainly don't act like one! Any man who comes into that joint where you dance can talk to you and ask you to dinner and buy you wine! It's rotten, J-A-N-E—rotten and cheap!"

"Oh," said Jane. And then, "Why do you care?"

FIERY red rose over his cheeks.

"I *don't* care!" he said wildly. "Why should I care what you do? I'm just *telling* you!"

"For my own good," added Jane thoughtfully, and looked down at the ground. So that was what David thought of her—rotten and cheap!

"Would you—would you like me better, D-A-V-I-D, if I went home and came out like a regular debutante?" she asked wistfully.

"Came out!" he repeated scornfully, and he was thinking of Carlo. "Isn't it a little late for that? Don't make me laugh!"

They walked on in silence.

"Well," said Jane, "I guess the best thing for you to do is just pretend you don't know me, then." She looked up at him, and because the drooping corners of her mouth made him want to kiss her and comfort her, he turned away.

"And I'll start pretending it right now!" he said, and swung about on his heels and left her.

Jane made no motion to stop him. For a moment she stood, watching his tall, disappearing figure, then she dropped to a bench and sat, looking straight before her.

For nearly two hours, Jane Carr sat on that bench in the Tuileries Gardens.

She reviewed all her life from an impersonal point of view, all the seventeen years of it. She had been hateful to Allida and Phil. She remembered their wedding trip. Candidly she admitted to herself that had it been her wedding trip, and David's, she would never have been so thoughtful of a spoiled little girl. Always she had been selfish and unreasonable. Why should David like her?

In triumph or in penitence, Jane was a young person of action. She got up from the bench and walked to Carlo's hotel.

"I'm going home," she told him, when he came sleepily but hopefully down to the lobby to greet her. "I never knew what I wanted before. Now that I've found out, I know I can't have it, but that doesn't make much difference." She met his eyes squarely. "I'm in love, Carlo, and he doesn't love me. He thinks I'm cheap. But at least I can go home and be what he'd like me to be."

The South American took her hand in his. "Jane——"

But Jane did not want sympa-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

# Foot Pains Go!

**in 10 minutes or this test is Free**

SCIENCE has made a startling discovery about foot and leg pains. It is found they result from the weakening of a vital set of muscles in the forward part of the foot. Bones are displaced, thus crushing sensitive nerves and tiny blood vessels. Natural balance is destroyed. Soon the foot breaks down completely. **Burning, aching feet and legs—pains in the toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains, flattening and spreading of the feet**—all are symptoms to warn you.

Now science offers you a positive and quick way to end these pains and restore the foot to its naturally strong and healthy condition. It is a light, porous band called the Jung Arch Brace. Its secret lies in its correct tension, in its scientific contour and design. The results it gives are astounding 2,000,000 people.

So confident are we that it will bring instant relief that we let you test a pair for 10 days. Then, if you're not delighted, return them and every penny will be refunded.

If your druggist, shoe dealer or chiropodist cannot supply you, use the coupon today. With a half-inch strip of paper measure around the smallest part of your instep, where the forward edge of the brace is shown in the circle diagram, or give size and width of shoe. We will send you a pair of "Wonder" Style. Simply pay postman $1 and postage. "Miracle" Style, extra wide, for more severe cases, $1.50.

JUNG'S
*The "Original"*
ARCH BRACES
© J. A. B. Co. 1926

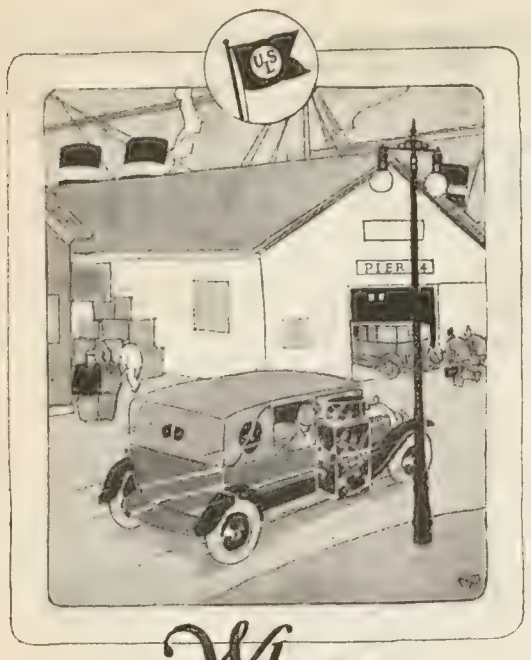
THE JUNG ARCH BRACE CO.,
249 Jung Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Send me a pair of Jung Arch Braces in style checked. ☐ Wonder Style, $1. ☐ Miracle Style, $1.50.
I will pay postman the above price and postage. My money to be returned if not satisfied. I enclose foot measurement.
Name.....
Address.....
P. O..... State.....

In Canada address: Kirkham & Roberts, Pacific Bldg., Toronto
Canadian Prices: Wonder $1.25; Miracle $1.75

A Real Gift for Him

Cigarette jumps when lever is pressed. No trouble, no fumbling or shaking. Astonishes friends, interests everyone. Beautiful designs in qualities priced at $1.50, $2.50, $4.00, $6.00 and $25.00. If not at your dealers, send his name and price to
THE LYONS MFG. CO.,
Mt. Carmel, New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

EJECTOR
*The Perfect One Hand*
CIGARETTE CASE




When an American goes to Europe

EVERY American sailing for Europe is entitled to all the little luxuries, comforts and attentions that are offered by the finest hotels of the land. On any United States Lines Ship (America's only flag service to Europe), he gets these things—and more. There is a passage for every purse as the chart of rates below will show. And you'll enjoy the best cuisine on the North Atlantic on these five splendid ships.

**S. S. George Washington**

Swift, steady, beautiful—a luxurious home on the sea. First, second and Tourist third class to Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen.

**S. S. Leviathan**

Flagship of the Fleet and most famous ship in the world. First, second and Tourist third class to Cherbourg and Southampton.

**S. S. President Harding and S. S. President Roosevelt**

The fastest Cabin (one-class) ships on the North Atlantic. To Cobh (Queenstown), Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen.

**S. S. Republic**

The famous cruise liner. A Cabin ship without first or second class distinctions to Cobh (Queenstown), Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen.

*Get complete information from your local steamship agent or write to the address below*

**United States Lines**

45 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY

*Chart of Rates*

| FIRST CLASS | CABIN CLASS |
|---|---|
| S. S. LEVIATHAN $265 and up<br>S. S. GEORGE WASHINGTON $210 and up | S. S. PRESIDENT HARDING and S. S. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT $145 and up<br>S. S. REPUBLIC $140 and up |
| **SECOND CLASS** | **TOURIST THIRD** |
| S. S. LEVIATHAN $147.50 and up<br>S. S. GEORGE WASHINGTON $136.25 and up | From $95-Round Trip $170 up depending on ship and destination |


[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

thy. "If you'll lend me the money," she interrupted, "I'll have my stepfather send it to you, as soon as I get back. There's a boat tonight I'd like to take. If you won't, I can wait and cable. And—I'm sorry I've been so hateful to you. I guess I didn't know any better."

Carlo didn't understand in the least, but there was a new and compelling dignity about the little dancer who had so fascinated him during the past three weeks.

And at 11 o'clock that evening, when David Allen, wild-eyed and alone, entered the Montmartre cafe, Jane was tucked into a berth on a westbound steamer.

AS the steamer moved slowly up New York harbor, Jane stood on the deck. She was coming home, untriumphant, ignominiously. A month ago, Allida and Phil would have been on the deck to greet her; but now there was no one, and she deserved no one. They approached Quarantine languidly, and the mounting excitement of the passengers about her and the growing lump in her own throat brought tears to her eyes. In a panicky little rush, she tore down the stairway to the solitude of her cabin, flung herself upon her berth.

"Oh—please, God—" she whispered, between sobs, and then burrowed her face into the pillow and shook, because there was nothing more to say.

"Mademoiselle?"

She sat up. Her flushed cheeks were streaked with tears and her lashes were wet and divided into little triangles, like the points of stars. The steward, holding a box before him, smiled sympathetically.

"It is for you—and in five minutes you must go to the lounge. The inspectors——"

She took the box from him and tried, unsuccessfully, to smile. "If you'll—go away—" she said.

It was a square, deep box, of shiny white cardboard. She held it in her two hands and stared at the card. "Miss Jane Carr." But boxes didn't arrive, to be delivered, on steamships! On an upper deck a gong was clanging insistently.

Time for the inspection of passports. Jane's lips quivered. There were so many strange things for her to go through, alone! Passports and customs and trains.

Dazed and deadened by her tears, she broke the lavender strings and pulled aside layers of tissue paper. A fragrant, dainty bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley, tied with satin ribbons. Suspended from one of the streamers dangled a little box. She opened it, and jumped, as the sunlight streaming through the porthole flashed and slanted off from the facets of the diamond. Who? Still dazed, she slipped the ring over her finger, picked up the bouquet and buried her flushed face in its delicate fragrance.

"Well, J-A-N-E?"

It was a nightmare, of course. Instead of the little steward in his white coat, a young man in tweeds, with flaming red hair, towered in the doorway of her cabin, smiling at her. She hugged her flowers closer. *David?* Sometimes ghosts were able to leave tangible offerings; she'd read of it, in stories. Ghosts! David had died in Paris—that was it, died!—and this smiling, watching figure was his spirit!

"You've put on my ring, J-A-N-E," said the ghost.

"You—you're in Paris," said Jane flatly, not moving.

"Oh, I am, am I?" There wasn't much of the supernatural about that exultant voice, or about the arms that suddenly enveloped her and lifted her to the floor.

"If you *will* run away on an eight-day boat, any ardent pursuer can beat you to it on a six-day one, you know!"

In spite of the peace that had enfolded her, along with David's arms, Jane looked away from him, out through the porthole. The water of the harbor was blue and still, and the long brick building, so near, was motionless, stationary, like a back drop.

"Where—how——"

"We're at Quarantine, goose!" said David. "I came on with the inspectors. Your mother and Phil and my mother are waiting for us on the pier. You're going to marry me, J-A-N-E!"

"BUT—I don't understand." She was still half frightened and wholly bewildered.

"I went up looking for you, the night you left Paris. That Argentine fellow told me." David's eyes softened, as he remembered the things Carlo had told him. "Oh, Jane, what a fool I was! What a rotter! I—you were such a willful little person, J-A-N-E! I thought you were just adding me to your collection and I was afraid."

She stared at him. "But—you said——"

"Oh, never mind what I said!" He picked up her finger and kissed the ring she had slipped on it. "There! You're going to marry me, J-A-N-E—did you know that?"

Jane looked again through the porthole at the blue water. Beyond, on the dock, her mother and Phil were waiting—and David was here! The lump in her throat melted, and she lifted her face to him.

"Oh, D-A-V-I-D!" she said, and her upper lip began to quiver, like a rabbit's. "I guess I knew it, my dear—but I forgot it, for a while!"

THE END


*There's an Eversharp for you in any style and size you want. This one sells at $3*

*Wahl Pens are made in new shades of mottled, red and black, This one sells at $7*

*A great team is the hand and brain, no matter what your goal.*

*Train them together, in school and in the game of life, for your victory.*

*Out of the shifting play of the mind, select and perfect that flashing thought which promises Success.*

*Drill yourself in the practice of fining it down to fighting trim:*

*PUT IT ON PAPER!*

√ √

*Success waits on the man who keeps in line with his thinking those best friends of an active brain,*

**EVERSHARP and WAHL PEN**

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The Wahl Company, Ltd., Toronto

# LIBERTY'S ADVERTISING RATES WILL BE INCREASED NOVEMBER 1st

## If You Buy Before that Time You Receive a Bonus of 250,000 Circulation Absolutely Free

| *Orders for 1927 Issues Accepted Up to November 1st at These PRESENT RATES* | | *Orders Placed After November 1st Subject to These NEW RATES* | | *This will be Your Saving on 13 Insertions of Following Units If Ordered Before November 1st.* | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Line Rate | 5.00 | Line Rate | 6.25 | Per Line | 16.25 |
| Eighth Page | 375.00 | Eighth Page | 468.75 | Eighth Page | 1218.75 |
| Quarter Page | 750.00 | Quarter Page | 937.50 | Quarter Page | 2437.50 |
| Half Page | 1500.00 | Half Page | 1875.00 | Half Page | 4875.00 |
| Full Page | 3000.00 | Full Page | 3750.00 | Full Page | 9750.00 |
| Roto Page | 3000.00 | Roto Page | 3750.00 | Roto Page | 9750.00 |
| Two-Color Page | 3750.00 | Two-Color Page | 4500.00 | Two-Color Page | 9750.00 |
| Four-Color Page | 5000.00 | Four-Color Page | 5500.00 | Four-Color Page | 6500.00 |
| Back Cover | 6500.00 | Back Cover | 8000.00 | Back Cover | 19500.00 |

## *No Orders at Present Rates Accepted After Monday, November 1st, 1926*
## *Just consider the Saving in Ordering Your 1927 LIBERTY advertising Now!*

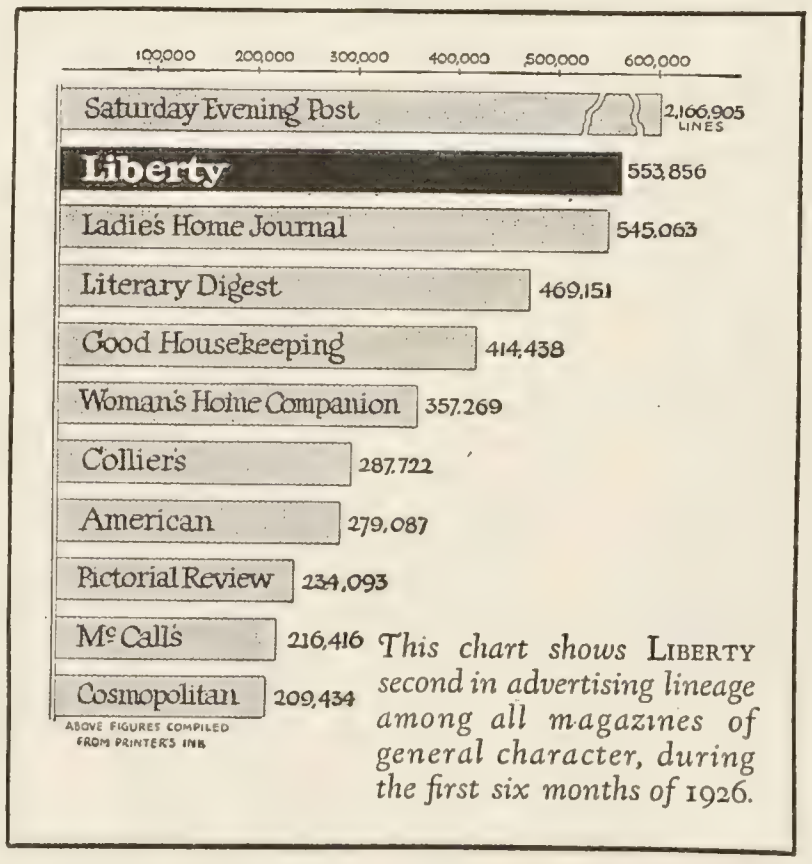
WHEN present rates were made, LIBERTY promised its advertisers a circulation of 1,100,000 copies. They got it.

Now, LIBERTY announces an average circulation of 1,350,000. LIBERTY has never failed to keep a promise.

Up to November 1st, 1926, advertisers can contract for space through the rest of 1926 and the entire year of 1927 at the current rates based on 1,100,000. *If you buy, therefore, before November 1st, you receive a bonus of 250,000 circulation absolutely free.*

More and more of the largest national advertisers are beginning to appreciate the effectiveness of advertising in LIBERTY. More advertising was printed by LIBERTY during the first six months of 1926 than by any other magazine of general character, with the exception of the Saturday Evening Post. Only the unprecedented endorsement of many leading agencies and outstanding advertisers in all classifications of American industry has made this record possible.

LIBERTY is ready to prove to others how it can help them cut their advertising waste and increase advertising profits. It is advisable to get details before the advertising rates are increased on November 1st.




*This chart shows* LIBERTY *second in advertising lineage among all magazines of general character, during the first six months of 1926.*

ON ALL NEWSSTANDS

# Liberty

*A Weekly for the Whole Family*

EVERY MONDAY

# $1000.00 A Week for Titles to Liberty Covers

## IT'S A FASCINATING AND PROFITABLE GAME

WRITING a title is the only entrance requirement.

Chapter XIV of For the Love o' Lil, just below, is written around Leslie Thrasher's illustration on the cover of this issue.

All you have to do is read one and look at the other. Then write a title to fit the picture.

If you want to know how simple it really is, just look at the winning titles on this page. Half a minute and the trick is done.

But—DON'T forget to mail your title promptly. Get it into the mails RIGHT AWAY!

## *For the Love o' Lil*

*By* LESLIE THRASHER

CHAPTER XIV *of the* FAMOUS COVER CONTINUITY

A FLORIST'S wagon stopped in front of the Morse home, and a little boy sprang nimbly forth, bearing a box almost as big as himself. "For Miss Lill-i-an Morse," he announced.

Lil untied the wrappings in a flutter of excitement, while her beau, Sandy, surveyed the scene without enthusiasm. Something told him it was going to rain.

Alarm as well as disapproval was written on Sandy's glowering features as he watched Lil busily unwrapping the package.

But she did not give him as much as a glance. She smiled her undisguised pleasure.

"Oh!" exclaimed Lil, who had discovered the card.

"Well, who's gone nuts?" demanded Sandy, with obvious reference to the profligate impulse that had caused his unidentified rival to send roses.

"Mr. Babe Dolan!" Lil announced, with pardonable pride in the value of the gift.

"Say," inquired Sandy, "is that guy a life guard or Jack Barrymore the Second?"

"I think he's very nice!" said Lil.

"Well, two can play at that game!" retorted her heaviest suitor.

And so events were soon to prove.

*(To be continued next week)*

## *Prize Award No. 9*

*Prize Cover No. 9*

### THESE TITLES WON $1,000

**First Prize, $500**
*In Sight of the Enemy's Lines*

The Winner
Miss Ella R. Norris, 1811 Barnwell Avenue, Aiken, S. C.

**Second Prize, $250**
*Who Is Her "Mail" Friend?*
The winner: F. A. Gibbs, P. O. Box 91, Wayzata, Minn.

**Third Prize, $100**
*The Two-Cent Rival*
The winner: Edwin Pitt, 20 Elm Place, Baldwin, L. I., N. Y.

**Fourth Prize, $50**
*When One Letter Spells Trouble*
The winner: Charles Gordon, care E. L. Caskey, Sylvester, Tex.

**Fifth Prize, $25**
*When Male Resents Mail*
The winner: Yvonne Sunquist, 501 East Wayne Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

**Sixth Prize, $25**
*Letter Worry*
The winner: Madalene E. Clough, Stanley Works, New Britain, Conn.

**Seventh Prize, $25**
*Mail Jealousy*
The winner: June Taylor Lewis, 4569 Richardson Avenue, New York City.

**Eighth Prize, $25**
*A Postman Upsetting the Male*
The winner: Pearl Crandall Charles, 2 Oxford Road, New Hartford, N. Y.

### RULES

1 On the front cover of LIBERTY this week is a picture without a title. This picture is a part of LIBERTY'S new cover serial—For the Love o' Lil—telling the picture-story of an American family. The public is invited to suggest a title for this picture.

2 Eight cash prizes will be paid each week as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1st Prize | $500 |
| 2d Prize | 250 |
| 3d Prize | 100 |
| 4th Prize | 50 |
| 5th to 8th prizes ($25 each) | 100 |
| Total | $1,000 |

3 This contest is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl, except employees of LIBERTY and their families.

4 Each entry must contain the following:
a. A title suggestion in ten words or less.
b. A letter of not more than 50 words telling whether or not you like the cover—and why.

5 Contestants may submit as many answers as they wish. The accompanying coupon may be used or separate sheets of paper. If separate sheets are used, the coupon number should be written on each one.

6 All entries for this week's contest must be sent to "Covers," care of LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City, and must be in this office by midnight, September 25, 1926. No entries will be returned. The winners will be announced in LIBERTY as soon thereafter as possible.

7 Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

8 Originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, neatness and form will count. Entries will be judged first by the title suggestion submitted, and second by the reason for liking or disliking the cover picture.

9 The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of LIBERTY and their decision will be final. If two or more contestants submit the same prize-winning title suggestion and reasons for liking or disliking the cover, and if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise, and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestant.

CLIP THIS OUT

"Covers"—LIBERTY
247 Park Avenue, New York City

No. 14

My title for the LIBERTY cover for September 18 is:

.....

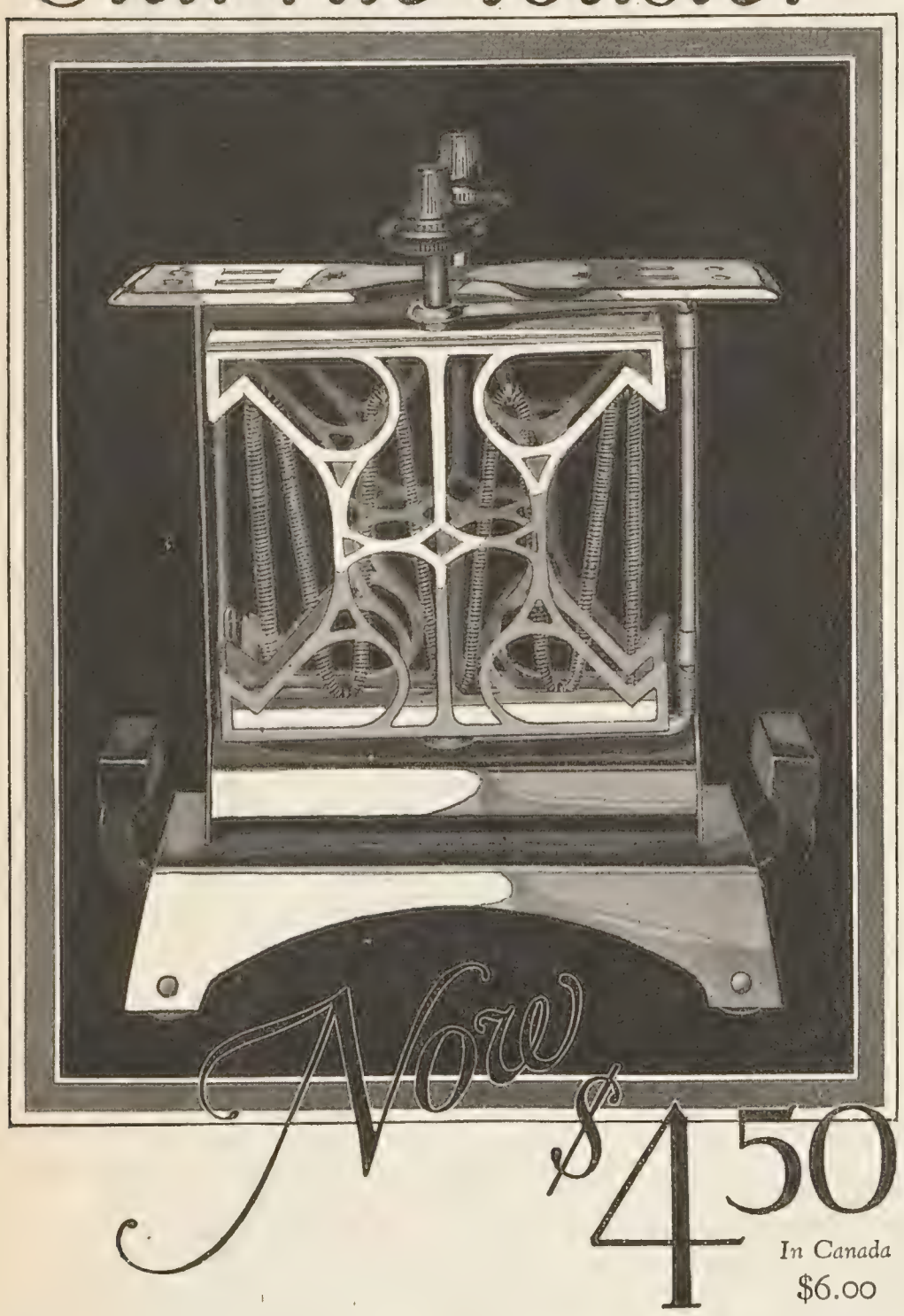
*Write title here and send with it a letter of not more than 50 words telling whether or not you like the cover—and why.*

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

# Lower than ever!
## the famous $5.00 reversible
# Star-rite toaster



Now $4.50

*In Canada* $6.00

Never before has there been such a value. Hundreds of thousands of STAR-Rite TOASTERS in daily use have proved their quality—ever growing demand makes this price reduction possible.

STAR-Rite is the first reversible electric toaster of such high quality on the market for $4.50. It has non-heating turning handles which prevents burned fingers when turning toast. It toasts two generous slices of bread at one time, quickly and deliciously brown.

Good toast is the basis of such a host of delicious lunch and supper dishes, that a STAR-Rite ELECTRIC TOASTER at $4.50 is an irresistible necessity. The STAR-Rite TOASTER is graceful in design and is finished in sparkling all-over nickel. For sale at any good hardware, electric or department store. With cord and plug ready to make toast in a jiffy.

# STAR-Rite

ELECTRICAL NECESSITIES

Fitzgerald Manufacturing Company, Torrington, Conn.

Canadian Fitzgerald Company, 95 King Street, East, Toronto, Ont.

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS *NEVER-LEAK* CYLINDER HEAD GASKETS

FITZGERALD MANUFACTURING CO., Torrington, Conn.
Please send me STAR-Rite Folder.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____


# Eileen Bourne's BEAUTY Question Box

HAVE you a question on beauty or personal hygiene upon which you need advice? Miss Bourne will help you. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope to Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City

### *Foods that Fatten*

Please give me an idea of the foods most commonly consumed that tend to make you fat. Mrs. J. A., New Orleans, La.

Briefly, if you want to reduce, forego rich salad dressing, such as mayonnaise, Russian, whipped cream; sugar, custards, candies, rich cakes, rich pies, rich gravies; fat fish, such as salmon, shad, herring, and mackerel; fat meats, such as pork, duck, and goose; chocolate drinks, marmalades, nuts, cream, fried foods, cream soups. Avoid too much bread and butter.

### *No Reducing Needed*

I am sixteen, five feet two inches, and weigh 120 pounds. How much overweight am I and how can I reduce?
FRANCES J., Idaho.

At the worst, you could not be more than a couple of pounds overweight. The standard charts available put the weight for your height and age around 126. But five pounds over or under the table weight is allowed for difference in bone formation. Until a girl is twenty-five it is considered healthier to be a bit overweight than under. So, instead of thinking about reducing, plan your menus and your outdoor life to keep you at your present weight and in healthy condition.

### *Massage for the Face*

How do you give yourself a facial? I mean, what kind of strokes do you use and what kind of cream or skin food?
Mrs. JUNIOR, Alabama.

Skins vary so in texture and therefore in cream requirements. You must experiment until you find just the creams and lotions that agree with your own skin requirements. First cleanse the face thoroughly for the massage. Then apply a generous quantity of cream around the lower part of the face from where you begin to work. All movements must be upward from the chin and outward from the nose to the ears and temples. Never rub downward. Use firm, gentle strokes. Around the mouth corners pinch the skin lightly and follow up with the stroke already described.

LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty, by Eileen Bourne, has 48 pages of practical advice for every woman interested in looking her best. Use the coupon to order one today. It costs only 10c.

Liberty's Beauty Book,
247 Park Ave.,
New York, N. Y. **5**

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City.....State.....


You won't mind shaving again tonight when you quickly heal those

# UNSEEN NICKS

A slap of Ed. Pinaud's Lilac on cheeks and chin brings a quick tingling rush of circulation soothing and healing those tiny irritations! Your face feels cool, refreshed—ready for even that dreaded second shave.

Used regularly Ed. Pinaud's toughens the skin without coarsening it, protects against chapping. You'll like its clean lilac odor!

Get it today at any drug or department store. Look for signature of Ed. Pinaud on each bottle. Pinaud, Incorporated, 90 Fifth Ave., New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.

ED. PINAUD'S LILAC

*Lilas de France*

## Keep Your Own Drains Clear!

**Why allow your waste pipes to clog up, ready to overflow or cause illness in your family and damage to your property?**

**LITTLE GIANT PUMP—$6**

**cleans them out in a jiffy. Every bit of waste matter—hairs, lint, hardened soap, grease and other foreign matter—is dislodged and washed down the sewer.**

*No More Big Plumbing Bills*

**Why pay the plumber a fortune, when a few minutes' easy work is all that's necessary? NO SKILL NEEDED. The Little Giant is simply worked up and down like a bicycle pump. Use it on any ordinary Sink, Wash Basin, Bath Tub, Toilet, etc. No hose or bucket. No fuss or mess.**

*Try It 30 Days*—**FREE**

Tested and Approved 19 Good Housekeeping Institute GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

**Send us $6, the regular price, as a deposit. Pump will be sent express prepaid. Use it 30 days. If not delighted, send it back, and your money will be instantly returned.**

**THE BIG GIANT PUMP is equally efficient for heavier work in apartment houses, office buildings, and factories. Sent prepaid for $15.00.**

**DISTRIBUTORS WANTED**

**If the Little and Big Giant Pumps are not represented in your community, write for exclusive sales franchise. No obligation.**

**"WHY MAKE THE PLUMBER RICH?"**

**—a booklet which should be in every family, sent FREE**

J. E. Kennedy Corporation
79 Madison Avenue, New York City

# The HIGH Cost of Courtship

## *For Every Dollar Pa Spent Jimmy Needs Three*

An Article by
CHARLES J. McGUIRK

*Picture by*
WALTER BEACH HUMPHREY

*"IF we marry and have children, the chances are we shan't be able to support them."*

IT looked bad for young Johnny Hunyak when he was brought to the police station, because there were so many charges against him—murder, for instance, and attempted burglary.

He had been caught red-handed after shooting down the watchman of a loft who had faithfully but foolishly performed his duty and prevented Johnny and his pals from stealing $85,000 worth of silk. From all appearances, it seemed that Johnny had killed him.

Johnny didn't know much, but he knew enough not to talk until he had seen his lawyer. Then he admitted the attempted theft and the murder. It was the reason he gave for both that sets him down in this story.

"I knocked off the watchman," he said plaintively, "because on'y fer him I'd 'a' got away wit' de goods. And I needed de dough to buy some classy t'ings fer me goil."

And there you were. A young knight braving danger, even death (he might have been—but unfortunately wasn't—shot), to bedeck his lady.

Johnny's methods were a little extreme, even for America; but the problem he was trying to solve, The High Cost of Courtship, is growing more difficult every year and has a decided influence on the falling marriage rate and the consequent decreasing birth rate.

LAST year the Department of Commerce reported that only 1,140,000 couples went to the altar against a total of 1,178,000 in 1924. In twenty years the annual marriage figures have dropped more than 125,000.

There are as many reasons given for the apparent passing of marriage as an institution as there are people to give them. Clergymen blame the growing spirit of materialism throughout the world. Judges declare it is one of the symptoms of our growing disrespect for the institutions on which our law is founded. Slightly acid spinsters who write well lay it to the deterioration of the male sex as contrasted with the ever-improving "new woman."

All recognize as sinister the fact that the dropping marriage statistics and the consequent falling birth rate are affecting the educated classes from which come our administrators, clergymen, teachers, judges, doctors, artists, and business men.

Education and marriage seem to tend to vary inversely. The more we know the less likely we are to get married. We know, as Dr. George A. Dorsey points out, that "there is no biologic excuse outside structural deficiency for unmated human beings" and "sexually mature but unmated human beings are deficient either in mate hunger or mate attractiveness."

Against this the modern man and woman hold up the fact of fear. "If we marry and have children," they say, "the chances are we shan't be able to support them in a manner befitting our progeny. Besides, modern courtship costs too much. How are you going to marry them when you can't even afford to give them a good canvass?"

The result is that the super-educated, the sons and daughters of educated people, which means they are twice or thrice removed from the soil, marry less frequently than the carefree, non-thinking boneheads.

The way to explain the 125,000 annual marriage discrepancy between 1925 and 1905 is to ignore factors like "the spirit of unrest," the war, the growing freedom of women, "the equality of the sexes," and the increase in divorces. These things are accessories after the fact. They have to do with why marriage doesn't "take."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

OVER 200 YEARS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKING

WURLITZER

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

*Studio Player*

# Discover the joy of playing a piano yourself

WHAT a delightful relaxation it is to pause at eventide and express your moods, or exult in the day's accomplishments at a Wurlitzer Player Piano! And how easy the action, and responsive the touch—such perfection of mechanism and tonal beauty as never before attained in any Player.

Then, too, the Wurlitzer Player is small enough to fit nicely into the smallest room, alcove or hallway, and the price is so exceedingly low for a high quality piano that no home should be without one.

WURLITZER PIANOS
UPRIGHTS $295 to $475
PLAYERS $445 to $650
GRAND PIANOS $625 to $2,500
INTERPRETIVE $690 to $2,700
PERIOD GRANDS $850 to 4,800
REPRODUCING $675 to $5,500

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER MFG. COMPANY
*North Tonawanda, N. Y.*
*Wurlitzer Dealers Everywhere*

Now sold on the easiest kind of easy terms **$445** *f. o. b. factory* Payments extended over a period of 2½ years

**Mail this Coupon for Free Beautiful Portfolio**

*The Rudolph Wurlitzer Mfg. Co., North Tonawanda, N. Y.*

*Without obligation, send me your brochure containing photos, fully illustrating and describing the Wurlitzer Studio Player Piano.*

*Name*_____ *Address*_____

[ THE HIGH COST OF COURTSHIP ]
Continued from Page Fifty-seven

The trouble lies in the economics of getting the youth of both sexes together long enough to sell each other on the proposition of marrying and raising a family, a garden, dogs, or whatever they go in for; the cost of courtship, which has increased more than 150 per cent in twenty years.

Two instances, taken from the opposite ends of our social scale, show how courtship has risen so as to approach the luxury class. In June, several hundred thousand young men were graduated from the universities. In the East, where the non-co-educational college flourishes, graduates and undergraduates did their best to follow precedent and have their fiancees up to the college for the social affairs that crowd Commencement Week.

A PRINCETON student obligingly gave this writer the figures on what it would have cost him to "invite his girl down" for Commencement Week, offering them as the reason she wasn't there:

Her housing is solved in one of two ways: Either she stops at his club, which is given over to women visitors for the week, or she rooms in town. At the club, her room costs him nothing, but his own in town costs $5 a day, the same as it would cost for her. Either way, the initial expense is about $30. His contribution to the maintenance of his club includes his own meals; but every time she eats dinner there he is charged $3. If they eat elsewhere, he simply adds $3 more to the dinner check.

Two tickets for the Yale-Princeton baseball game stand him $4. Two tickets for the Sophomore Prom, $8. Daily rental of an automobile, providing he doesn't own one—and most of them don't—$10. Flowers, $1.50 to $5 a day. Tips to his club servants, $5. Incidentals, anywhere from $15 to $50.

Contrast that with twenty years ago. In 1905, to begin with, $1,000 a year insured comfort and even luxury to a student. Automobiles were luxuries, not necessities. Ten dollars was straightway eliminated therefore, because it was unheard of. A room in town cost from $2 to $2.50 a day. Dinners $1 to $1.50 a day. The Sophomore Prom $5 for two tickets. Tips $2; flowers a third as much. And the visitor had a more lavish time.

Even among the heavy marrying classes, the cost of courtship has mounted alarmingly. The cost of a trip to Coney Island, or any other local "people's playground," these days is to the same trip twenty years ago as ten dollars is to two dollars and fifty cents.

In the matter of dancing, which is the chief diversion of a young couple in love, each dance costs him ten cents, because he is forced to buy his dance tickets by the yard, and a ticket is collected before each dance. Since youth and love crave the expression found only on the dance floor, ten dances is about normal and twenty not unusual. That is, one dollar

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

VESTA TUBES

No.19
$22⁵

X-201-A
$2.00

Non-Microphonic

For pure, clear tonal quality, with all microphonic noises eliminated—for the very best reception—for long life and less tube expense—by all means use the latest Vesta Tubes.

A new "bridge" construction in the element unit keeps all the parts in perfect alignment. Vesta Tubes reach you in the same perfect condition in which they leave the Vesta Laboratories.

Demand Vesta Tubes—or write for name of Vesta dealer near you.

*Write for Booklet*

VESTA BATTERY CORPORATION
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*Vesta for Vitality*

VESTA BATTERY CORP., 2100 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your folders on Vesta Tubes, and other Radio Products.

Name _____

Address _____

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Lib—9-18-26

# "Your Fat Will go as mine did"

For 19 years women have told women about Marmola Prescription Tablets. Told how easily, how pleasantly they ended excess fat. No exercise, no dieting required.

Mark the result today. Countless women keep slender with Marmola. You meet them in every circle. Over-fat figures are the exception now. People are using over one million boxes of Marmola every year.

You know that Marmola must be safe and efficient, else it never could have gained such a place. Then let it do for you what, for 19 years, it has done for others. Excess fat is a blight to beauty, health and fitness. Let Marmola show you how others control it. You'll always be glad to know.

All drug stores sell Marmola at $1 a box. Or it is mailed in plain wrappers by Marmola Co., 1807 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

MARMOLA
*Prescription Tablets*
*The Pleasant Way to Reduce*

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT]

or two dollars for dancing alone. Twenty years ago a couple walked on a Coney Island dance floor and danced till exhausted for ten to twenty-five cents.

MEALS at a restaurant are costly, a dinner check averaging about five dollars for two. As a substitute he and she can eat pedigreed hot dogs for a dime apiece, or they can partake of the famous Coney Island clam chowder for twenty-five cents a plate. Twenty years ago the "hot dog" was just barking his way from obscurity

Picture by G.C.Widney

*He bought her a box of candy—price, one dollar.*

to an uncertain popularity. You could buy one of him for a nickel and a deep plate of the famous clam chowder for a dime.

Twenty years ago amusement devices were not numerous and they cost a third as much as today. A man could take his girl to the Island and consume everything, even real beer, and get home with change from a five-dollar bill in his pocket.

Twenty years ago. Ah, they were the halcyon days! Ask the men and women who were in their heyday then. The horse had not yet been restricted to the circus and the polo field. The automobile was a doubtful luxury with practically no casualty list. There was no radio, jazz, Charleston, legs, rouge, lipstick, bobbers, prohibition, or night clubs; practically no crime waves and few divorces.

Even chorus girls were overdressed. Women were the sum of one female human plus nine and a half pounds of heavy underwear, corsets, petticoats (two or more), two or three rats, and seven or eight false curls. Garters were mere rumors. When a man embraced his sweetheart (then): sweetie, cutie, skirt, frail, wren, or ball and chain; (now) he couldn't distinguish between the real and the "boughten" her.

Getting down to a dollars-and-cents basis, we will follow the fortunes of a swain (twenty years ago he was a swain) who in the springtime let his "fancy lightly turn to thoughts of love." Unconscious, of course, but right at the start it was good business to wait till spring, because, in those days, it cost less to love them in May than in December.

He prepared to call.

A visit to the barber shop got him a shave and a mustache renovation. In those days mustaches were mustaches. They covered the upper lip and part of the nose in luxuriant growth. He paid out twenty cents: ten for the barber's services and ten more for a tip, because he was a little light headed with romance.

When he arrived at Her Home, She received him. Also present were Pa, Ma, and Little Brother. They talked, Pa and he, about politics, while She listened, overcome with awe. Ma was politely bored. She'd been listening to Pa's politics for twenty years or so. A strained and uplifted eyebrow was shot at Ma, who "got" it and took Pa and Little Brother from the room. He and she looked at the family album and giggled.

AT 9 o'clock Ma served refreshments — sandwiches, "sherbert," maybe a little real wine. He pronounced the sandwiches great. Ma told him daughter had cooked the meat. An hour later he left, full of romance, sandwiches, and real wine. His total expenditures for the evening, twenty cents. Today he could not buy that wine!

The romance went on. At the end of the third week and the

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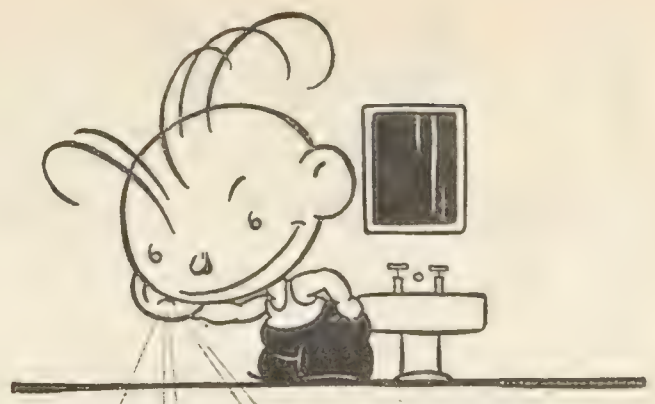


# What is the "man's world" saying

1. Wash the face
   (But leave it wet)
2. Spread on Barbasol
   (But don't rub in)
3. Shave

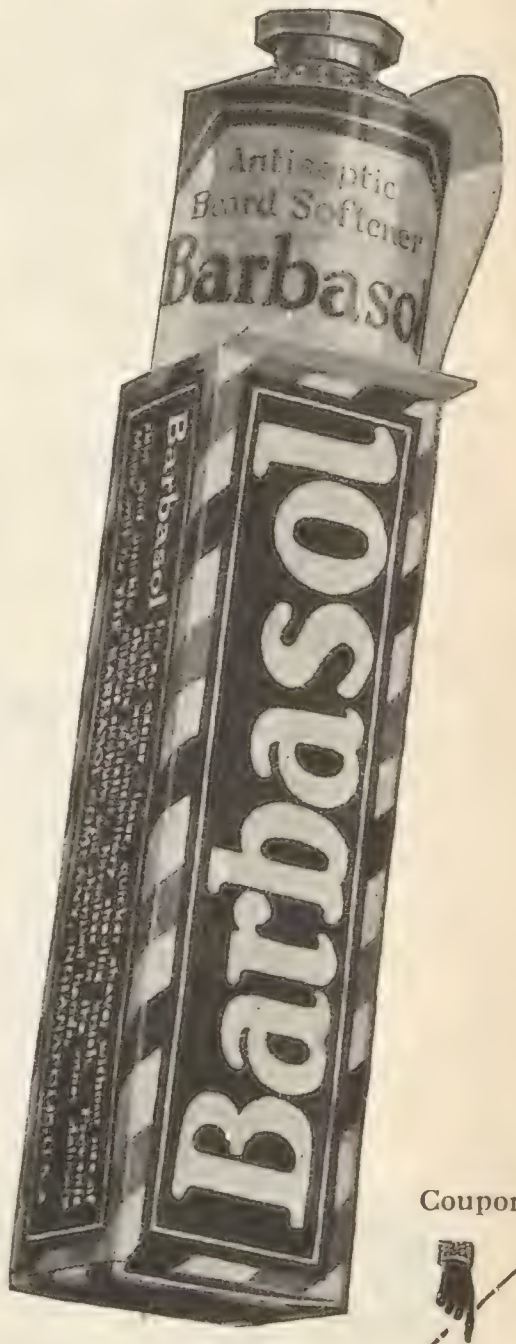
"Barbasol cut down my morning task from 20 minutes to 10, or almost enough time saved for the prescribed reading of Dr. Eliot's five-foot shelf of books."—W. E. B., Northampton, Mass.

"No hot water, no rubbing, yet the razor went through the beard as it would through butter, and left face fresh and cool. What has been a complicated process has become as simple as washing the face."—J. H. B., Denver, Colo.

"You can imagine what saving half an hour every morning means to a Florida real estate man."—G. O. F., Tampa, Fla.

"We are still waiting for Tom Marshall's cigar, but we don't need to wait any longer for a good shaving cream. Barbasol is it!"—M. D., Chicago, Ill.

You can have the full names and addresses on request, but we would rather send you the trial tube, 10c. Line forms on the right. Just use Barbasol three times according to directions—wash the face, spread on (but don't rub in) Barbasol, and shave.




Coupon

**Barbasol**

*For Modern Shaving*

The Barbasol Co.

Indianapolis, Ind.

I enclose 10c. Please send trial tube and I'll give it a fair trial.

Name.....

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# HEMCO

## Lifetime Conveniences

Need more outlets? . . . Certainly! . . . Your dealer has them waiting for you.

It really is marvelous how Hemco Plural Plugs anticipate every wiring need. One of the five Hemco models always provides exactly the outlet arrangement new lamps or appliances make desirable.

And with the *genuine* Hemco Plugs there is never fuss nor bother. Each is designed for a specific use and molded in one piece with the metal parts embedded in the everlasting Bakelite. Thus, the metal shells can never loosen or turn to cause blown fuses.

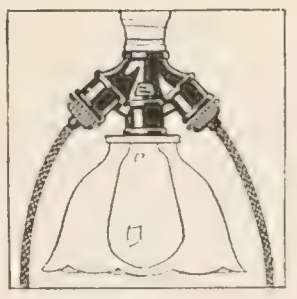
You'll also appreciate, if you haven't noticed before, that Hemco Plugs are smaller in spite of their greater strength. This compact design combined with their black color allows them to serve in any room, for they are never conspicuous.

### *Insist on the Genuine Hemco*

Ask your dealer (*most every store handling any electrical goods at all, carries Hemco Plugs*) to show you the different Hemco models. But be sure to find the Hemco name. It alone is your guarantee of *lifetime convenience*. If you cannot obtain exactly the model you require, order direct, mentioning your dealer's name.

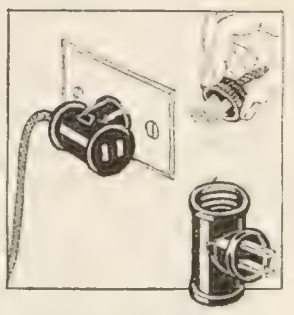
George Richards & Co., 557 W. Monroe St., Chicago

HEMCO TWIN-LITE—*Double outlet plug. High capacity. Small size and properly designed to fit under shades. Lasts a lifetime. Formerly sold at 75c—Now 60c.*



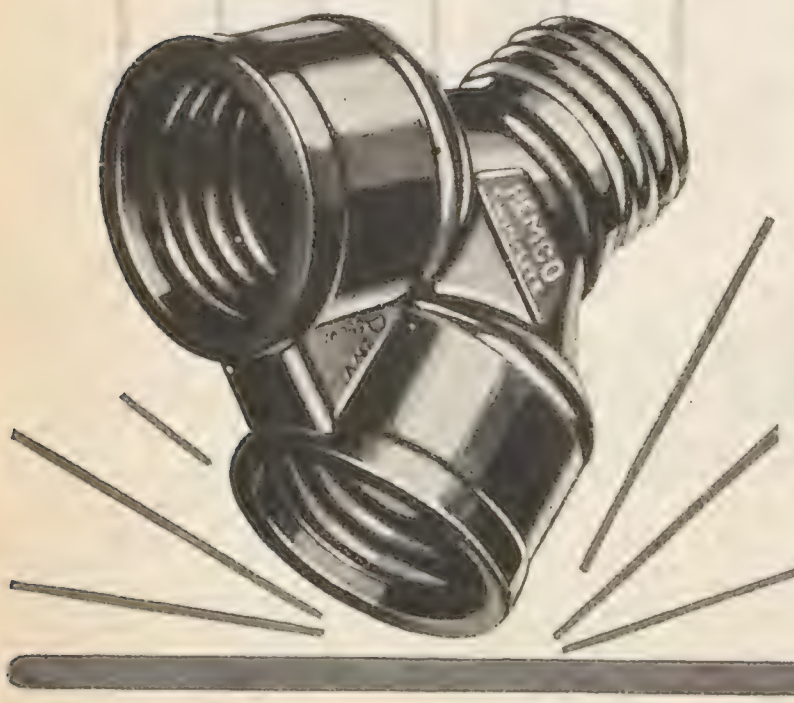
HEMCO TRIP-LITE—*The three outlet plug. Outlets specially threaded to take standard screw or clamp type shade holder. Formerly sold at $1.10—Now $1.00.*

HEMCO TACH-LITE—*The side outlet plug. Allows lamp to be used in vertical position. Outlets, as shown, threaded to take any standard screw or clamp type shade holder. Formerly sold at 75c—Now 60c.*



HEMCO TEE-PRONG—*The plug for flush (wall) receptacles. Provides two slotted outlets to take any standard parallel blade attachment caps. Very small size—neat and unobtrusive. Sold everywhere at 50c.*

HEMCO TEE-LITE—*Similar in design to the Hemco Tee-Prong, except that standard screw shell outlets are provided instead of slots. Takes any standard attachment plugs. Formerly sold at 75c—Now 60c.*



*Hemco Plugs are molded in one piece of the finest Bakelite. Electrically and mechanically perfect. Heat proof, shock-proof and moisture proof. Do not mar or crush if dropped.*


[THE HIGH COST OF COURTSHIP
Continued from Page Fifty-nine
]

sixth meeting he was holding her hand a fraction of a second when he said good night. Not even the swiftest worker tried to "neck" a "nice girl" until they were engaged.

When they became engaged he brought her a box of candy once in a while, price one dollar, for which he was thanked and warned against extravagance! What did they do with their hours together? They spent them that way, alone and, mostly, in Her Home.

When a man married, after, say, a year's intensive courtship, he had spent $150 or so on the wooing and the wedding, including the clergyman's fee. Pa and Ma threw the wedding supper.

THESE days we must have speed, noise, and excitement. The man and woman we were just looking at settled down and raised boys and girls. Pa raised the mortgage on the old homestead and a flock of new customers, what with the war and everything. He is sending the kids to college and buying the girls stockings, an item that runs into as much money as the upkeep of a Cadillac. Jimmy's got him a girl.

Jim's liable to be anything from a glorified office boy down at Dad's works to a "publicity engineer," or a Greenwich Village "genius." You've got to do something with a college education, which is worth, according to the experts, $18,000 a year.

Anyhow, Jimmy has money, access to it, or hopes of getting it soon, with consequent credit. Where did he meet Dorothy? Oh, at a country club, in college, at a dance, a night club, or a show.

Dorothy has a soft, firm little body, trim ankles, pretty legs, and rounded knees. The curves of her round breasts are accentuated by the silken things she wears next her body. Dorothy knows everything—the feel of a boy's arms about her, the "kick" of a shot of hootch, the dizzy ecstasy of the dance, the soothing quality of cigarettes smoked by the pack.

Dorothy thinks she is "hot stuff." But what she knows is only from hearsay.

Jimmy drives up in his "ducky" roadster, and, "Where do we go from here?"

Well, eats, and there's a raw show at the Alhambra and a new club up in the Roaring Forties. Swell jazz band. The Collegiates.

GET out your adding machine and follow them:

Eats, $7.50 at least, running to $12.

Raw show, tickets $6 apiece.

Night club and the Collegiates, $25 on up, which does include cover charge.

I have before me the current prices of several flowers as quoted by a flower girl in one of New York's leading hotels:

Roses, $5 to $7.50 a dozen (this is June 1).

Orchids, $3 to $5 apiece. To be worn on coat or two or three on an evening dress.

Violets, $1.50 to $3 a bunch.

Ribbon, box and nice corsage

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

## WILL YOU ACCEPT

*this new Scientific Way to gain or reduce quickly?*

With every Health-O-Meter (*the new scientific bathroom scale*) you now receive free the most amazing and yet the simplest weight control course known. Inquire at any leading store carrying Health-O-Meter.

NO excuse now for being fat. There is a new way—and the only one approved by the medical profession—that brings back the beautiful and alluring body you had when a girl. And most surprising of all it takes only a few weeks. Thousands of women have proved it. So we ask that you, too, test this safe and pleasant way to reduce. If you are not amazed and delighted the test is free.

We are manufacturers of the Health-O-Meter Automatic Scale which is necessary in reducing or gaining scientifically. You weigh every day—at the same time—without clothes. Public scales are useless. With the purchase of each scale this new method of reducing is given free. If you do not lose 5 pounds the first 2 weeks return the scale and course and get your money back.

*Complete 5-year guarantee with every scale*

THE CONTINENTAL SCALE WORKS,
Dept. J-41, 5701 So. Claremont Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Tell me about your free test in reducing.

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

*City*.....*State*.....
*Please print name plainly*

PATENTS
*Write for free book*
MUNN & CO.
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1578 Scientific American Building, 24 W. 40 St. N. Y. C.
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693 Hobart Building, *San Francisco, Cal.*
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Cuticura Soap
Pure and Wholesome
Keeps The Skin Clear
Soap, Ointment, Talcum sold everywhere.

*These Healing Oils*
**Penetrate**

Unlike "corn removers" mixed with collodion (acting only on the *top* of corn), Kohler One Night Corn Cure is compounded with oils that *penetrate* and soften the *entire* corn, loosening it so it is lifted out with fingers, the skin soon returning to normal.

Avoid infection and injury —don't use a knife, or anything but a *safe salve.*

For 35 years, druggists have sold and recommended

Kohler
"ONE NIGHT CORN CURE"

*for Stenographers*
**VENUS PENCIL**
No. 3822

Two Ready Points and a Metal Point Protector
Soft, smooth, long lasting lead.
Ideal for shorthand.
*Send for Box of 6 pencils* 60¢
*or $1.00 per dozen*
American Lead Pencil Co., 216 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

**Bookkeeper Earned $1200.00 After Office Hours**

**Selling Xmas Cards**

H. J. Knopke, Wisconsin, earned $62 one hour—Mrs R. Kendrick, Texas, earned $61.50 in 1½ hours—M. C. Kaege, Illinois, earned $1200 spare time showing our

**Personal Christmas Greeting Cards**

that sell on sight No selling experience necessary Double your income—earn $5.00 to $10.00 every hour you can spare.

*Weekly pay checks Bonus checks every month. No money required. We furnish everything*

**$10 Outfit Free** Write quick! Start at once making big money. Rush season right at hand

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318 W. Washington St., Dept. 9006 Chicago, Ill.

*Lovely Lashes Make Lovely Eyes*

The irresistible lure of dark-veiled eyes may be yours if you darken your lashes with liquid WINX. Your lashes instantly appear much longer, heavier and darker. WINX is *harmless* and *waterproof*. It will neither run nor smear.

Black or Brown 75c. At all drug or department stores. Send 12c for liberal supply of WINX.

**WINX** Waterproof
ROSS CO.
233-1 West 18th St. New York


[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

of lilies of the valley and orchids, $10.

Lilies of the valley and roses, $5 to $7.50.

Gardenias, $1.50 to $3 shoulder bouquet.

American Beauty roses, $18 now; $36 at Christmastime.

Dorothy can—and does—have candy at from $3 to $15 a box. She can—and does—have books at from $2.50 to $5. She can—and does—have fur pieces, vanity cases, wrist watches, platinum jewelry, stockings, from $3 a pair way up to $18, beyond the garters.

DOROTHY and Jimmy, settling down, begin to yawn about midnight. They've seen everything and now they have everything they want. What's the use of chasing happiness when it comes right home to you and sits on the rug? They can get all the kick out of the Three Hundred Club by tuning in on WEAF at 11:30 P. M. If they want to make the illusion more real, they mix a couple of cocktails.

Dorothy can't jump around as much as she used to. Jim's betting it's a boy.

And, if Jimmy and Dorothy or 125,000 Jimmies and Dorothys refuse to get married every year and go on refusing, the baby population, known as the birth rate, will still show an increase. The Levis and the Jans, the Maria Louisas and Gretchens will meet, clinch, marry—and produce the babies.

Life is immortal. Neither the individual nor the "kind of man she will marry" matters. Nature wants babies. She manufactures them and she equips us with an emotional life that makes us eager to help her, let courtship cost what it may.

THE END

## Bright Sayings *of* Children

**This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.**

*Candid but Cheerful*

Jack had been invited to dine with a neighbor. The hostess, not being familiar with the accomplishments of small boys, inquired:

"Jack, can you cut your meat?"

"Sure," Jack blissfully replied. "I've had it tougher than this at home, lots of times."—Mrs. A. G. S., Sherman, Tex.

* * *

*'Nuff Said!*

Alice is eight. She likes crossword puzzles and all games that deal with words. This liking sometimes colors her conversation, as is shown here. Daddy and Big Sister couldn't decide whether to have steak or chops for dinner, which Big Sister was to cook. Alice, who was hungry, said:

"Take the first two letters in steak and the last two in chop, place them before talking, and get busy."—Mrs. J. L. R., Ocean Park, Calif.

# Then . . . . it dawned on him

## —Perhaps it's comedones*

He was beginning to understand at last—why he had been left alone so often, why his invitations were so frequently refused. But he could have been spared so many disappointments—so many lonely hours. He had never thought to blame it all on—*comedones.*

A great many young men suffer from comedones — commonly called blackheads. Skin can't be clean-looking, fresh, wholesome, if these disfiguring formations are present. What's more you may not even be conscious of *comedones.* But your friends notice them. You may wonder why invitations become fewer—why friends—girls in particular—seem to avoid you. You may never guess. Perhaps it's *comedones.*

Pompeian Massage Cream helps you overcome comedones. It gives you a clean, clear, ruddy complexion. It gets into the pores, where comedones form, rolls out all dirt and oily secretions, and stimulates a healthy circulation, keeping skin clean, and pores open.

*Try this treatment*

After you shave, spread Pompeian Massage Cream generously over your face—and *rub.* Continue to rub until the cream rolls out. Note how dark the cream looks. That's the dirt that was in your pores.

No need to have a dirty skin. Don't let comedones form. Use Pompeian Massage Cream every day. It means a healthy, wholesome skin. It means more joy in living.

Use at home after shaving

To get full pleasure and benefit, use Pompeian Massage Cream regularly at home after shaving. Your face feels and looks like a million dollars. *For sale at all drug stores.*

*WHAT ARE COMEDONES? (pronounced com'-e-dones)
*(dictionary definition)*

A small plug or mass occluding the excretory duct of a sebaceous gland, occuring frequently upon the face, especially the nose, and consisting of retained semi-liquid glandular secretion or sebum. The outer end is often dark or black, due to accumulation of dust and dirt, hence it is often called blackhead.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER
*⅓ of a 60c jar—for only 10c*

For 10c we will send a special trial tube containing one-third of contents of a regular 60c jar of Pompeian Massage Cream. Trial tube contains sufficient cream for many delightful massages. Positively only one trial tube to a family on this exceptional offer. Use the coupon now.

CUT OFF, SIGN AND SEND

THE POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
Dept. E-12, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose a dime (10c) for a special Trial tube of Massage Cream containing ⅓ of a 60c jar.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

# FREED-EISEMANN

THE RADIO OF AMERICA'S FINEST HOMES

The prouder you are of *your home* —the surer your choice of FREED-EISEMANN

SINCE RADIO first came into the music room, those people who exercise a fine sense of fitness in the choice of their furnishings have consistently chosen the FREED-EISEMANN.

Now, should you visit the homes of the leaders in business — in the professions — in society it would be a FREED-EISEMANN that would be played for you.

Much of the future of radio has been made *present* in the amazing *new* FREED-EISEMANN sets. They are completely shielded from outside interference—built on steel chassis—single and double control.

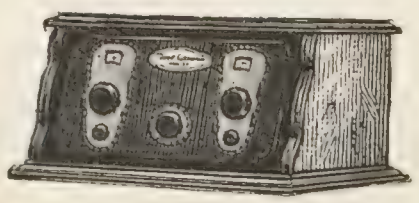
Their distinctive cabinets, their tone, will give you a pride in their ownership as great as the pleasure in their performance. And now, because of vast production, FREED-EISEMANN quality is available at extraordinarily low prices:

$60 *to* $650

*Prices slightly higher in Canada and west of the Rockies*

You may have a demonstration in your home without obligation and if desired make payments on convenient terms.

*Model 850, illustrated above.* A single control 8-tube loop set. Each circuit separately shielded. Full floating FREED-EISEMANN cone speaker built into Italian Renaissance Highboy cabinet. Price $650. Licensed under Hazeltine Neutrodyne patents.

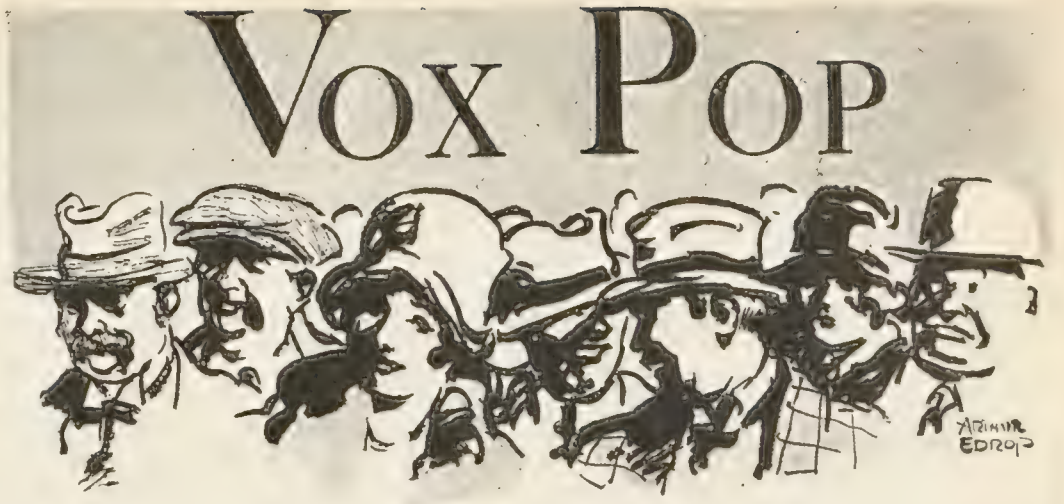


Model 30—$75. *See description*

*Model 30* (illustrated on left) —A 6-tube, double control set. Thoroughly shielded; steel chassis. Price $75. Licensed under a group of the Latour patents.

FREED-EISEMANN RADIO CORPORATION
Brooklyn, New York, N.Y.


# VOX POP



### *Are Men as Bad as This?*

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I have just read Mr. Lane's article on the War of the Sexes, and I am surprised at the many contradictions contained therein. Mr. Lane deplores the feminization of man, and yet he seems to expect the woman of today, who is capable of supporting herself in ease, to give up her independence and tie herself to one of these spineless mollycoddles for life.

I am a business girl, twenty-five years old—old enough to marry. Am I to throw away my life on some poor jellyfish who out-flappers the flappers, who wears trousers big enough for two skirts, who either polishes his hair until it can be used for a mirror, or has a permanent wave put in it, and who is afraid he will soil his lily-white hands if he changes an automobile tire?—*Julia B. Mashburn, Atlanta, Ga.*

### *How a Teacher Uses Liberty*

EDITOR, LIBERTY: I am a teacher in the public schools of Indianapolis, Ind., and at present am a student at Columbia University. It may be of interest to you to know of a very practical use to which I put the Bright Sayings of Children, published in LIBERTY.

From my LIBERTIES I cut the "sayings," and had the class mount them on small pieces of cardboard, thereby enabling the children to handle them easily. The class had no texts—only the "cardboard" stories from LIBERTY. We studied the principles underlying the Funny Short Story—using the Bright Sayings as examples.

After each child had written out, from memory, a LIBERTY story, and these anecdotes had been criticized by the class, the boys and girls were asked to write out an *original* story, if possible—or one heard over the radio, or told to them by some member of the family.

The week's work in English proved most satisfying.—*Blanche E. Coyle, New York, N. Y.*

### *Some Plain Speaking*

EDITOR, LIBERTY: The courteous letter of M. S. Manning of Nova Scotia—calling our attention to the deplorable state of existence in the States as one to be expected of a gang of savages—is sufficient to make me a trifle warm under the collar.

I have always had great respect and admiration for the traditions of the Canadian and English people and yet, with but few exceptions, every individual Canadian and Englishman that I have known has been the type of braying ass—so ably exemplified by Mr. Manning.—*Norman B. Hulbert, St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y.*

### *From One Who Knew Custer*

EDITOR, LIBERTY: The LIBERTY of July 31 published a letter from T. H. Thyer, Jr., Bloomfield, N. J., accusing General Custer of court-martialing men, finding them guilty and sentencing them to forfeit their pay, and then, instead of rebating the money to the government, keeping it himself.

To those familiar with court-martial procedure, and the system of army payments in 1876, this story is simply impossible.

Lieut. Col. George A. Custer, 7th U. S. Cavalry, Bvt. Major General U. S. Army, commanded the 7th Cavalry in the field at the time of his death. He did not handle the pay of the men of his regiment. The Pay Department attended to that matter. The pay rolls were made up by the captain or troop commander; all deductions for court-martial sentence or other stoppages were noted on the rolls, and the paymaster paid each man the amount due him after deducting any fine or stoppage. So far as the officers or enlisted men were concerned, the money covered by any fine or stoppage never even left the U. S. Depository, where the government funds were kept. That was the procedure in 1876.

General Custer was a brave soldier. I served with him during the Civil War and on the Western plains, and honor and respect his memory.—*Edward Davis, Ordnance Sergeant, U. S. Army, Retired, San Bernardino, Calif.*

### *A Knock for a Knocker-Out*

EDITOR, LIBERTY: How Mr. Edgren in The Big Fellow can give Jeffries so much for knocking out Jackson I can't see. Jackson was in his thirty-eighth year; Jeffries was twenty-four. Jackson was in the second stage of tuberculosis, while Jeffries was in perfect health.—*R. J. Dutton, Morristown, Pa.*

### *Hurley Also a Hot Town*

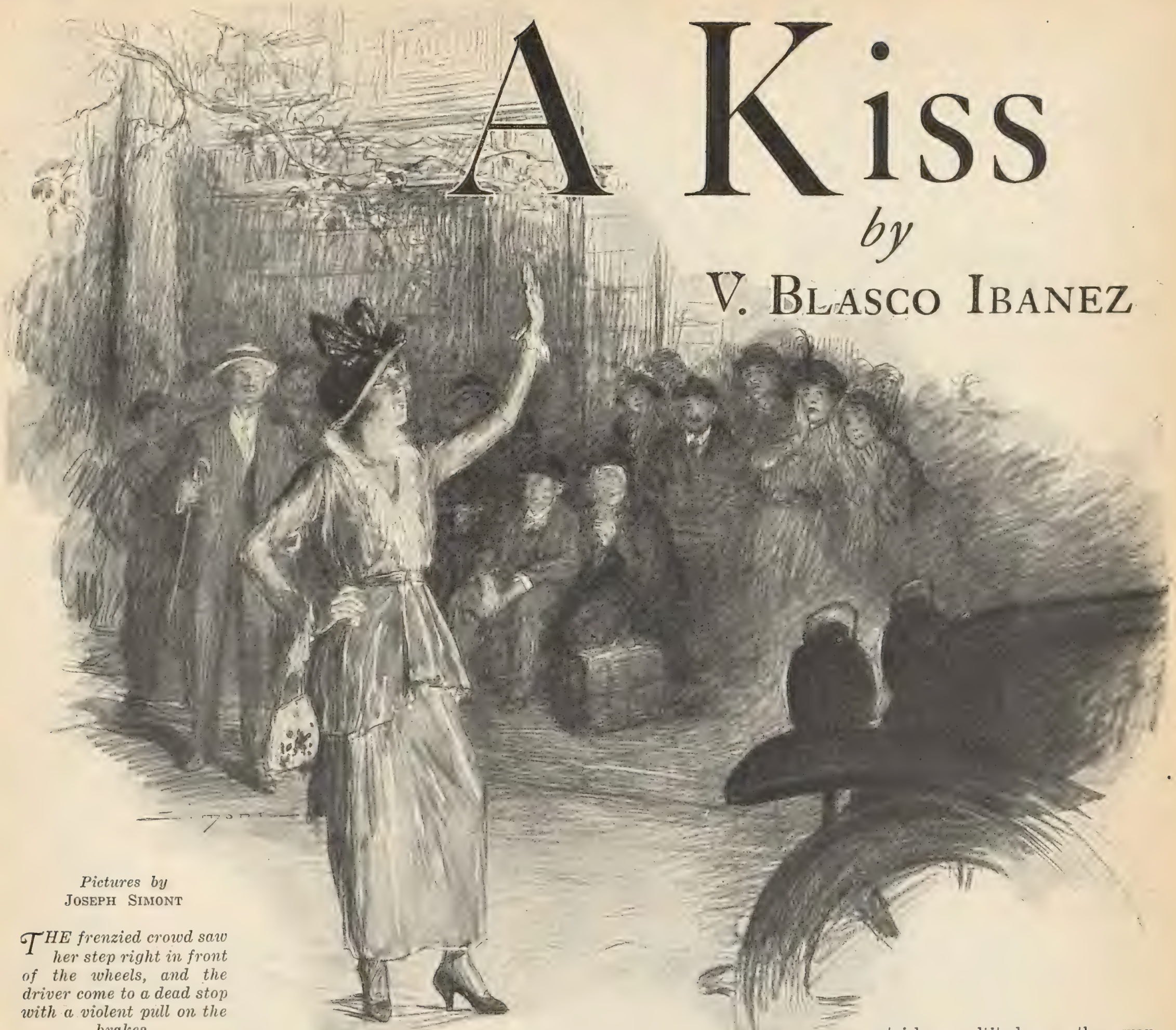
EDITOR, LIBERTY: Some time ago LIBERTY published an article about Tia Juana, Mexico, citing its depravity and wickedness. Yesterday I drove to Hurley, Wisconsin, attracted by stories of real beer, and can say that Tia Juana in its palmiest days wouldn't burn its fingers holding a candle to Hurley as it is now.

There are fifty-two combinations of saloon, brothel, and gambling house in this little town. Liquor is to be had without a question asked, from raw "moon" to pretty choice beer, ale, bonded whiskies, cordials, and champagnes. Faro, black jack, chuck-a-luck, roulette, and craps flourish from dark to dawn.—*Ernest Butt, Wausau, Wis.*

# A Kiss

*by*

## V. Blasco Ibanez



*Pictures by*
Joseph Simont

*THE frenzied crowd saw her step right in front of the wheels, and the driver come to a dead stop with a violent pull on the brakes.*

## *A Short Story by the Great Spanish Writer Who Has Become One of America's Favorite Novelists*

IT was toward the beginning of September, just before the Battle of the Marne, when the Germans were almost at Paris.

Cities no longer dared to light up at night, for fear of air raids; cafes and restaurants had begun to close at sundown, to discourage the loiterers who might sit around and talk too much. In all the city there was not a perch for the nighthawk; nevertheless, crowds strolled up and down the boulevards from one end of the city to the other, seeking news; and from the Madeleine to the Place de la Republique benches remained occupied far into the night.

Refugees kept pouring into the city, fleeing from the advance of the enemy. The trains that brought them were crowded to overflowing—people hanging on the steps, sitting on the roof of the cars, and even clambering over the engine. It took days to go distances of a few hours, so much time had to be spent on side switches, keeping the tracks clear for troop trains. And when, at last, usually at midnight or early dawn, the poor refugees got into Paris, utterly exhausted, they did not know where to turn, and wandered through the streets, finally camping on the sidewalks as if it were the middle of the desert.

It was 1 o'clock in the morning. I had been watching my chances for a seat on a street bench, and slipped neatly into one the moment it was vacated.

The heat was intense, and for four hours I had been pacing the tiresome pavements. From the tops of houses, long rays of the reflectors were ruling white strokes across an ebony sky. With the comfortable satisfaction of a privileged being, I contemplated the stricken multitudes as they wandered past in the dim light, casting envious glances at my bench. The relief of sitting down made me realize how exhausted I was. Wild horses could not have dragged me away.

I happened to be next to a girl in a thin, meager skirt, my leg none the cooler for the close contact. She was apparently one of those unfortunate females who walk the streets with a purpose, but knowing her game to be temporarily out of the question, she had strolled here aimlessly enough.

Beneath her four-francs-ninety hat, she had a rather pretty face, with slanting eyes and an upturned nose. Her lithe body was clad in one of those dresses that are sold by hundreds in all department stores, and from under the sleazy skirt appeared a pair of tawdry velvet pumps. There was a forced smile on her lips, but at the same time she wore a disagreeable frown. Doubtless she was a sharp woman hardened by experience, a kind of human squid who enveloped herself in the blackness of an evil character.

She was engaged in conversation with a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

very respectable lady who had just been to the station to bid a last farewell to her soldier son. The fourteen-year-old daughter sat staring at her mother's questionable companion with childish curiosity and admiration. All the other persons on the bench were absorbed in dreams of their own, with heads nodding forward or eyes staring off to the sky.

I noticed that the mother addressed her neighbor with a charitable *Madame*. A month ago she would have risen rather than sit next to such a person; but anxiety makes for tolerance, and Paris was a sinking ship, the passengers of which were seeking what solace they could in each other.

Pretending to be deep in meditation, I continued to listen to their talk. The respectable lady seemed extremely pessimistic. Curse the war! Everything was going dead wrong. Her son would never come back, she knew, and her eyes filled as she said it. The enemy was at hand, they would march into Paris just as they had before!

With this her companion could not agree. If the Boches got to Paris she would not see it. She would jump into the Seine first! But no . . . it would be better to sit at the window and as soon as she saw them coming throw her—

Here followed a list of objects of intimate personal use which she intended to hurl at them. Her voice trembled with the enthusiasm of those glorious fools who always protest and get shot!

JUST then a distraction interrupted her. There came an aged couple approaching with slow steps: two little shriveled persons, whose wrinkled faces, loud breathing, and unsteady gait bespoke the feebleness of age. They paused a moment at the bench, and then, with a deep sigh, turned to go on. The less weary, perhaps, was the little lady, wrapped in a black cape bordered with dusty, bedraggled feathers, under which hung two arms as scrawny and knotted as grapevines. She was carrying, dragged down by its weight, a heavy suitcase, which she had to change frequently from one hand to the other.

In spite of her weariness she was endeavoring to encourage her companion, an old man with about as much animation as a mummy. His head wabbled insecurely on a gristly neck, where taxed muscles stood out conspicuously. Under the burdens they were carrying their steps faltered, and they plodded on, like ants transporting huge crumbs. They might each have stepped from a tomb. Besides their overpowering exhaustion, they had the added discomfort of being dressed in clothes long put away for festive occasions—she in stiff, rustling silk; he in a Prince Albert and winter overcoat.

All at once he put down his biggest bundle and sat upon it, whimpering like a small boy, "I can't go another step . . . I'm dying!"

"Courage, husband! . . . We must be nearly there," and she tried hard to appear energetic and hold back the tears. Shifting the suitcase she began to pat his cheeks—a maternal gesture to keep up his spirit, or mayhap an amorous caress that she had not bestowed for half a century.

Philemon and Baucis, their idyl shattered by invasion! Old city folk who had gone to the country to pass their remaining days, and were already wearing the mark of a rustic existence. Retired shopkeepers, perhaps, whose lifelong dream had been to have a house in the country with flowers and trees, and enough ground for her to keep chickens and for him to raise a few vegetables. And then out of a clear sky had come the Germans, wiping out entire towns in a few hours, and the cherished home was abruptly abandoned. And now here they were in Paris, bewildered by the crowds and the darkness, helpless, not knowing where to go.

*"COURAGE, my husband!" repeated the brave little lady — Some one was now helping the old man to his feet.*

"Courage, my husband!" repeated the brave little lady, but her attention was diverted then to offering a courteous thanks to some one who had taken the suitcase from her hand and was helping the old man to his feet.

It was none other than the velvet-slippered girl, taking command with irresistible authority. With a calm gesture she cleared one end of the bench to make room for them to sit down.

IN a trembling voice Baucis began to apologize for the confusion they had caused. Two days ago they had boarded the train, taking all their belongings with them. They had not tasted food since the day before, but fortunately old people can get along on very little. When they arrived at 10 o'clock there had not been a cab or a porter in sight, and they had been on their feet for three hours.

"You see, we have relatives here," she continued, "and——"

At that moment, the old man, resting at last, had fallen into a swoon. A group of excitement hunters gathered around him, but the girl pushed them off with strong language.

"Where do your relatives live?" she asked.

"Near the Place de la Bastille," replied Baucis, having no idea where that might be.

A MURMUR of pity, a gesture of despair greeted this information. How would they ever get there? Automobiles hardly ever went by, and if one did come along it sped past. The girl tried in vain to hail one. Bursts of laughter and insults were the answer; and she began to swear like a trooper, letting go a volley of vile language, not omitting the famous word of Cambronne.

Suddenly she darted out to the middle of the street. An army truck was coming along full tilt, empty except for the driver. He honked his horn furiously, steered to avoid hitting the impassive form standing there, shouting to him to stop. Then the frenzied crowd saw her step right in front of the wheels, and the driver come to a dead stop with a violent pull on the brakes.

A private in the artillery he was, of the plain peasant type, and very angry. But the girl, quite undisturbed, addressed him as if she were already on intimate terms with him.

"I want you to drive these two people to the Bastille."

He was speechless with amazement. Then he laughed uproariously. She assured him that she would not budge, and that if he moved the car it would be over her dead body. Then he swore at her. It was ridiculous. She ought to be arrested. But by this time the woman was up on the seat beside him, leaning her face toward his, forcing upon him the power of her seduction.

"Take them, and I'll give you a kiss!"

The soldier smiled, looking to see what the reward might mean. Not much, but still, a kiss was pretty nice at that!

The crowd laughed and cheered, and the girl meanwhile had seized the opportunity to install the old couple in the truck with all their bundles.

The driver started the engine.

"I thank you, madame!" said Baucis between her tears, and old Philemon, too, muttered his gratitude.

But *Madame* did not hear them, occupied as she was in planting two loud kisses on the greasy cheeks of the driver.

"There—and there!"

Then the truck drove off, and the crowd scattered. A pair of velvet slippers made their way back to the bench, one of them limping horribly. I felt a strong desire to kiss their owner myself, but I was afraid she would misconstrue my intentions.

THE END

# GAINS *and* LOSSES *in* Building Costs

*The small porch over the rear door.*

## Own Your Home

*A Series that Tells*

HOW, WHEN, *and* WHY

Milwaukee House

*Final Report*

*Rear view of the Davis home, showing Mr. Davis in front of the built-in garage.*

*By*

## Arthur A. Tiller

EXCEPT for the finishing touches, which will demand an amount of time that only a prophet could estimate, the Richard S. Davis home in Milwaukee is complete. If the fates are kind—and Mr. Davis says it's a weak fate that can't turn to the good some time—moving day will be about October 1.

In spite of all precautions, the Davis budget has buckled and bent, until it now stands pronouncedly out of its original shape. The builders had set $13,500 as the outside limit of cost. They now find themselves committed to an expenditure of $14,279.87. They have reached the state prophesied for them from the beginning by solicitous friends who had played the game.

Four weeks ago the Davis figures, including some estimates, were $22.13 under the limit of $13,500. This was a dangerously small margin to work on and we left them trying to discover some way to pare down a few costs. It seemed as though the contractors were trying to help, for, when the cost of painting and wall paper was computed, the bill was $15 less than the original estimate, the heating contract $48 less, and the electric fixtures $50 less. In addition, laying of the kitchen linoleum has been held in abeyance, bringing the cost down $48 more, or a total of $161 less than previously estimated. This, with the $22.13 margin, where we left them a month ago, had them believing they were on the credit side of the ledger to the amount of $183.13. Then the bubble burst!

They have learned to their sorrow that some estimates can also turn out to the builders' disadvantage, and that quite frequently. The carpenter was the first to impress this upon them by adding $125 to his bill. The extra cost was for storage space built beneath the roof of the bedrooms, near the floor line.

The original estimate for windows and glass also fell $23 short of the actual contract. The plastering cost $50 more and the hardware $25 more, making a total additional cost of $223. This figure, as against the $183.13 margin so joyously discovered, promptly placed the Davises on the wrong side of the ledger to the amount of $39.87.

Resulted thereat another one of those family councils that have become famous since it was first decided that renting a home is too profitable for the landlord. "The beans are spilled. What will we do about it?" Davis ruefully quoth to the missus.

"Let's carry it through, now that we've broken our limit anyway, and as we don't expect ever to build again, we ought to do it absolutely right this time," was the response.

The decision evidently was mutual, and, because the family budget had been strained to the amount of $39.87 on a proposition of almost $15,000, it was deemed advisable to stretch it to the breaking point! The architect and construction engineer seemed not a mite surprised at this change of affairs.

The first radical change was the substitution of semi-rigid insulation, with lath and plaster, for the rigid insulation and no lath. Employment of the latter was anticipated in the third report of their home.

They were influenced in this decision by the plastering contractor, who preferred to work with the familiar lath. His figures made it advisable to use the type of insulation finally chosen—the semi-rigid. The cost of labor for this work was $133 and the material amounted to $225, bringing the figure for insulation, plus lath and plaster, to approximately the same

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mark that it would have been had the rigid insulating material been used as a plaster base. The builders had the consolation of knowing that this insulating cost of $358 was not an additional expenditure over their first estimate, but was about the same figure arrived at in a different way. They had discovered an error in their previous estimate, which explains the apparent difference.

Their delay in letting the plastering contract also cost them an even $50. A plasterers' strike was called while they were deliberating and the labor cost had mounted to that figure in the interim.

One big jump in the cost of construction was directly traceable to sundry visits the Davises made to other homes that were being built by Russell Barr Williamson, the architect. There they fell under the spell of tile as a flooring material and it needed little urging for them to plunge to the extent of an additional $382.

*The living-room window of the Davis home—northern extremity.*

The builders visited the factory where the tile is made, and a study of the process lent confirmation to their high opinion of the product.

Completed, the actual costs on the Milwaukee home are as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Excavation: Under all of house except living-room and garage | $487.50 |
| Carpentry and Millwork: Rough wood framing and flooring, insulating material as wood sheathing substitute, the Celotex Co.; roof sheathing and shingles, stained cedar shingles, all wood furring and trimming, oak flooring, oak finish, including all cases, cupboards, stairs, doors, rough hard wood and installation of finished hard wood and all additional millwork. Oak flooring supplied by the Long-Bell Lumber Company; shingles by Louisiana Red Cypress Co., New Orleans; shingle stain by Certain-teed Products Co.; contractor, S. Hanson. | $3,885.00 |
| Mason Work: Foundation of Portland cement blocks, by Concrete Products Co., Milwaukee; basement floors of Portland cement, cement base for living-room floor, cement floor in garage by Marquette Cement Co.; walls of old brick (veneer), stonework (including stone facings for fireplace), windowsills, copings, ornamental balcony over front entrance, and stone cap for chimney, flagstone walks and crushed stone driveway. Contractor, John C. Garvey | 2,953.00 |
| Furring, Lathing, and Plastering: Wood lath, two coats and finish hard wall plaster, from U. S. Gypsum Co. Contractor, F. E. Tabert | 732.00 |
| Tile work: Tile floors in living-room, downstairs hall, dining-room, living-room steps, and bathroom. Tile in downstairs rooms, supplied by the Continental Tile Co., South Milwaukee, Wis., manufacturers, through Butler & Son Co., Milwaukee | 1,166.00 |
| Plumbing Fixtures and Installation: Fixtures by Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. Contractor, E. Schmidt | 884.37 |
| Heating and Radiation: Vapor system. Hoffmann Specialties; Capitol boiler by United States Radiator Corp.; radiators by United States Radiator Corp. Contractor, Paul Niehoff | $1,040.00 |
| Painting (paint by National Lead Co.); wall-papering | 765.00 |
| Electrical Work and Fixtures: Wiring, flexible conduit supplied by General Electric Co.; fixtures by Architect R. B. Williamson and made to order by Milwaukee Wire Frame Co. | 325.00 |
| Finish Hardware: Russwin locks by Russell-Irwin Mfg. Co.; special trim door knobs and lever handles by Loeffelholz Co.; all hardware supplied by Builders' Needs, Inc. | 200.00 |
| Ornamental Iron: Balcony railings, etc., Globe Wire and Iron Works | 111.00 |
| Sheet-metal Work: Tin flashing and gutters, conductor pipes, clothes chute, tin and composition decks, fire door to garage, Milwaukee Sheet Metal Co. | 290.00 |
| Steel Casement Windows and Glazing: Fenestra steel sash windows by Detroit Steel Products Co.; plate glass. | 423.00 |
| Insulation and Labor: Flax-li-num by Flax-li-num Insulating Co. | 358.00 |
| Total Labor and Materials Cost | $13,619.87 |
| Architect's Fee | 660.00 |
| Total Cost | $14,279.87 |

SPECIAL EQUIPMENT

| | |
|---|---|
| Combustion oil burner by Combustion Fuel Oil Burner Co. | $625.00 |
| Monarch weather strips by Monarch Weather Strip Co. | 225.00 |
| Leonard refrigerator and Kelvinator electric refrigeration | 375.00 |
| Ilgair ventilating fan by Ilg Electric Ventilating Co. | 38.94 |
| Total | $1,263.94 |
| Cost of Property | 5,000.00 |
| Grand Total | $20,543.81 |

[SEE NEXT PAGE]


UPPER RAY

*Long Range Beam*
For country driving or long range lighting needs.

*You-too-can have the new* **Two-Way Headlamps**

now standard equipment on such popular cars as
*Buick · Chrysler Imperial · Oakland · Peerless Eight*
*Reo · Rickenbacker · Studebaker*

ANY garage, car dealer or service station can quickly install these beautiful safety-headlamps on new or old cars.

Enjoy clear vision at all times, relax and drive carefree on country roads or in city traffic. Don't bother with dimming. No need to strain your eyes and nerves to cope with dangerous night driving conditions.

Flood the full roadbed with light—a friendly safe light to approaching motorists as well.

*Guide Tilt Rays cost less than the average price of a new tire—give protection you get by no other means. Satisfaction or your money back. Legal everywhere.*

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year _____ model _____
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For passing other cars, for narrow roads and city traffic

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# Obtaining Loans *and* *Dealing with Contractors*

## LIBERTY'S Readers Cover Wide Range in Advice to Home-Builders

LIBERTY wants its readers to aid one another in home-building. The story of your experience may help others who want to build homes. To encourage this, LIBERTY invites you to tell the story of your home and how it was planned and built. For each story and helpful inquiry printed LIBERTY will pay $25. Answers to questions will be made by the Home Builders' Service Institute, Inc. Address Liberty Home Owners' Bureau, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

### *Making Terms with Builders*

EDITOR, Home Page: I am a salesman for a construction company specializing in building on owners' lots. I get much information as to methods of building. If you are a workingman I advise a building loan mortgage, because the principal and interest are paid off in eleven years and seven months at the rate of 1 per cent a month, like rent. They give one the saving habit.

Avoid the low terms bait that a builder offers and then hits you on "extras." Remember the builder can beat you almost any time in court. Make him furnish a bond, guaranteeing completion in a specified time. Make him furnish bank and credit references. Some builders ask 10 per cent on contract. Pay no more. In some cases withhold the 10 per cent until the job is completed.

If you have kiddies, have a lot at least 40 by 150, giving plenty of sunshine, air, and garage space. In buying unimproved land, don't forget to add the cost of water, gas, electricity, sewers, or septic tanks.

HARRY COHEN,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

### *The Kitchen Woodwork*

EDITOR, Home Page: When we built our present home, my kitchen was the talk of the town, because I had the woodwork painted black. I was so sick of white woodwork I resolved never again to have more than one white room, and that the bath. I never enjoyed a kitchen more in my twenty years of housekeeping. It is beautiful. "It will be so gloomy!" friends warned. It is not. It is restful.

In the closet door corners I had jabberwocks and slappergamories painted in gay reds and yellows and blues. These birds of imagination have long bills and tails, and keep me in good humor. I have snowy curtains at the windows, black and white linoleum on the floor, and a white stove. It is a dream of a kitchen, with its white tile sink and an orange-colored bowl of marigolds always at one end.

MRS. C. W. TILDEN, Altadena, Calif.

### *Improving the Cistern*

EDITOR, Home Page: Many LIBERTY readers, like myself, live in the country where cisterns are used as a water supply. Here is a hint for such home-builders. Have the intake pipe of your cistern enter at the bottom and not at the top, as is usual. That is, have the pipe bringing the water in connected with the side wall of the cistern, about six inches from the bottom.

The results of this simple plan are amazing. No water is permitted to stay at the bottom and stagnate, but being frequently stirred up and aerated by the inrush from the low-level intake pipe, the whole body of water is kept fresh and sweet.

My cistern built this way, with the addition of a good brick filter, has given us a fine supply of clear, odorless water, suitable for drinking and domestic purposes, for many years.

N. MCKNIGHT, Athens, N. Y.

### *Poorly Fitting Doors*

EDITOR, Home Page: Poorly fitting doors may be remedied by rubbing edges with chalk generously and applying plenty of putty along the jambs. Then close door. By so doing the putty fills in hollows. The extra putty may be easily removed with a knife. Allow door to dry. The chalk prevents it from sticking on edges.

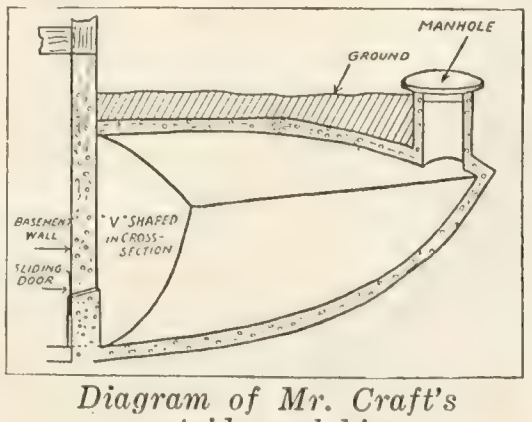


*Diagram of Mr. Craft's outside coal bin.*

MISS N. A. NELSON,
Minneapolis, Minn.

### *An Outside Coal Bin*

EDITOR, Home Page: Our friends had the annoying task of cleaning up the coal dust after putting the coal in their basements. We decided that, before building, we would devise an outside bin, which would be unnecessary to enter even for getting coal to fire the furnace. This not only does away with the dust sifting through the house, but affords more space and a cleaner basement.

The forms for the concrete are placed in the excavation somewhat in the form of a V, so the top of the bin is wider than the bottom. Thus all the coal is gradually fed into the bottom. In order that planting of shrubs would not be interfered with, the top of the bin is about a foot or so below the ground.

The roof of the bin is in the shape of a flat arch, made of reinforced concrete, so it will support a reasonable amount of weight. A sliding door in the basement wall proved very satisfactory for shoveling out the coal.

As the bin was on the side of the house next to the alley, in our case, we obtained permission from the city council to place the manhole in the alley, which did away with coal trucks driving over the lawn.

W. D. CRAFT, Linden. Iowa.

### *Inspect Homes Being Built*

EDITOR, Home Page: Many valuable and artistic ideas can be gathered by inspecting new homes that have been built. This is the age of built-in features in the homes which appeal so much to women.

Observe the position and details of the linen closet. Notice the built-in ironing board and medicine closet. See the newest effects in electrical fixtures. Watch the color schemes. Inquire of the owner the cost of construction. Having studied the inside and outside arrangements, one is in better position to decide on the type of home.

FRED M. GARNETT, Savannah, Ga.

### *Trees that Break Walls*

EDITOR, Home Page: In placing a sewer, a cistern, or drains, one should take into consideration the location of trees—those already growing or those intended for the yard. Tree roots can press against tile and cistern walls with strength enough to break them, and the damage is often difficult and expensive to undo.

I have recently had to replace a broken tile in the sewer because of a peach tree's roots, and a neighbor told me that the repeated breaking of his cistern wall necessitated the removal of a fruit tree. Some trees have a tendency to twine roots into any interstice they can find. Poplars have a bad reputation in this respect. Sewer and cistern should be placed far enough from trees to prevent breakage by far-spreading roots.

E. F. MCNAUGHT, Normal, Ill.

### *Painting the Radiator*

EDITOR, Home Page: The following information about radiators should be of interest to home-owners and builders: It has been found that a two-column radiator of thirteen sections, coated with aluminum paint, dissipates only about 80 per cent as much heat into the room as when coated with zinc oxide, green or white enamel, terra cotta shellac, varnish, etc. That is, a gain of 16 to 20 per cent in heat dissipation into a room may be expected by covering the ordinary multi-segmented radiator with a non-metallic paint. If the radiator happens to be coated with aluminum or bronze paint, it need not be removed, as these paints are good conductors but are not very efficient in dissipating the heat from the surface. By allowing these paints to remain they become, as it were, a part of the radiator and do not impede thermal conduction through the walls of the radiator. This non-metallic paint need not be black paint. The white lead and zinc oxide paints and enamels, the chrome colored pigments, the greenish colored oxides, such as chromium oxide, etc., offer a variety of tints for decorative purposes with a greater reduction in heat dissipation.

It seems to us that just now, when coal is so expensive, a gain of 15 to 20 per cent in heat efficiency through the use of the paints above indicated is worthy of serious consideration. N. C. BARBEHENN.

# Domar's Woodchuck

## *The Adventures of Benny, Nicky, and Greg*

The Eighth of a Series of Stories for Children

*By* ALINE KILMER

THE STORY SO FAR

EMMY, Nicholas, Gregory, and Ben are spending the summer at Buttonwood. Nicholas and Gregory are brothers. Emmy is their sister and Tony their big brother. Ben is their cousin. Domar is a police dog. Gran, Uncle Bunkle, and mother are the rest of the family.

CHAPTER XIX

"WILL you make us some strangled egg sandwiches, mother, and let us have a picnic?" Nicky asked. "We want to go to the Chicken Catchers and play in their orchard. Anna Banana asked us." The Chicken Catchers live about a mile away.

I promised that if they would do their morning work I'd get a lunch for them. So Emmy set to work at bed-making, Nicky washed dishes while Ben dried them. And Greg was persuaded to sweep the stairs.

About 10 o'clock I set them free. Ben and Greg dropped everything and fled. Nicky and Emmy came up and thanked me with startling politeness.

"The others," said Emmy, "took their departments so fast they forgot to thank you."

About half past five they were seen coming back carrying the evening milk. Domar was with them.

Just before they reached the stone wall, Domar made a mad dash for something in the grass. The children shrieked and scattered and Tony rushed out. When things had settled down there was a great deal of spilled milk, four excited children, and a very proud dog with a dead woodchuck at his feet.

Nicky dragged me out to look at him. Uncle Bunkle went without being dragged. Greg was hopping about catching one ankle in his hand every other minute.

"*Couldn't* we eat him for supper?" Ben begged.

"*Eat* him? I should say not!" I shuddered.

Gran came hurrying to see what had happened. Nicky looked longingly at her.

"Isn't it a pity to waste him, Gran?"

"*Waste* him? I should say not!" cried Gran. "I'll cook him for lunch tomorrow."

They all danced for joy and kissed Gran's hands and the hem of her garment. Even Tony showed great delight.

"I'll skin him," he announced.

"Well, I leave home for lunch tomorrow," I declared. "I'll have a picnic of my own. Will you come with me, Uncle Bunkle?"

"I can eat possum but I don't want to eat that thing," said Uncle Bunkle. "It looks too much like a rat. Yes, I'll come."

CHAPTER XX

All evening Tony worked like a butcher skinning the woodchuck. At about 10 o'clock, after the children were at last asleep, he finished and put the remains of the poor creature to soak until morning.

The iceman had told us how. He had come just after supper when Tony was at work in the grassy side yard surrounded by four frantic children and Domar, who watched every step of the skinning.

Next morning, while Gran parboiled the poor beast I got a lunch ready and Uncle Bunkle and I took ourselves off to the hill above the barn, where we sunned ourselves and ate.

By the time we went back all was over. Gran, looking terribly hot and tired, was clearing up the remains of the feast.

"Oh, it was fairly good," she said, without enthusiasm.

"It was wonderful! Beautiful!" cried the children.

*Picture by* ROBERT GRAEF

*DOMAR made a mad dash for something in the grass. The children shrieked and scattered.*

"It's the best meat there is!" said Greg.

But the children had gone wild. They played around near the house so poor, tired Gran couldn't get her nap. After supper they sneaked away so they wouldn't have to help clear up. And when they went to get ready for bed they took so long and made so much noise that we were nearly wild. Gran was furious. There seemed to be wild songs and dances going on.

I went upstairs. Nicky and Ben were in the tub. Greg, naked and brown as an Indian except on the part protected by his little bathing suit, was prancing about the bathroom and applauding their song.

"*What's* all this noise about?" I asked.

Ben jumped out of the tub and hid behind it. Nicky sat still and grinned. Greg hopped over and threw his arms around me giggling.

"They're just singin' about little Johnny Dirtbug. He's one of the bugs that died of measles in our hopsital."

"We have a bug hopsital in the quarry!" said Ben.

"An' six rose bugs got better an' ran away from the hopsital, but Johnny Dirtbug died, so we gave him to Greg," Nicky explained.

"An', muzzer, he wasn't any bigger than *that!*" cried Greg, making a tiny space between his thumb and finger; "but I had to bury him under a stone as big as a muxmelon, so he couldn't have any footstone."

I went downstairs. It was no use.

But Gran paid no attention to the sad story of little Johnny Dirtbug. She was seriously angry. She simply snorted with disgust.

"Well," she said, "that's the last skunk I'll ever cook for those wretched children!"

---

*What a lark it was to go to school at Buttonwood. Read next week's issue.*

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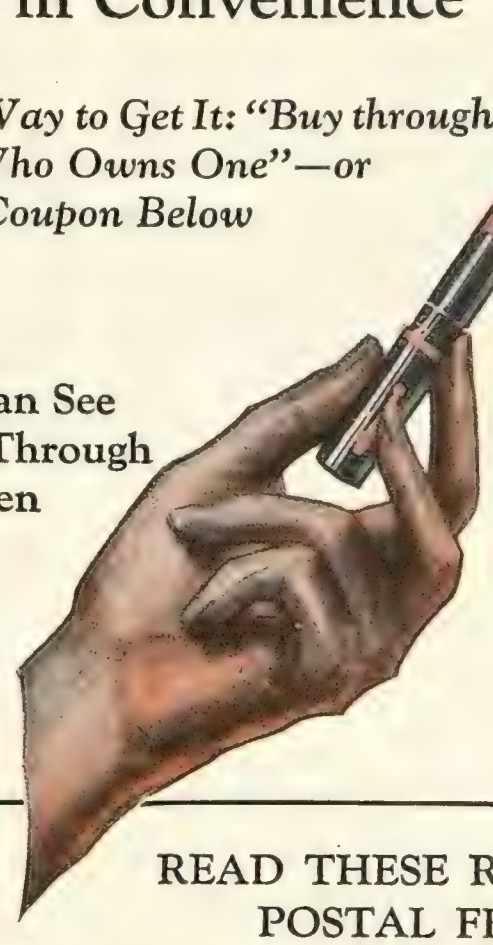

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And so we decided to eliminate all jobbing, sales, retailing and other in-between costs, and let Uncle Sam do our selling for us—through the United States mails. The result is—our truly amazing $2.50 price and a "proof-first" selling method that is being endorsed by thousands of new purchasers every week.

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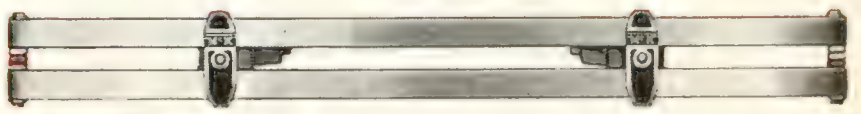

McKay Red Bead Bumpers, for every type of car, "add good looks and protect good looks."

# Two Colors plus two fabrics Equal Paris Chic

By Bettina Bedwell

*TAKE two kinds of black shadow lace, add bands of beige, yellow, and gold embroidery, and spread them horizontally over a foundation of yellow satin, put a belt above the hips, and you have a new Chantal dinner dress for fall.*

TWO colors are better than one, and two materials in two tones are still more fashionable in one dress, one coat, or one ensemble. So far, this is the important news of the Paris openings.

If you like violent colors in close juxtaposition, Paris gives them to you—corn yellow and purple brown. And if you have an eye for subtle color combinations, Paris also has thought of your artistic sense, for never in all of my life among colors and fabrics, have I seen such unbelievably lovely color harmonies as this season is going to give us, if we let Paris have her way.

First of all, speaking a little about evening color and fabric combinations, Paris seems to think that there ain't goin' to be no winter, judging by the delicacy of winter fabrics. Heavy evening frocks are a silent, uneloquent minority in winter collections. Laces—metal and silk—chiffons, and tulle control the mode for evening frocks. The first and fourth illustrations will give you an idea of this type.

These models are from Chantal. Chantal is that lovely lady, with centuries of aristocratic lineage behind her, who became a couturiere several seasons ago because the war left her penniless. Her real name is a secret, but as Chantal, she is one of the phenomenal successes of the Paris couture. Her customers represent the highest social and professional roll that can be found.

Our first model combines black lace, yellow and beige embroidered bands, black tulle, and a foundation of yellow crepe satin. The cut is significant of the autumn evening mode. There is the scantly bloused waist, the above-the-hipline girdle, and the skirt that is full at the sides and hangs below the foundation.

This is one of the least strenuous color and fabric combinations, all delicate tones, so that the fact that the lace over the frock is composed of three distinct colors and three separate fabrics does not impress the eye too much. The design of the silhouette is, as you see, for the tall and slender girl. Our fourth model is for the same type. It combines pale peach chiffon with rose crepe bands and rose red and gold lamé. The skirt, of peach chiffon, is embroidered with incrustations of gold and silver thread, and it also has its width concentrated at the sides, in a circular movement, the right side extending to the ankles and giving an uneven hemline. Narrow lines of gold embroidery substitute for a hem. Embroidered chiffon bands form half of the waist and rose crepe bands the other half. The girdle is a feature of importance, outlining very definitely the high hip division of waist and skirt. It is made of rose red lamé with incrustations of embroidery, and carries a scarf of the same toned chiffon attached to the left side back, to trail as it does in the picture or form a shawl around the shoulders.

Our third design is to be worn by an American dollar debutante at Biarritz in September, and she is a petite demoiselle. There are only two fabrics and two colors in this ensemble, but they are new in color and arrangement. The cape and frock are made of crepe georgette in a rose henna, which is a shade stressed a lot by Paris for fall. With this material and color Chantal combines a duvetyn in a plum brown, another new color. The circular cape is banded with this wool material, and it also forms the ties under the chin. There is no collar, only a band of wool. Under the cape the frock is plaited in two ways, with box and tiny knife plaits in the waist and unpressed bigger plaits in the skirt. The girdle is just a wide band of georgette, trimmed with a flat applique and embroidery flowers done in felt and duvetyn. Applique also trims the lower part of the sleeves.

The second design is an en-voyage from Drecoll. The travel coat of dark blue broadcloth is trimmed with gray-and-blue-checked woolen, which forms the full-length revers that get broader as they approach the hemline, also the cuffs of the sleeves that are cut short enough to show the cuff of the shirt waist sleeve beneath. The frock is a two-piece in Nattier blue crepe de Chine, with a long string tie of black moire ribbon. The hat is of Nattier blue antelope, with a band and piping of dark blue.

*DRECOLL uses dark blue broadcloth with gray-and-blue-checked woolen for this coat. The frock is of Nattier blue crepe de Chine; hat of blue antelope.*

*WOOL and georgette in rose henna and plum make this charming ensemble from Chantal.*

*CHANTAL uses peach, rose, and rose red, with an overlay of gold embroidery, for this frock.*

# Smart, Sensible Frocks for the Autumn Wardrobe

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

5180
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36
38
40

*A DRESS of dark blue cloth, trimmed with embroidery. It shows an important feature of the fall styles, which is the natural waistline.*

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by May Manton

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5181
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*MADE of dark red wool in two-piece style, this dress is corded around skirt, cuffs, belt, and neckline. It shows the waistline in natural position.*

MAYBE your memory dates back to a great World War and to the idealized image of the little French girl who made the munitions. She wore something that pulled on over the head and tied around a high waistline with a narrow string of a belt. That was the outline appropriate to a war and to the French figure, so all the world wore it and almost nothing else. Now it is showing again, after the French openings, shyly and unobtrusively. While there is more than one silhouette to a season, this is the one I think will last the longest and influence style the most.

But this new version of an old fashion is marked by a difference, which, to those of us who walked the streets of Paris in wartime, seems almost a sacrilege now. It is elaborately trimmed. I quote from the letter of a sub-deb, open before me: "That other wartime dress was, oh, so simple! I can remember the one my mother had. And this one is, oh, so fussy! You would hardly realize that so much trimming could be put on the restricted area of one little short frock."

First of all, there are highly ornamented pockets on the otherwise plain little skirt. And there is a yoke, not V but U shaped, in front. Along the back of the neck it goes no wider than a band of braid and continues halfway down to the elbows on the sleeves. These latter are close fitting at the top and go into a bell effect between elbows and wrists.

There is an unwritten law this season that sleeves must be big above or below the elbow; either, but not both. Please notice the armholes of the second model. They are cut very deep indeed for French sleeves.

The yoke of the little munition-girl frock has far more elaborate embroidery on it than you would expect such a demure dress to carry, and the pockets have the same trimming. But the outstanding feature of the dress is the high girdle, tied at the natural French waistline, which is not as low as ours.

5182
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5183
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*THIS sports frock shows the long checked blouse with fur trimming. The skirt has box plaits across the front.*

*IT is the wide girdle peplum of black faille that gives this evening dress of pink faille an added distinction.*

You may still have a two-piece dress if you wish it, even for evening, but it really ought to have the natural waistline. Dark red wool is a favorite material for such a model when it is to be worn in the daytime, and silver cloth when it is for dress occasions.

Some of the dressmaking houses have launched a sports model in two pieces, with a very long jumper in checked wool that has no waistline indicated at all. It comes down straight over the plaited skirt of plain material. The bottom of this sensational jumper is edged with fur. Sports dresses are so elaborate that all that is left of them is the name. I should say they weren't good for either sports wear or for Sunday. But they are good to look at, and that is the main thing.

To complete the quartet of dresses for the autumn wardrobe, we have a simple but distinguished evening gown of pink faille. Neck and arms are finished with a severe line, which adds an air to the wearer that makes her the envied of her sisters.

But it is the peplum girdle of soft black faille that makes the gown something out of the ordinary. The girdle starts at the regular waistline, below a soft blousing effect of the dress, and continues to below the hips. It is gathered at the side back and two ends are allowed to hang just below the bottom of the conventionally short skirt.

With four such dresses as those shown on this page, the average woman will find herself equipped to meet any occasion with assurance. All the frocks have the approval of the best Paris dressmakers and are neither too conservative nor too startling, but are just such gowns as the smart, well-bred woman will be proud to be seen in.

# Good Fellows When They HAD It

## *Why Many Celebrities Go Broke at the Finish*

An Article by

**Hugh Fullerton**

*Picture by* HARRY TOWNSEND

*With ninety-nine out of a hundred of the boys, it was "easy come, easy go."*

THREE men, two of them old-time race-track followers, one a gambler who, twenty-five years ago, was known all over America, sat in the lobby of a small hotel on a side street in the Forties in New York.

They had the form charts and still mulled over the sporting pages, although it was no secret that only a few times in a season did any of them have money enough, after paying their modest bills and keeping up the "front," to put down a bet. One, we knew, has lived for years on money which, thrown away in his days of prosperity, dribbles back, and one lives on a semi-charity job given him by a fellow he aided when a boy.

While we were talking of the "good old days, when everything was wide open," a dissolute, bleary, vacuous-faced fellow entered, glanced around slyly to see whether the porter was watching and approached us with mumbled words. I doubt whether any one of us heard what he said, but we all reached into thinly lined pockets and passed over small change. The man cackled an inane joke and hastened away, simulating careless acceptance of a favor.

We gazed after him thoughtfully.

"Well," said the old gambler, "he was a good fellow when he had it."

The man who had "touched" us was, in his younger days, one of the greatest boxers in the country, who won more in a few years than most men earn in a lifetime. Money, big purses, big bets, gifts of all sorts were his, yet in a few years he was a bum.

In the old days of baseball, not one in a hundred players saved money. Look over the list: Captain Adrian Anson, for twenty-two years head of the Chicago club and the greatest baseball man of his day—manager, captain, first baseman, and leading batter of the league, died poor. For years after his retirement he worked in vaudeville. But Anson had pride. When he was fired from the Chicago club and A. G. Spalding proposed a great testimonial for him, he declined, saying he was not an object of charity.

DAN BROUTHERS, one of the greatest first basemen, is now a groundkeeper at the Polo Grounds, New York City. Amos Rusie and Bill Dahlen, both great in their day, also work around the Polo Grounds. In fact, at the gates and stiles of that famous field may be found half a dozen men who were stars in their day, working for small wages. Willie Keeler tied up his modest savings in real estate and before his death a benefit was given to save his property.

Frank Chance lost most of his wealth in speculation after retiring, and Johnny Evers lost most of his through hard luck. Of the old Cubs, the two old chums, John Kling and Joe Tinker, are well off. Kling was a good business man and financier; saved his money and owns much property, a restaurant, and billiard rooms in Kansas City, while Tinker grew rich in Florida real estate, getting in ahead of the rush.

Joe was the tightwad of the old Cub team and many of the players used to sneer at him in his early days on the Cubs.

"Let 'em throw it away," he commented. "My old man was poor. I know what it is to need money and my kids won't go hungry."

After he acquired wealth Joe made up in spending for what he saved in his playing days.

"Willie Bill" Hutchinson, one of the greatest pitchers of all time and one of the first college men to go into professional baseball (he was Yale, '83), holds a modest job in Kansas City. The last I heard of Bert Cunningham he was fairly prosperous. Bill Lange, who wasted every cent he made in baseball, afterward became wealthy in real estate in San Francisco. But the great majority of ball players retired with little or nothing and dropped into small jobs.

If you take the fighters who made and threw away fortunes, the condition is even more forcefully revealed, and "easy come,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

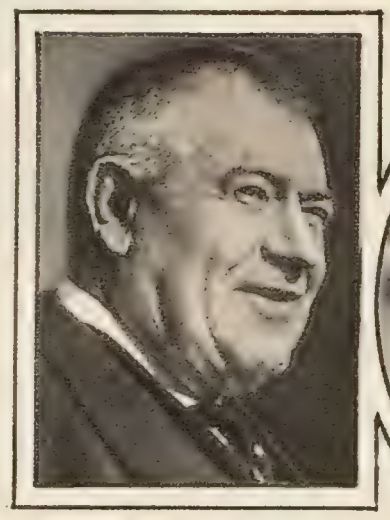
easy go" loses its glamour. John L. Sullivan, who made huge sums for his day in the ring, in saloons, and in the theater, was broke a dozen times and died in very modest circumstances. Jake Kilrain was poor from the day he left the ring. Fitzsimmons saved little or nothing.

George Dixon, the beloved "Little Chocolate," was supported by friends for years before he died. "Young Corbett" left the ring broke, was on his uppers around New York for years, but finally got back home to Denver and on his financial feet. Kid Lavigne had nothing. Kid McCoy, broke and an imprisoned killer, shows the finish of another easy-money fellow. "Kid" Broad, who made fortunes, was broke when he quit and has made a modest living in the movies.

Jeffries once had a great deal of money, but lost most of it in Los Angeles, and returned to fight Johnson because he was hard up. He has some money now. Tom Sharkey, notoriously saving, managed to keep some, yet continues to work for small wages around the race track at Tia Juana during the meetings.

JESS WILLARD, once wealthy, went broke in oil, recouped in his pitiful comeback, and has enough for his needs. Ad Wolgast, who made large sums, spent all, and even Terrible Terry McGovern, the biggest money-maker of his time in the prize ring, was broke and practically supported by his old manager, Sam Harris, for a long time before his death.

P. & A. photos



*Dan Brouthers*

*Amos Rusie*

*Tod Sloan*

Willie Jackson was credited with having made a quarter of a million dollars and being wrecked by family troubles. Perhaps the saddest case among the boxers is Young Griffo, a down-and-outer for years, clowning along Broadway.

Jim Corbett made and saved money. Mike and Tom Gibbons were smart and saved. Even Bat Nelson has money. Bat, never a wastrel, put all his money in the care of his father. When the latter died, he left a will by which all Bat's money went to the other children. The courts finally straightened things out so that the grand little Battler got back his property, or most of it.

If you want to see easy money at its worst, go to the race track. Ask any race-track man what percentage of racing men quit with money, and they will tell you one per cent is an exaggeration. Of a hundred bookmakers, gamblers, and race-track followers nearly every one, at some time in his career, has had enough money to retire. How many do?

TOD SLOAN, premier jockey and the biggest money-winner of them all, is in California, still lingering around the tracks. Joe Yeager, the last I heard of him, was making a living at French Lick, Indiana. He was better known as "Plunger Joe," a man who used to deal spectacularly in tens of thousands.

"Lucky" Baldwin, who owned millions and whose Santa Anita ranch was a kingdom in itself, was land poor and in financial difficulties for years before he died. George Withers, famous jockey, is in an institution near Philadelphia. "Frisco" Gardner, who once would bet a million, was broke at the end. Charlie Ellison, one of the big operators, has subsided to small wagers and pinochle and is content. Barney Schreiber, who once would take any size bets, was broke at the finish. Davy Johnson and Riley Grannon, big plungers, smashed eventually.

Finding exceptions to the easy-go rule is harder than picking winners at race tracks.

True, Pittsburgh Phil died with millions, but he was a pioneer and a thinker rather than a gambler. Frank Tyler, the famous old "Humming Bird," who took John W. Gates' wagers without batting an eye, had money left when he died. Sam Summerfield and the Dwyers withdrew discreetly to smaller and safer lines.

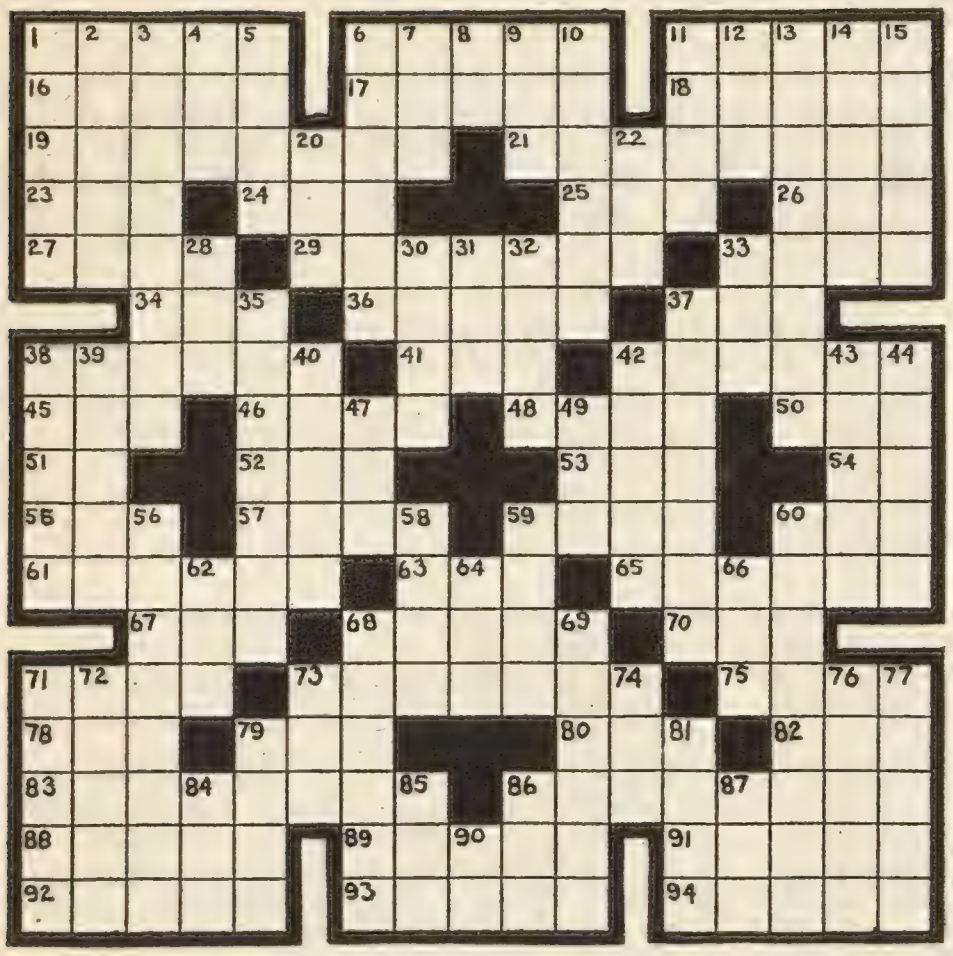
An outstanding exception to the rule of "easy come, easy go," is "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien, who, although never officially a champion, fought all the best middleweights of his day. O'Brien not only kept the money he made from his ring battles, but has added greatly to his wealth by judicious investments and business enterprises. He conducts a number of gymnasiums where, for substantial fees, he guides ailing business men back to health.

But with ninety-nine out of a hundred of the boys who were "good fellows when they had it," it was the same old story:

"Easy come, easy go."

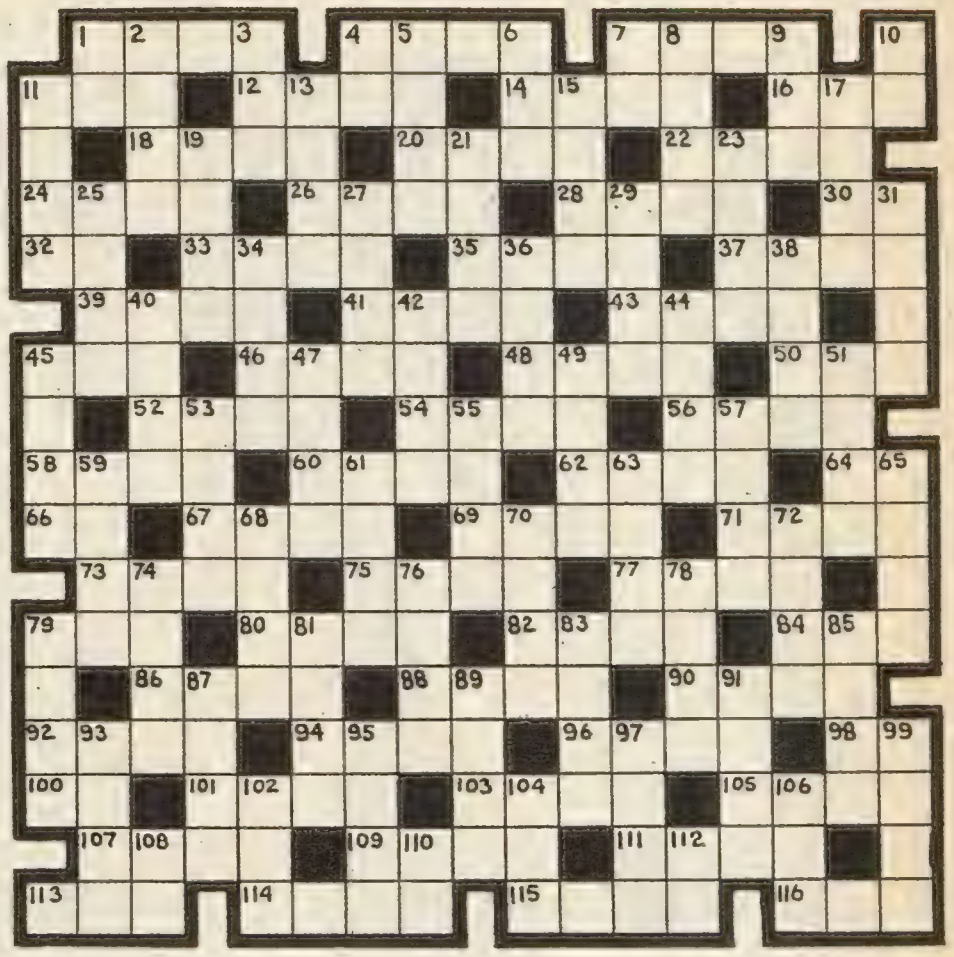
THE END

# $50 — *for* Cross Words — $50



Here Are the Two Winners of This Week's Puzzle Prizes

*Why Don't YOU Try It?*



## No. 2A

### BY MRS. CHARLES C. CROOKS
Baltimore, Md.

**HORIZONTAL**

1 A pinaceous tree
6 First in rank or importance
11 To perform in a neglectful or imperfect manner
16 Compound of oxygen with an element
17 To raise to distinction
18 A Hebrew measure of capacity
19 Stripped or deprived of
21 Rhetoric: a similitude or comparison
23 A malt liquor
24 A measure of weight
25 Moral error
26 The Spanish word for king
27 Native of a former Balkan kingdom
29 Made clean and put in order, as a camp
33 Members of a Shoshonean Indian tribe
34 A bond
36 Intertwines
37 Blackbird of the cuckoo family
38 Thorax (plural)
41 To spread, as hay for drying
42 Maddened
45 A coal scuttle
46 Enormous
48 Spikes of grain
50 A compass point
51 By
52 A feminine proper name
53 Lament
54 The symbol of tellurium
55 Confronted
57 Chief magistrate in ancient Venice
59 A portentous sign
60 A color
61 Place where gold is obtained by washing
63 A smart blow
65 Metric measures of capacity
67 Discharge
68 Beverage made from fruit
70 A domestic animal
71 Imitated
73 A person in canonical orders
75 Of great extent
78 To disfigure
79 Center of solar system
80 Equality
82 Suffix denoting an adherent of a party
83 Pertaining to a geological period
86 One who recalls or revokes
88 In music: slow or slowly
89 A constellation
91 Open spaces about buildings
92 A fungous disease of cereal grains
93 Snug places of abode
94 A dipper

**VERTICAL**

1 Additional closing measures of a musical composition (plural)
2 To banish
3 Deflected
4 Suffix used to form names of beverages
5 Tranquillity
6 Substance obtained from oil of coal tar
7 A measure of length
8 Within
9 A cleaning implement
10 Expunges
11 Member of a group of Mongoloid tribes
12 A type of driving horse
13 To liquidate a debt by a sinking fund
14 An affray
15 Plunders
20 Summit
22 To disencumber
28 Encore
30 Recent
31 To make rigid
32 To yield
33 A character in Spenser's Faerie Queene
35 Compounds of ethyl
37 A poisonous element
38 Too much
39 A hostelry
40 Perspiration
42 Merciless
43 Penetrate
44 Actions
47 Forcible restraint of speech
49 To fortify
56 Diminishing in size
58 Ireland
59 Exposed to general knowledge
60 Related in detail
62 Food rechewed by a ruminant
64 Commotion
66 Twenty-second letter of the Hebrew alphabet
68 A piece of artillery
69 Attains maturity
71 Fully sufficient
72 More pallid
73 A line of persons
74 A size of writing paper
76 To move stealthily
77 Concise
79 One of a Gaelic people
81 Genuine
84 One of a tribe of Siouan Indians
85 Rather than
86 A disease of sheep
87 A constellation
90 Exists

NOW every Cross-Word fan has a chance to follow his hobby and make money while doing it. You have solved so many puzzles that they've become too easy to be interesting. LIBERTY gives you something new — a chance to originate your own Cross-Word Puzzles.

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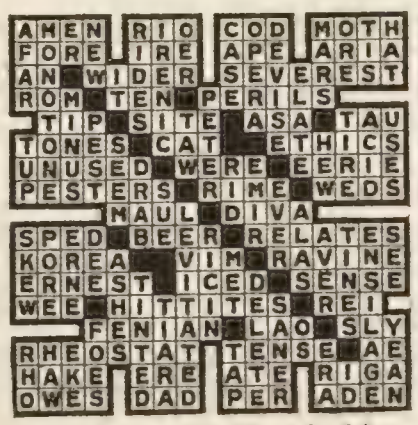
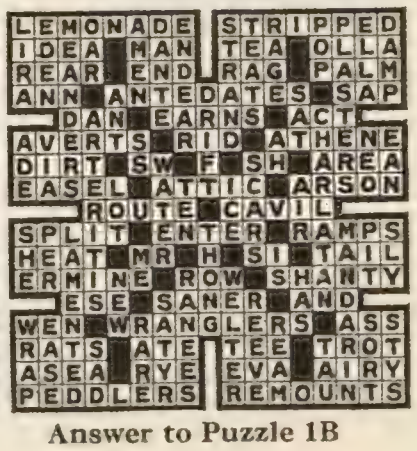



Answer to Puzzle 1A




Answer to Puzzle 1B

## No. 2B

### BY CHARLES J. STONER
Chambersburg, Pa.

**HORIZONTAL**

1 Bestow
4 A court order
7 Fabric of hair and wool
11 A measure of weight
12 Merriment
14 Ridges of drift
16 A region of the body
18 Ancient Roman garment
20 Comparatively long and narrow aperture
22 Ovule
24 To chastise
26 A bird of the hawk family
28 Separate particular in an enumeration
30 An exclamation
32 Toward
33 Tall bamboolike grass
35 A supposed mesmeric emanation
37 "The same as above"
39 To shift
41 Brings forth young, as a goat
43 To classify
45 Small plot of ground under cultivation
46 To eject or dispossess from
48 An Anglo-Saxon slave
50 Humanity in general
52 To pant violently
54 A kiln for drying hops
56 Of the sense of hearing
58 A kind of dance
60 A mountain range of Europe
62 Beards of cereal grasses
64 A measure of type
66 Spanish definite article
67 Foundation
69 A rodent
71 Moreover
73 To belabor
75 Contrary votes
77 Affected
79 Salt
80 One of a series of rows, one above another
82 Does wrong
84 Hastened
86 A political dictator
88 The brother of Jacob
90 To grant the use of
92 An American ostrich
94 Coarsely ground grain
96 A wild goat
98 Not any
100 To execute
101 Corrode
103 A bone of the forearm
105 A city in Holland
107 A defile
109 To yield submission to
111 An early Teutonic sign
113 Clear of all deductions
114 An eagle
115 Trees
116 Humor

**VERTICAL**

1 To pass from one spot to another
2 In
3 To urge on
4 A pronoun
5 Repose
6 In addition
7 A note of the diatonic scale
8 Gaelic
9 Definite article
10 Near the top of
11 A former U. S. President
13 A body of water
15 To agitate
17 Inactive
19 Fabulous monster
21 Tilt
23 To give forth
25 Ardent affection
27 A day of the ancient Roman month
29 A small mountain lake
31 Portentous sign
34 A Greek god
36 Puts into practice
38 Prefix meaning half
40 To move little by little
42 On the highest point
44 An eternity
45 To drill
47 Javanese tree
49 An asterisk
51 Playing cards
53 White matter of the brain and spinal cord
55 Whitish gray
57 A monarch
59 Italian island
61 Unaspirated sounds
63 To carry on the person
65 A heavenly body
68 Siamese coins
70 At sea
72 A northern constellation
74 A river in Germany
76 A region
78 Body of waterlocked land
79 A quantity that cannot be expressed by rational numbers
81 Doctrines or theories
83 Destruction
85 An East Indian coin
87 Rows
89 To slide and turn out of a course
91 Bovine animals
93 To desire with expectation
95 Woman's short jacket
97 Yeast
99 Neglect
102 Employment
104 An alkaline solution
106 Atmospheric moisture
108 By
110 To partake of reality
112 Ourselves

# The Merry Maid of FLATBUSH

## A Double Exposure of Connie Talmadge, Who Puts Romance Ahead of Art

*Connie is called the screen's best comedienne today, but there was a time when she was just a Brooklyn butterfly, trying her wings on Richard Barthelmess.*

*A Movie Review by* FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

BEING the younger sister of a star had no confining effect upon Constance Talmadge. From the moment Norma gained a job at the old Vitagraph studio, Constance —or *Dutch,* as she was, and is, called—lost her interest in school. I first remember her as a gangling schoolgirl wandering about the Vitagraph yard. That was before she developed into a devastating heart-breaker and a star.

Constance looked like an awkward kid sister then, but a world of confidence lay behind the freckles.

Constance is twenty-seven, three years younger than Norma. She was born, as she herself says, "out where the flatbushes grow," in Brooklyn.

Even while Norma was first making her appearance before the camera, Constance was starring in amateur theatricals at school.

In those days Connie was considered homely. But she annoyed Vitagraph directors until she got her chance.

Then she went West to join the Griffith forces. Here began her friendship with Dorothy Gish which finally reached its climax the day after Christmas, in 1920, when the two ran away to Greenwich, Connecticut. Connie married John Pialoglou, a wealthy young Greek, and Dot wedded James Rennie, the actor. Two years later Connie got a divorce.

Constance made her first hit as the mountain girl in Griffith's ill-starred Intolerance.

About this time Richard Barthelmess went West to join the Griffith forces. On the night of his arrival, Barthelmess, with Bobbie Harron, went to dinner with Constance and Dorothy Gish. That evening began the first romance in Miss Talmadge's career. Barthelmess went on to his hit in Broken Blossoms, and to success—but Constance was the inspiration.

Then the tentative engagement was broken suddenly by Constance. The butterfly from Flatbush was just trying her wings.

I have been told on reliable information that Connie is devastating. Witness the way Irving Berlin fought for her hand.

Next in the chain of conquests came Buster Collier. Then Constance suddenly married Captain Alastair Mackintosh, of a family prominent in English society. The marriage developed within a week.

Connie had become a Greek through her Pialoglou marriage, and she had taken steps to recover her American citizenship. The Mackintosh marriage made her a British subject. She herself says she is fast becoming international.

Constance honeymooned in London. Reports of a complete social conquest have drifted back. The Prince of Wales danced with the schoolgirl from Flatbush.

Between social engagements, Constance has become the best comedienne on the screen.

But she has not taken her screen work overseriously, nor has she allowed it to interfere with romance. She has been lucky in having the direction of Norma's husband, Joe Schenck, one of the shrewdest men in films.

Every now and then she has made a good comedy, revealing a fine flair for lively, frothy farce. One of the best of these was Her Sister from Paris. Her newest film, The Duchess of Buffalo, adapted by the expert, Hans Kraely, from a Hungarian farce, is thin—but it has verve.

In The Duchess of Buffalo Connie plays an American dancer in Russia. She falls in love with a young officer of dragoons, but is pursued by a rakish old grand duke. An irate grand duchess is on the trail of the aforementioned grand duke. There is much hiding in cupboards and masquerading under false names.

Yet Miss Talmadge gives the proceedings a genuine effervescence. Incidentally, it may be noted that the lieutenant of dragoons is terribly played by Tulio Carminati while the grand duke is done with considerable charm by Edward Martindel.

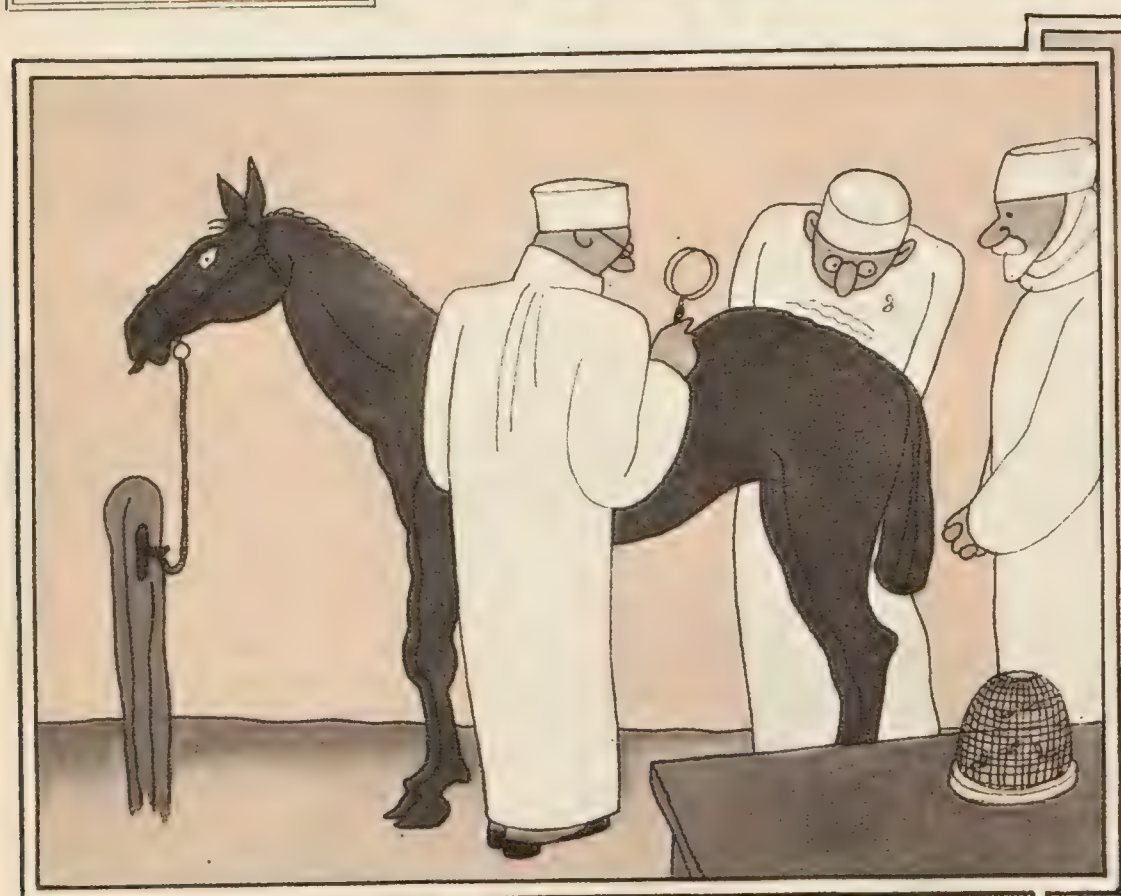
### *Do you know that—*

Cecil De Mille has selected Jacqueline Logan for the role of *Mary Magdalene* in his The King of Kings? . . . Erich Von Stroheim is to direct Famous Players' postponed production, Glorifying the American Girl, with Gilda Gray starred? . . . Laura LaPlante is to wed the Universal director, William Seiter? . . . Elinor Glyn once described sex appeal as *It* and now she is doing a story for Famous called It? . . . Clara Bow will be starred in It? . . . Lillian Gish's next is likely to be adapted from Dorothy Scarborough's novel, Wind?

GRAPHIC SECTION

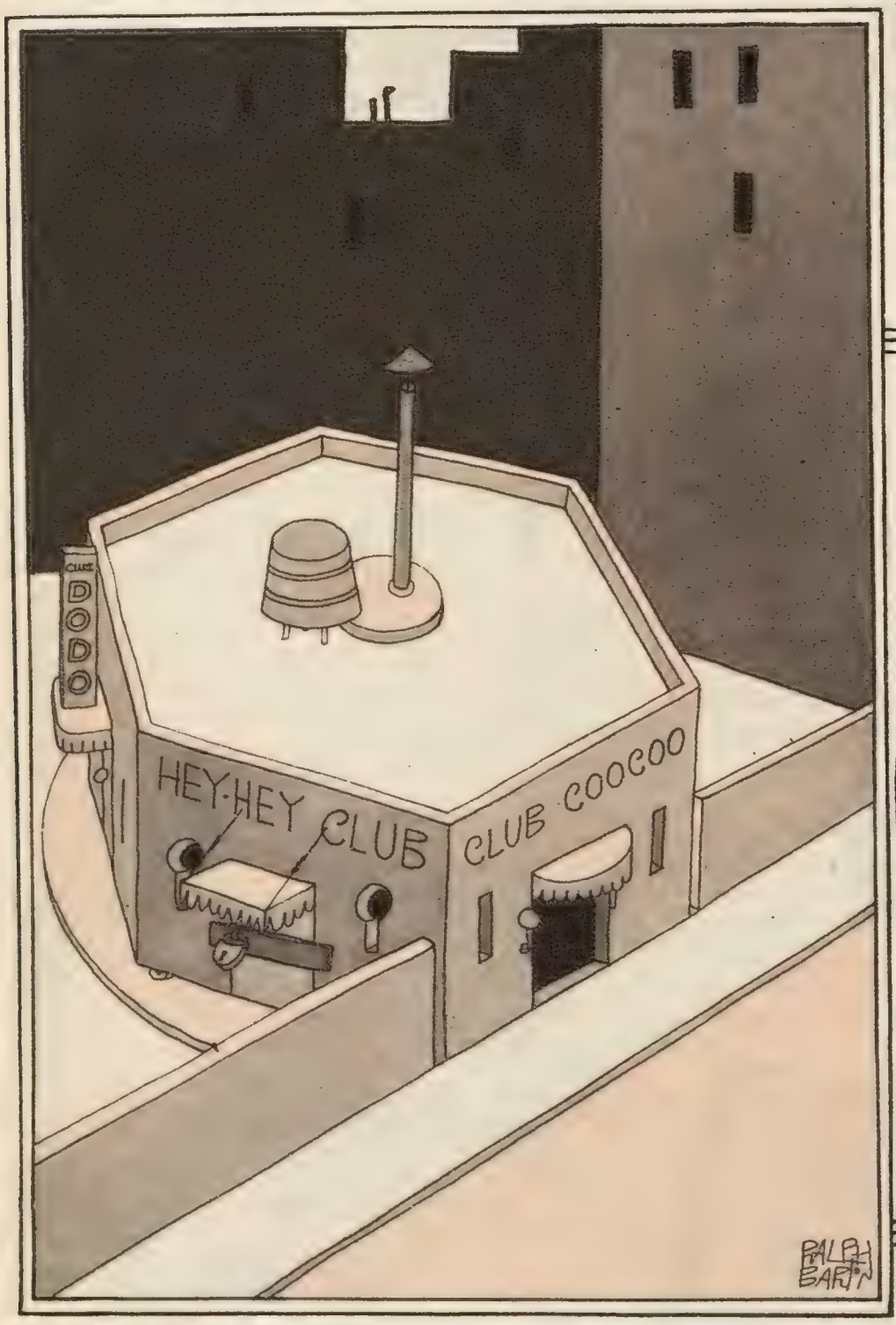
# News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



A GREATER BOON THAN MONKEY GLANDS promised to mankind. Johns Hopkins savants make study of horse's special muscles to quiver a fly off any given spot with view to transplanting them in man.

MISS PANSY MAE BUSHEL—Most Beautiful Woman on Earth and Winner of the Graphic Section's Great Beauty Contest—is met at the Santa Fe station in Los Angeles by Will Hays, Samuel Goldwyn, D. W. Griffith, Jesse Lasky, Adolph Zukor, Marcus Loew, Cecil B. DeMille, and the Mayor of Hollywood. Miss Bushel will begin her film career at once.




HEXAGONAL, REVOLVING NIGHT CLUB designed for New York's Tenderloin by Cassius K. Rhodomanik, the noted architect. Mr. Rhodomanik claims that night clubs of this type will be able to reopen five minutes after being padlocked.

FRANCE'S FINANCE PROBLEM TO BE SOLVED AT LAST. Raymond Poincare, Premier and Minister of Finance (at time of going to press), conceives the simple, but brilliant, idea of writing to Dr. Cadman to find out what to do.

# DECORATING French Pastries *At Home*

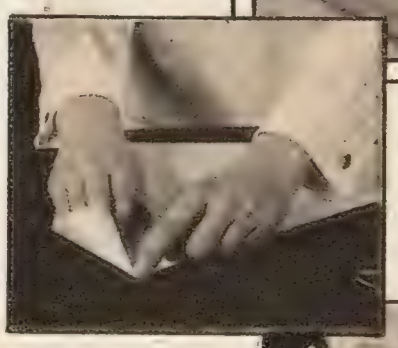
*By* ETHEL SOMERS

NO matter how little equipment is at hand, you may now make delightful French pastries at home! A roll of parchment paper, a pair of scissors, and any decorative icing or frosting lead to the successful decoration of numerous attractive and simple French pastries. The pastries pictured last week can be made by a beginner very easily, and their decoration may be accomplished just as easily with the aid of suggestions in this article.

Any one of the four pastry points pictured may be copied in paper cornucopias and used for decoration with astonishing success. Especial care must be exercised in the rolling of the paper to insure a stout point that will hold up under pressure. This reinforcement on the point results only from rolling up the *long* side of the parchment paper triangle *tightly* at the start. A loose rolling of the *short* side of the paper triangle produces a weak point that slips and gives as the icing is being forced out.

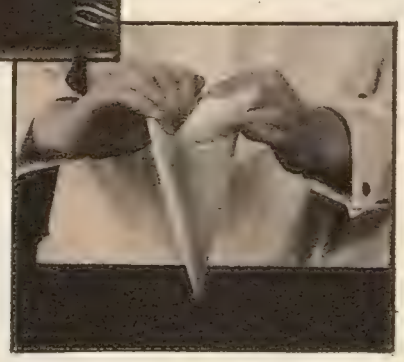
Roll the cornucopia step by step precisely as is directed and pictured herein. Clip the ends as in the illustrations of the commercial points and proceed with varicolored icings to a surprising array of alluring homemade French pastries—as limitless in design as your imagination.

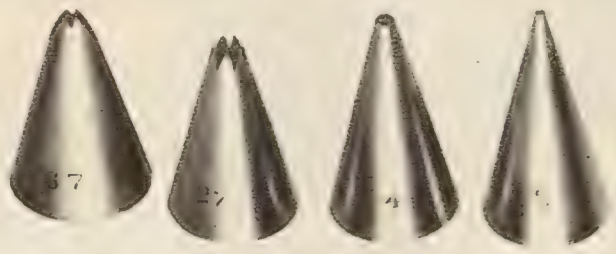
*With the aid of a pair of scissors, a roll of parchment paper, and any decorative icing or frosting, many decorative effects may be obtained for an attractive platter of French pastries.*



*Roll a tight cornucopia from nine-by-twelve-inch parchment cut diagonally, rolling from the short side.*

*Take care to maintain a firm, sharp point of tightly rolled layers.*





*Clip a variety of points as pictured. Force out icing by pinching cone at top, never at the bottom.*

*To hold completed cone in place, fold in point at top and crease edge firmly.*

## *Ornamental Icing*

The smaller quantity of sugar makes a more delicate marshmallow-like icing

⅔ to 1 cup sugar
½ to 1 cup water
1/16 teaspoon of cream of tartar, if desired

MIX the sugar, water, and cream of tartar if used. Stir until the sugar granules are all dissolved. Do not stir after the mixture starts to boil. Cover tightly for the first few minutes of the boiling to steam off any crystals of sugar that have adhered to the sides of the pan. Uncover and boil gently to 244° F., at which stage the syrup spins a *long* thread when dripped from a fork or spoon. Remove from the fire and *gradually* pour this syrup in a fine steady stream into the beaten egg whites (these should be beaten stiff but not dry), beating vigorously and continuously. The syrup should be added so slowly that the frosting is *never thinned*, but rather remains thick and fluffy at all times. Continue beating after all the syrup has been added, until the mixture thickens, then fold the mixture over and over until it is stiff enough to hold its shape. If, after cooling for some time, the frosting does not hold its shape enough to be decorative, beat and cook the mixture over hot water until it can be formed decoratively.

## *Easy Ornamental Icing*

This type is hard and crisp when set and therefore should be used for decoration purposes only.

2 egg whites, unbeaten
½ lb. confectioner's sugar
⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar
1 teaspoon vanilla or 1 tablespoon lemon juice

AFTER sifting the sugar through a fine sieve and removing all traces of lumps, put all the ingredients in a deep round bowl. Using a spatula or wooden spoon, beat these ingredients together until the mixture is so firm that when the beater is withdrawn the icing stays up in exactly the shape in which it was drawn. (The more the icing is beaten, the firmer it becomes.) Keep the bowl covered tightly with a damp cloth all the time it stands while using. Tint any desired colors, and use at will. If tightly covered, this icing may be kept overnight. Being hard when set, it can be used to hold candles on a birthday cake if the candles are placed in position carefully as the icing becomes firm.

## *Ornamental Butter Icing*

This is a rich soft icing that remains soft.

1 cup butter (sweet butter preferred)
2½ cups sifted confectioner's sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 egg white or 1 tablespoon cold water

IF salted butter is used, work it under cold water to remove the salt and freshen it. Cream the butter and work in the sugar thoroughly though gradually, stroking the mixture back and forth. When the whole is creamy and smooth, tint and use as desired.

## *Cheap Butter Icing*

This is much less rich, but is nevertheless delicate, soft icing that remains soft.

¼ cup butter, creamed
2 cups sifted confectioner's sugar
1 to 2 teaspoons milk
¼ teaspoon vanilla

CREAM the butter thoroughly with a spatula or wooden spoon until it is soft and pliable (do not melt it). Slowly add the sugar, beating it in. Add the flavoring and milk a few drops at a time.

This icing may be varied as follows: *Chocolate:* Add one-half ounce of melted chocolate with the milk. *Mocha:* Add *strong* coffee in place of the milk.

### *Suggestions for Varying the French Pastry Service*

Cut into various shapes. Utilize jams, jellies, and conserves for fillings between the layers. Use chopped figs, nuts, and jelly mixed to a paste for spreading between the layers. Roll the outer edges and sides of the cakes in cocoanut, plain or toasted. Roll the sides in chopped nuts. Add chopped candied pineapple to the icing itself or sprinkle it on top. Sprinkle with chocolate shot.


## Two Cook Books *for* LIBERTY Readers

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9-18-26

# Whole Wheat Makes Healthy Children

*By* MARY HOWELL

THERE is a little berry that is as old as history itself. It is a berry so wholesome and nutritious that the ancient Egyptians, Chinese, and the earliest people in the Old Testament days prized it as their finest crop. The *wheat* berry—Nature's most wholesome and nourishing food.

Whole wheat ranks with milk and fruit as a real health food

Wheat has been referred to as God's most perfect grain. It was one of the first human foods and is the most important food even today. The Bible is full of praise of this old and yet ever new product. Palestine is hailed in song as "The land of wheat." When Sampson sought revenge on the Philistines, he destroyed their wheat fields. King David, the great poet, says in song: "He would feed them also with the finest of wheat," and again, "He maketh peace in thy borders—he filleth thee with the finest of the wheat." And when King Solomon described his beloved in his inimitable, fascinating, oriental style, he likened her waist to a "shock of wheat set about with lilies."

### *Don't Use Skimmed Milk or "Skimmed" Wheat Cereal*

UNHAPPILY, our modern civilization, with its inclination towards artificiality and surface attraction, often ruins the natural nourishment found in wheat. Just examine the interesting chart of a magnified grain of wheat shown in the next column. See all the wonderfully nourishing things that Mother Nature crowded into one little wheat berry. She certainly knew what she was about when she made the wheat berry a *whole* wheat berry. If she hadn't wrapped all those six valuable outer layers around the center part, she would have robbed us of the very choicest parts of the wheat. She would have been "skimming" off the very cream of the berry. So when you select a cereal for the health and growth of your boys and girls, look for the rich golden brown color of the whole wheat berry in it.

**The Six Outer Layers of the Wheat Berry Supply:**

More than ten times as much minerals as the starchy center does.

Proteins for blood and muscles. These proteins are much superior in nutritional value to those of the starchy center.

Phosphorus for blood, nerve tissue and bones.

Iron for blood—more than twice as much as in raisins.

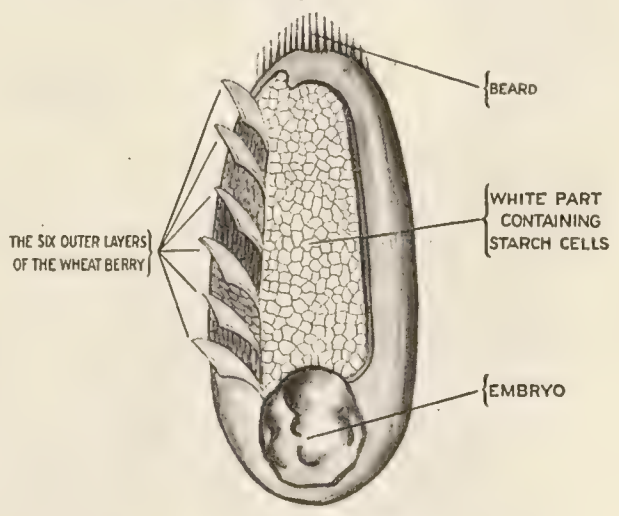
Coarseness (roughage) desirable because of its laxative properties.

Vitamins that promote life and healthy growth.

*All these valuable elements are retained in whole wheat cereal.*

The white part in the center of the wheat berry is mainly starch cells which supply energy. The center part alone can make only "skimmed" cereals. The *whole* wheat cereal is made from the *entire* wheat berry.

The embryo is the part which sprouts when planted. It has an abundance of life and growth-promoting vitamins. It has oils for energy. Its protein is of high nutritional value, comparable with the protein of milk and eggs. The embryo is *not* removed in making whole wheat cereal.




Where the nutriment is in a grain of wheat

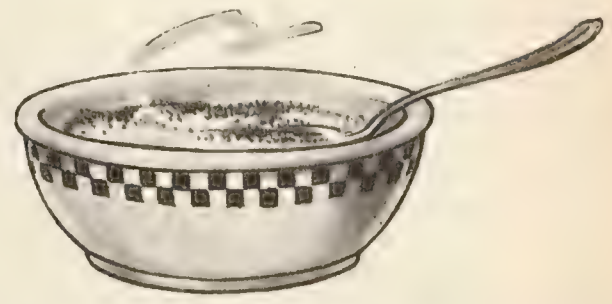
So, when you are selecting a good, nourishing breakfast for your growing boys and girls, remember this chart. Remember whole wheat ranks with fresh milk and fruits and fresh green vegetables as a real health food and a body builder. And remember that whole wheat served as a *steaming porridge* with whole milk or cream is by far the most digestible and nutritious breakfast that Nature can provide.

### *The Exceptional Nourishment in Ralston*

THERE is one institution in particular which has contributed to the modern generation a whole wheat cereal which retains every bit of the nourishing goodness of the whole wheat berry in a most digestible and delicious form. It is the Ralston Purina Company in St. Louis, Missouri, out in the middle western country where the choicest wheat in the world is grown. For the past thirty years this company has prided itself on maintaining a standard of quality unapproachable in ordinary wheat cereals. They pay a special premium for the wheat they use. Their whole wheat cereal is called "Ralston." You probably have seen it in its brilliant red, white and blue checkerboard package.

### *"Find the Bottom" Bowls for Boys and Girls*

INCIDENTALLY, the Ralston Purina Company has developed a most remarkable bowl, for helping mothers make their youngsters eat what is good for them. It is known as the "Find the Bottom" bowl. It turns breakfast into a regular game. Boys and girls delight in their bowls and their breakfast. If you want your youngsters to eat their morning dish of good nourishing cereal without being coaxed—just get them "Find the Bottom" bowls, and watch them "go after it."



The magic bowl which makes youngsters eat what is good for them

Here's the idea: There's a surprise—a perfectly lovely one—down at the very bottom of each bowl. But the only way to see that surprise is to *eat* all the way down to it.

The little tots eat, and watch the side of the bowl. There's a magic green line that winds all the way down the inside of the bowl. Every time they take out a spoonful of porridge, the end of that magic line draws nearer and nearer, and keeps whispering: "Find the bottom—find the bottom—remember the adorable little friend with the cunning long ears that's waiting for you at the bottom—the Ralston bunny."

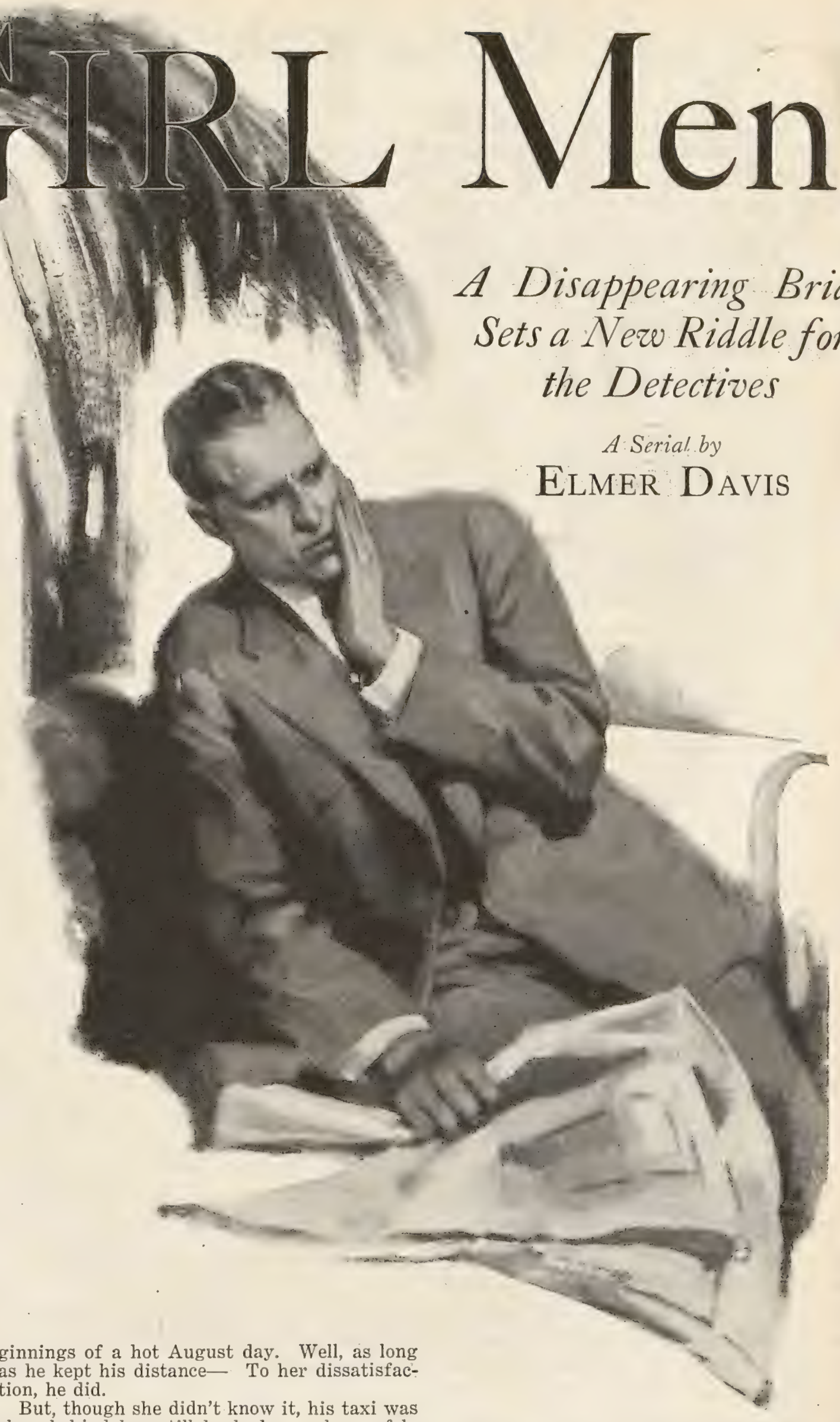
Don't fail to get a bowl. They are of a a quality that usually sells for fifty or seventy-five cents. Save the tops of two Ralston packages. Send them with a quarter to the Ralston Purina Co., St. Louis, Mo., and you'll get a "Find the Bottom" bowl, prepaid.

# The GIRL Men

## *A Disappearing Bride Sets a New Riddle for the Detectives*

*A Serial by*

ELMER DAVIS



THE most exciting day in Doris Kaye's life began in boredom. She was visiting the Rodneys in Magnolia. She had had a swim and lay prone on a float, thinking how disgusting it was to be twenty-nine, unmarried, moneyless, and a teacher.

Then she sat up, startled. A man was running her down in a catboat. He swerved, apologized, and skimmed away. Adventure number one.

At the Rodney cottage Doris found a telegram. It was from Arthur Fox, her one steady, stodgy suitor, announcing that he was sailing for East Africa the next day, and asking her to marry him, "now or never."

She decided to take him. For years she had been in love with Keith Lancefield—Keith, who was now busy writing against the dope trade; Keith, who couldn't or wouldn't manage a divorce from his wife. No use waiting for him.

So off she started. At the station in Boston, who should turn up but the man of the catboat! He introduced himself as Steve Lamar. She cut him and regretted it, for a few minutes later she was being escorted to the police station! By accident, she had exchanged suitcases with a frightened-faced girl, and the piece of hand luggage she got was marked and full of heroin.

At the police station, together with feminine and masculine clothing and $20,000 worth of dope, an old photograph of Doris was discovered. She was asked if she knew Harry Hart, a taxi driver—the running mate of the frightened-faced girl. She didn't, but admitted she had once kissed a taxi driver who got her out of a kid scrape.

Things looked black, when Steve Lamar appeared, debonair, displaying a Department of Justice badge. He identified her, and bore her to the station. But Blalock, Chief of Inspectors, was suspicious, and had them shadowed.

As Steve and Doris were speeding to New York on the sleeper, her suitcase was being opened in Boston by Harry Hart. He *was* the driver she had kissed! In the suitcase were letters addressed to her, and Harry went plunging to New York in his car to return her belongings.

Meanwhile, on the sleeper, Doris was being proposed to, by Steve—and refusing him.

### Part Four

DORIS tightened her arm around Steve's neck, and kissed him.

Instantly she knew she had made a terrible mistake. But with his arms tight around her, she couldn't help making another; indeed, she had made a dozen before she finally tore herself away.

"No, no! It's too late, I tell you. This has gone far enough. Don't you dare speak to me when I get off the train. This is—pleasant enough, but marriage is business. And I'm going to marry Arthur. I mean it. Nothing can stop it now."

Through the darkened passage she stumbled back to her berth. The shoeless, collarless eavesdropper had barely time to dodge behind the smoking-room curtain as she passed; but she might not have seen him, anyway, as she stared straight ahead, shaking with silent, mirthless laughter.

Lamar was far behind her when they got off at Grand Central Station in the golden beginnings of a hot August day. Well, as long as he kept his distance— To her dissatisfaction, he did.

But, though she didn't know it, his taxi was close behind hers till he had seen her safely into the Hotel Kenroy; and, though he didn't know it, two other taxis, a Federal operative in each one, were close behind him. And as they had got off the train, one of them had handed the messenger a telegram:

> COURTNEY BLALOCK,
> COPLEY PLAZA, BOSTON.
> LAMAR ONLY A DOLLAR A YEAR MAN THINK HE IS THE ONE SHE IS GOING TO MARRY HEARD THEM SPEAK OF SAILING ON THE BERENGARIA AT NOON
> KILPATRICK

While Doris was breakfasting in the Kenroy, and Lamar in the Biltmore, the reply came back:

> GET ANY HELP YOU NEED FROM BARRY IN OUR NEW YORK OFFICE ARREST GIRL OR LAMAR IF EITHER TRIES TO GO ABOARD OTHERWISE WATCH THEM AND WAIT ORDERS
> BLALOCK

As Doris sat before her dressing-table, finishing the redecoration of her face, the telephone bell echoed in the tiny bedroom.

"Mr. Fox calling."

"I'll see him in the lounge, right away."

She cast a final glance about the room before

# Don't Forget

*Pictures by*
LESTER RALPH

*HE staggered, fell back against the couch; and she began to laugh. Vaguely, she saw people around her.*

she remembered that she had no baggage to leave behind her. Well, if they went down to City Hall and got married at once, there would still be time to do a little shopping.

Her mirror had reassured her she looked as well as any girl could who had spent a sleepless night in a Pullman, her nerves tied in knots because she had fallen in love—if that was what you called it—with another man just before her marriage.

Well, what Arthur didn't know wouldn't hurt him; and she'd soon get over it. It had been the last thing she had expected or desired, but things never seemed to happen the way you wanted them to. All you could do was to sit back and watch the wheels go round and try to get a laugh out of it.

She caught herself. That was Steve Lamar's philosophy; one of the things she must forget. It would never do for the wife of a man who lived for Service.

Behind the bank of shrubbery that walled off the lounge from the lobby, Arthur waited on a couch, reading a newspaper. She couldn't help noticing how his ears stuck out; he looked like a rabbit with nose glasses. But she couldn't expect perfection in a husband. The main thing was that they had come together at last.

So when he laid aside his paper and came toward her, politely repressed as usual, she hugged him and kissed him with fervent relief, like that of a shipwrecked sailor staggering ashore on the Rock of Gibraltar. Unfortunately, Arthur didn't seem to like it. Any other man would have liked it, Doris thought resentfully, but frank caresses in public seemed to embarrass Arthur. Well, he couldn't help it; he was that way.

"ISN'T this delightful?" she said cheerfully, as they sat down on the couch, her hand in his. "I was afraid— My telegram wasn't very explicit!"

"Oh, I knew what it meant," he told her with a genial smile. "Even if you hadn't answered at all, I'd have expected you."

"Oh?" said Doris.

"You've never fooled me," he elucidated. "Ever since—well, ever since you broke off with Lancefield, I knew you'd marry me some day. I knew that if I could ever tell you it was now or never you'd say yes."

"Oh!" said Doris. "And, sure enough, that was what I said. Well, shall we go and get married?"

"Why—why—" he stammered, his delicacy bruised by her unmaidenly directness.

"Why not? That's what we're here for, isn't it? The sooner we get started the better, for I haven't a thing with me but the clothes I have on. I'll have to buy what I can before we sail—and ask you for the money."

"Haven't you any baggage? I don't understand."

"I had a suitcase when I started—four street dresses and two evening gowns, and all the accessories; but it was stolen in Boston last night."

"Stolen? How did that happen?"

She told him as much as seemed advisable—how she had picked up the wrong suitcase and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ THE GIRL MEN DON'T FORGET
Continued from Page Eighty-one ]

been arrested for it; how a man named Steve Lamar, whom she had known slightly years ago, had met her in the station and had fortunately been able to clear her.

About the amazing fictions by which she had been cleared; about Blalock's probings of the past, the reappearance of her photograph; above all things, about Steve Lamar's presence on the train and its consequences—she said nothing. But what she told was enough to unsettle Arthur.

"Dreadful!" he said at last. "Stupid of the police. But it wasn't very clever of you to pick up the wrong suitcase."

"I know that," she admitted meekly.

"Really, Doris—you've been careless and imprudent all your life; but you'll have to turn over a new leaf. This heedlessness has put you in a very embarrassing light. I suppose the papers didn't get it——"

"I'm afraid they did. I haven't seen any papers this morning, but there were reporters and camera men in the police station——"

"Doris, I've just accepted a very responsible position under the League of Nations. I may say that the eyes of the world are on our commission. If the wife of one of its members is accused of being involved in the drug traffic——"

"You act as if you thought I was."

"Don't be silly. The point is that you must be above suspicion. My wife can't afford to pick up the wrong suitcase."

She snatched her hand out of his, wishing she'd never told him.

"Nobody's above suspicion," she said wearily. "Blalock himself said that. We're lucky I got out of it in time for my train."

"So it was Steve Lamar who got you out," he mused. "I remember him, vaguely. Curious he should have gone into police work with all his money."

"Oh, has he money? Well, perhaps he's like you, Arthur—perhaps he lives for Service." She rose. "Let's go down to the City Hall."

HE rose too, but he was frowning.

"Doris! Didn't you say you had promised Blalock to stay in New York, in case he wanted you as a witness?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"But, then, how can you sail today?"

"Why can't I? He won't want me—he knows all I can tell him."

"But you've promised," said Arthur severely, "and I presume you are a woman of your word. I can't connive at the removal of a witness from the country. I'm a member of the bar. It wouldn't be ethical."

"Then we'll have to wait over for the next boat."

"But our commission is to meet in London a week from today and leave at once for East Africa. I'd miss them if we waited."

"Well, we can find the way to Africa. If we can't, we'll ask somebody."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]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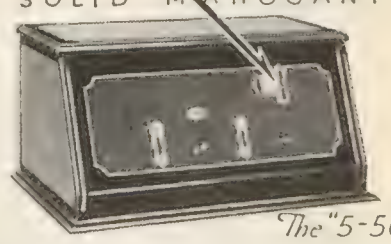

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-TWO]

"But it is extremely important that the commissioners should all go out together. I must share in the plans they will make on the trip——"

"Oh, if it's as important as that, we'd better sail today. Do whichever you like; but you needn't get so hot about it."

"But to sail today would be a defiance of the law!"

ANGRY as she was, Doris laughed; but her laughter was tinged with affectionate pity. Poor Arthur! He couldn't help it.

"Haven't you ever defied the law?" she asked.

"Never in my life."

"What? I've seen you take a drink—and in recent years."

"Since the Volstead law was passed I haven't touched a drop, except in the homes of my friends. I have never defied any law."

"Well, then," said Doris, "here's where you start."

"You know I can't. You're making all kinds of trouble for me——"

"You make it for yourself," she retorted.

"I? I didn't pick up the wrong suitcase and get my name in the papers. I can overlook that; but evading the police; breaking your promise—that isn't mere stupidity; it's a question of right and wrong."

"Poor Arthur!" She knew he was really suffering. For the first time in his well-regulated life, duty and pleasure had met in head-on collision. Her compassionate exclamation seemed to soothe him a little. His face lighted with a happy thought.

"I have it!" he cried softly. "We'll be married at once; then I'll sail at noon and you can follow me whenever Blalock permits you. We—we could have the morning together, at any rate; and I can leave you well supplied with money if you're in need——"

"Just like a war bride," said Doris with a staccato laugh. "Yes, we could do that; but we won't. I couldn't be absurd enough to be a war bride seven years after the war is over. Come, Arthur, don't be silly. My nerves have stood enough in the last twenty-four hours. I'll sail with you today or wait over—with you—for the next boat. Which shall it be?"

"You've no right to put me in this position! You wouldn't do it if you cared anything about me."

"Do you think I'd marry you if I didn't care anything about you?" Perhaps she emphasized the "anything" a little too much, but she was fighting hard to keep her temper. "You were so sure I'd marry you when you told me it was now or never——"

"Because I knew you hated teaching," he said. "Because you were rich once and you hate being poor. Because I was fool enough to keep on groveling at your feet when other men gave up and went to other women. Oh, do you think I liked it? Do you think I don't know you laughed at me, you and your friends? But I knew you'd come to me at last, because you'd have nowhere else to go; and I was abject enough, sick enough with desire, to be glad. I didn't care if you laughed; some day I'd get you."

Doris stared at him, fascinated by the hungry hatred in his face; amazed, almost admiring. She hadn't supposed he had it in him.

"I'm not such a fool as you think," he went on furiously. "I know why you picked this quarrel—why you put me up before this impossible dilemma after you found I'd forgive that stupidity about the suitcase. Yet you pretend you haven't read the papers!"

"I haven't."

*HER mirror reassured her she looked as well as any girl could who had spent a sleepless night in a Pullman.*

He picked up the paper from the couch beside him and thrust it at her with shaking hands.

"Oh, you haven't! You pretend you haven't seen—that you aren't trying to get rid of me because now you can marry *him?*"

"Him?" She stared blankly till her eyes saw the item his finger was thrusting at:

*Paris*, August 10—A divorce on grounds of desertion was granted today to Corinne Appleby Lancefield from Keith Lancefield. They were married in New York, October 23, 1901.

"No," she said quietly, "I hadn't seen that! I haven't heard from him for three years. I happen to be what you call a woman of my word on things that matter."

"And you think I'd marry you and take that chance?"

"I seem to be taking a chance myself," she observed. "I decided to marry you because it seemed to be the sensible thing—a good investment for both of us. I didn't know you were subject to brainstorms like this. But I'll take the chance if you will."

"I'm not such a fool," he snarled, trembling. "You haven't heard from Lancefield in three years, eh? I suppose you don't know he's broke and in debt. He's broke, but I have money. You'll marry me, then you and Lancefield——"

FOR one incredulous instant she stared, paralyzed. Then her open hand struck his face with a smack like Babe Ruth's bat. He staggered, fell back against the couch; and she began to laugh. Vaguely she saw people around her—bell boys, a scandalized assistant manager; but the nerves that had endured a racking day and a sleepless night had gone utterly to pieces now.

"He can't help it; he's that way," she explained between shrieks of laughter. "I was going to marry him because he was so safe and steady. I would have, if a stupid detective hadn't—oh, can't you see the headlines? 'Boston Police Close Last Resort'!"

Returning to her room after Arthur had gone—gone quickly and without dignity—she recovered her self-control. That outburst had eased her nerves and, desperately weary as she was, she could still look at her situation with a cool, appraising eye.

For it certainly was a situation. She had no baggage, no clothes. Her room had to be paid for daily; her meals in cash; and she owed Lamar for that Pullman. She had clothes in Magnolia and $73.60 in a Boston bank—but she had no job.

Well, she could recall her resignation and go back to Magnolia for the rest of the summer. But to go back and admit to Sam and Mary that they had been right about Arthur; that she had built up as much of a romantic illusion about him as if she had been in love with him— No!

And the school? Likewise no! She hated it. No more school and no more Arthur. She was free.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


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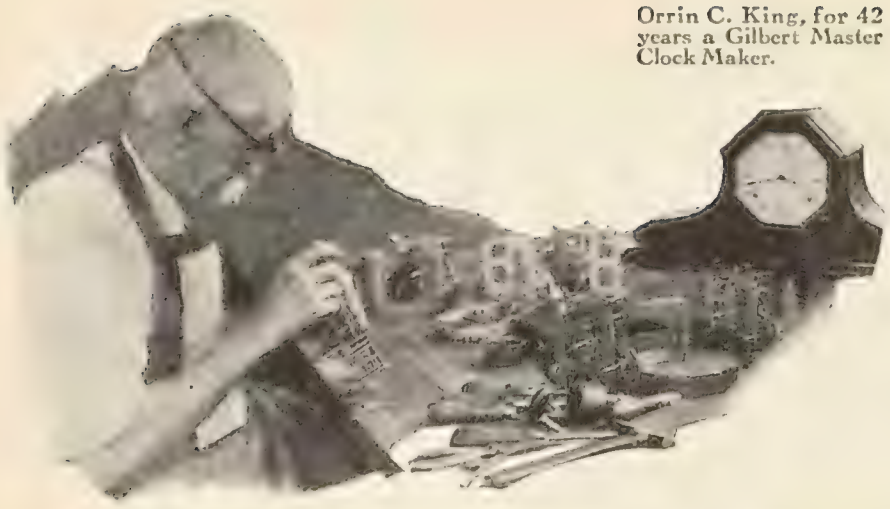

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**GEM *Double Life* BLADES**


[THE GIRL MEN DON'T FORGET]
Continued from Page Eighty-three

Free, of course, only so long as her seventy-three dollars lasted. But that was a feeble check to her rebounding joy at the reconciliation of the reason that had told her to marry Arthur and the instinct that had told her "No." Instinct had been right, and she was free, by incredible luck, to see anybody and do anything.

But who was there to see? Steve Lamar? This morning her weary brain kept only a blurred memory of the flame that had blazed up as she kissed him last night. This morning he appeared only as an irresponsible nut who couldn't tell the truth on a bet. Besides, if she saw him, he might repeat that idiotic suggestion about getting married.

Never in her life had Doris felt less matrimonial than now. If anything had ever looked safe and sure, a matter of exact calculation, it was that project of marrying good old solid Arthur.

Wearily she stretched out on the bed and lifted the telephone directory from the bedside table. Yes, there it was:

Lancefield Keith Gr Cent Term
Vanderbilt 18475
r Caribbean Club Plaza 12364

But—she hadn't heard from him for three years. He had told her nothing about this divorce he had promised to get ten years ago for her. Now he had got it—for her? Hardly. It had been understood that his steady stream of brief romances served only to kill time while he waited for her, but the theory had worn a bit thin with the years.

NOW he was free—as free as Doris and as penniless. If he wanted to remarry at all—and why should he?—he would probably want to marry money. Doris had discovered that money counted when you were twenty-nine. It probably counted still more when you were fifty. And he could marry money. With his personality and his reputation he could marry anybody. She caught herself humming that couplet from Madame Butterfly:

The Yankee adventurer through all the world,
Scornful of danger, seeks amusement or profit.

She'd forgotten the rest—something about milk punch or whisky; but, more to the point, something about a wife in every port. He had loved her once—loved her desperately for years. But nothing lasts forever.

She replaced the big telephone book. In the smaller suburban directory her blurred eyes searched till she found the name she wanted and called the number:

"May I speak to Mrs. Standiford, please? . . . Oh, she is? . . . Not till Thursday? . . . Will you tell her Miss Kaye called, please, from the Hotel Kenroy? . . . Yes, Kaye—K-A-Y-E. About that position."

Her tired hands replaced the telephone; she lay back and instantly was asleep.

While she slept, Mary Rodney, breakfasting in bed at Magnolia,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


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powerful story of the South Seas
THE THREE PEARLS
*In Next Week's*
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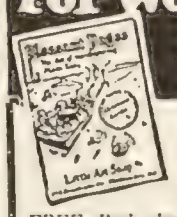

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Then you can start in *at once.* Trial Box contains assortment of beautiful Christmas Cards, all big sellers. Also, complete easy instructions how to color, brush, colors, and sample colored card. When colored, these sell for $3 to $4—big profit! Act QUICK—Christmas is biggest season and cards are selling fast already!

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SILK-AID toughens the threads of silk, greatly increasing the resistance to *wear, snags and runs*—a magic for keeping silk hose and lingerie like new.

**More Than Trebles Wear of Silk Hosiery**

It sets the color and aids in retaining the original lustre and softness—Also neutralizes the destructive acid of foot perspiration. Harmless to the skin or any fabric. *A real comfort to the feet.*

Get **SILK-AID** today at good dealers, or special package, a year's supply, one dollar postpaid. Guaranteed to satisfy or your money back.

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You, too, can easily and skillfully make attractive bookshelves, trays; Gesso-clay novelties; decorated glass; book ends and doorstops; curtains, table runners; parchment shades; gay-lacquered china—and many other things new this season. No lessons are needed—your decorating is made easy by Prof. Hibbard's "Oriental Lacquers" and (new) "French Fabric Paints"—completely dry 10-15 minutes after applying.

Revised, enlarged Instruction Book tells how to decorate wood, china, glass, iron, fabrics, parchments—how to do it easily, skillfully, quickly. Regularly $1.00. Order now at 50c —*just half price!*

The 1927 Yearbook (84 pages profusely illustrated) tells all about the newest, lovliest things—and at such low prices!

***Send today.*** Yearbook is FREE; Instruction Book only 50c.

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and the exhaustion, faintness, nausea and dizziness caused by travel motion. Journey by Sea, Train, Car, Auto or Air in perfect comfort with Mothersill's. 32

*75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct*

**The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.**
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MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY
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You can easily make extra money at home in spare hours, decorating candlesticks, toys, etc.

**Send for FREE** BOOK telling how to become a member of Fireside Industries, a national organization of co-operative home-workers.

Send 2c for postage on beautiful book giving full details.

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**Commissions Paid Daily**

Part time representatives can easily increase their income $30.00 weekly in spare time. Full time people can earn

**$250.00 Monthly $500.00**

**Johnson Earned $90 in a Day**

Selling America's most fairly priced and widely known line of "Made-to-Order" Personal and Business Christmas Greeting Cards, in universal demand among Banks, Business, Society and Professional people. For full details and exclusive territory

**ADDRESS DEPT. B**
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## *Avoid Imitations*

ASK for Horlick's The ORIGINAL Malted Milk

**Safe Milk and Food**

*For INFANTS, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers, etc.*


[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-FOUR]

was disturbed by a maid with the news of a long-distance call from New York—someone who wanted to speak to Miss Kaye. Uneasily she took up the extension telephone at her bedside. She had had a premonition that something would go wrong. An unfamiliar voice answered her "Hello."

"Is this Mrs. Rodney?"

"Yes. Is that you, Arthur?"

"No, this isn't Arthur, whoever he may be. This is Keith Lancefield."

"Oh!" said Mary coldly. "What do you want?"

"I want to know where Doris is. I supposed she was visiting you, but your servants said she wasn't there——"

"She's off getting married," said Mary.

"Good God! To whom?"

"A man named Arthur Fox."

"I never heard of him," said Lancefield.

"Why should you? You've taken the ten best years of her life—isn't that enough?"

"No. I—I've got my divorce at last. I want her to marry me."

"Well, you're too late about it. She's marrying somebody else."

"Where?" he asked. Mary hesitated, but, after all, New York was a large place.

"Somewhere in New York. They're sailing on the Berengaria at noon."

"You don't know what hotel she went to—where they're to be married?"

EVEN across the 300 miles of space, his desperation was audible; but Mary had no mercy. "No—and if I did I wouldn't tell you. She waited ten years for you. Let her alone."

She hung up the receiver and rang for her maid.

"Victorine! Will you bring me the morning papers?"

While Doris slept, passengers streamed up the gangplank of the Berengaria. Unobtrusively sprinkled among the chattering crowd on the pier, half a dozen men watched the gangplank. Steve Lamar, watching it himself, never dreamed that if he had gone aboard they would have followed. Presently he grinned. He had seen a man with widespread pink ears, ears that had stuck in his memory for a decade, going aboard—alone.

Steve's heart thumped. She hadn't embarked ahead of Arthur, for he had been watching since half past nine. She might be coming later—but when the gangplank was drawn in, as the whistle blast shook the pier, she hadn't come.

The vast bulk alongside moved slowly outward. The crowd rushed toward the end of the dock; but Steve Lamar walked down toward the street exit. Excited as he was, he noticed another man striding on ahead of him—a well built man with thinning blond hair and a monocle famous on five continents.

Steve's elation sank. He, too, had seen that item in the morning paper; he, too, had heard talk—in Boston and Paris—of a romance between Doris and Lancefield. So

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]


## People Are "Just Crazy" Over The New

# Ustikon

YOU STICK ON

**Ground Contact SOLES**

**And no wonder for with Ustikons applied to new or old shoes**

## The Original Shoe Soles Never Wear Out

### Greater Comfort—Less Cost

That's Ustikons appeal to Bankers, Business and Professional Men, Factory Workers, Farmers, Doctors, Nurses, Teachers, Mothers—Men, Women and Children everywhere.

### Extremely Light Weight

Women's only 1-2 to 1 oz. per shoe, Men's 1 to 2 oz., yet greatly outwear leather. Stop catching cold, because waterproof. Leaves you less tired at night—no slipping accidents.

### First Million Customers Bought 3 Million Pairs

Can anything tell the story better—that once seen and worn, you'll want Ustikons for other shoes and for friends.

### Jobbers and Dealers

Ustikons Sales are increasing rapidly and this new Ustikon Display and Stock Cabinet is doubling retail demand. 40 million pairs of shoe soles were applied last year in foreign countries by cement processes (without nails or sewing). It is coming here fast. Get in line with this big worth-while new business.

### Salesmen

make $100 and $200 weekly with only close by traveling on full Auburn Ustikon lines.

### Our Problem Is To Get Ustikons Known and We Want You to Help Us

Your Shoeman should carry and apply Ustikons—but like anything new and **better**—(automobiles against buggies or short hair and skirts versus long)—it takes time.

### Ustikons Can be Applied by Anyone

No hard work except that leather must be **thoroughly** roughened so the cement (included with each pair) can penetrate. Price is only 75c Men's, 70c Women's, 60c Child's.

### But Many Prefer to Have Ustikons Applied for Them

Your local shoeman's charge including the soles, expert workmanship, overhead and that reasonable profit, which we are always willing to pay for service is usually Men's $1.50, Women's $1.35, Child's $1.10. **You get double value** by double wear with better health and greater comfort thrown in.

### To Get You and Your Shoeman Acquainted With Ustikons

If not carried by your dealer, just use This Special "$1 Put-on" Coupon.

## Write Us TODAY

## AUBURN RUBBER CO.

**Auburn, Indiana**

**AUBURN RUBBER CO., Auburn, Ind.**

**Enclosed find $1 bill and pencil outline of the shape of my shoe sole, for which send me a pair of Ustikons and an order to have them applied free by my customary**

**shoeman whose name and address is.....**

**.....**

**My name and address is.....**

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Makers of super quality tires and tubes
Send your tire size too for interesting figures

the Chief

new Santa Fe train de-Luxe between Chicago and California

extra fast
extra fine
extra fare

only two business days on the way

It costs more to ride *The Chief*, because it is faster and finer—distinctively superior—like an exclusive hotel or club, on ribbons of steel, speeding through a scenic wonderland, in luxury, ease and supreme comfort.

Extra fare from Chicago $10; from Kansas City $8. Service daily, *beginning in November, 1926.*

The Santa Fe also operates four other through trains to California *every* day on which no extra fare is charged.

*just mail this coupon*

W. J. Black, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Santa Fe Sys. Lines
1150 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Illinois
Send me free Santa Fe folders of trains and trip to California.

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.....


[ THE GIRL MEN DON'T FORGET
Continued from Page Eighty-five ]

that was why she hadn't sailed with Arthur!

He shook himself back to sanity. It was years ago that he had heard about her and Lancefield. It was only a few hours ago that she had kissed him, as if she meant it, too. And Steve, too, had learned that nothing lasts forever.

At any rate, Lancefield was not merely Doris' old flame—he was also the great authority on dope smuggling. A man who had fooled Blalock with an invented story last night had better pick up a little information to back up that story when Blalock saw him again. For Steve never doubted that Blalock would see him again; he didn't stay fooled. Indeed, the presence of the detectives on the train last night suggested that.

He hurried forward.

"Mr. Lancefield, you don't remember me, though we met once in the State Department, years ago. My name's Lamar."

"YES?" Lancefield had the gift of conveying in one syllable that he lived only for the pleasure of doing whatever you might want him to do.

"I was wondering if I could panhandle you for a little information," ventured Steve. "I—an end of the dope trade brushed against me last night and it made me curious. I gather you know more about it than anyone else in the country, so I thought you might tell me——"

"Gladly," said Lancefield genially. "I'm going to be very busy today, but if you can drop in at my office next week——"

"What I most want to know," said Steve, "you can tell me while we're going uptown in a taxi. About the smuggling of drugs on Cape Ann——"

"Oh!" The blue eyes turned chill gray, like the sea when a cloud sweeps over the sun. "Well—you understand not all of my information is for the general public——"

"Oh, you can trust me. I happen to be attached to the Department of Justice."

"Why, in that case," said Lancefield with returning geniality, "I'll be delighted to tell you everything I know."

But Steve felt that the geniality was forced to cover something that looked like a hopeless weariness.

The Berengaria moved out into midstream, pointed her nose down the river, shook off her tugs, and started for the high seas. And Arthur Fox strode into what a few years earlier would have been called the bridal suite and found it crowded with baskets of flowers. Savagely he snatched at cards—Mr. and Mrs. Rodney; Mr. Lamar; Mr. Lancefield. He pushed a bell.

"Throw them overboard!" Arthur commanded. "There is no Mrs. Fox."

Lancefield dropped Lamar at the Biltmore, hurried back to his office, and called up Magnolia again.

"Hello! Mrs. Rodney? You don't know what hotel Doris usually goes to in New York, do you?"

"No. She hasn't been there for years." Mary's voice sounded ragged, disturbed. "What's the matter?"

"She didn't sail on the Berengaria. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fox were on the passenger list, but she didn't get on. I verified it by radio. Mr. Fox is aboard and he says there is no Mrs. Fox."

"Oh, what do you suppose had happened?"

"Why, I—I hope she decided not to do it. If I can only find her— What else could have happened?"

"She was arrested in Boston last night," Mary told him. "Oh, they let her go to her train for New York; but there's a terrible story in all the Boston papers——"

"Arrested—what for?"

"Why, she was suspected of being a dope smuggler. There was something about an exchange of suitcases— Oh, do you suppose anything could have happened to her?"

"I don't know, but I'll soon find out. I'll run through the hotels."

"Sam and I can come down on an afternoon train," said Mary, "and see if—if we can take care of her——"

"Never mind," said Lancefield. "I'm going to take good care of her now."

. . . . . .

Detective McGone was calling Blalock.

"She's still here," he announced. "The Berengaria's gone and she's still in her room at the Kenroy. Barry's men are watchin' the hotel. And she isn't married, not yet."

"Ha!" said Blalock. "I was right all the time. I thought that story was only an appeal to my sympathies. Had she had any callers?"

"Only one—some bird that came in and had a grand row with her in the lounge about nine o'clock. But somebody left a suitcase for her."

"A suitcase?" Blalock's excitement was undisguised.

"Nothing but clothes and some letters—her own stuff. Shall we let her have it?"

"You'd better," said Blalock. "But who left it?"

"Messenger boy. Said some bird gave it to him, with a dollar bill, down on the corner."

"And Lamar?"

"He was down at the boat. We were all ready to grab him—I left the New York men watchin' the hotel and went down, too—if he got aboard. But he just saw the boat off, then came back uptown with a fellow named Lancefield—a magazine writer. Kilpatrick's stickin' to him."

"Ah!" said Blalock softly. "Mr. Lancefield, who writes about the landing of drugs on Cape Ann, where no drugs are landed. A mysterious man. Highly mysterious. Did you see him?"

"Lancefield? Sure. He was on the pier."

"You may see him again," said Blalock.

"I remember some gossip about him and Miss Kaye—before the war. This becomes interesting, McGone. I think I'll come down to New York myself. Don't let that girl slip away. Her connection with Lancefield was years ago, but—she said last night she was a girl men don't forget. I suspect she fancies herself to be what the French call a fatal woman. It may turn out that she is."

---

*Doris Kaye could upset the calculations of the cleverest sleuth on earth. If you don't believe it, watch her crowd into one afternoon excitement enough for a year. She does it in next week's installment.*

*DORIS stepped forward, slid her arm around Steve's neck, and kissed him. Instantly she knew she had made a terrible mistake.*

# THE MIRACLE BALLS OF SPORT

The Wilson "Hidden Lace" Official Intercollegiate Basket Ball was originated and perfected under the direction of Dr. Walter E. Meanwell, Wisconsin's famous Coach. Smooth, continuously spherical surface [no rawhide lacing bulge] and perfect balance feature insure greatest accuracy of dribble and of shot. Livelier. Round and stays round. Ready laced. Inflates through valve like an auto tire. Used and endorsed by foremost schools and colleges.

Over ten years ago, Wilson invented and perfected the patented double lining—the first notable improvement in inflated balls in forty years.

Then, a little over a year ago, came even more startling improvements from the Wilson factory—VALVE INFLATION, the Rockne DOUBLE-LACED Foot Ball and the Meanwell HIDDEN LACE Basket Ball.

These revolutionary Wilson developments have made obsolete the old stem bladder types of balls with their awkward bulges and have raised the games of Football and Basketball to higher standards.

The Big 10 has ruled that all Basket Balls used in future games must be *fabric lined* with *hidden or concealed lacing* and *valve* type and must be blown to a standard air pressure of 13 pounds. Conferences everywhere are adopting similar rulings.

Walter E. Meanwell



Knute K. Rockne

Because of their superiority Wilson-Meanwell Official Basket Balls were officially adopted and used exclusively in the following important championships last season:

National Interscholastic
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Nebraska Interscholastic
Kansas Collegiate Conference
South Carolina Interscholastic
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The new Wilson "Rockne Double Laced" Official Intercollegiate Foot Ball, perfected under the direction of the famous Notre Dame Coach, Knute K. Rockne, is perfectly shaped, balanced and lively. These qualities insure truer drop-kicks, more accurate passes, longer punts and fewer fumbles. Ready laced—no lacing worries. Valve permits immediate inflation or deflation and standard pressure. "The Perfect Foot Ball" say leading Coaches and Players. Ask your dealer.

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All Official Wilson Foot Balls and Basket Balls are equipped with SEAMLESS patented valve type pure gum bladders made by the Seamless Rubber Co. of New Haven, Conn.

The patented Seamless method of vulcanizing the valve into the rubber is only one of the many evident and easily proved advantages of the Seamless bladders.

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Of all the materials which enter into the making of Official inflated balls leather is the most important.

Only the finest GUNNISON tanned cowhide by the Gunnison Brothers, Inc., Girard, Pa. can meet the requirements so necessary to the super-performance of these championship balls.

You can test the air pressure with a Wilson Ball Gauge any time. No more guess work. Every game can be played with a Wilson Ball of exactly the same pressure and rebound. Think what this uniformity with standard air pressure means to your team.

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# Wilson
ATHLETIC EQUIPMENT

# ATWATER KENT RADIO

## Call the Roll of Stations—*with ONE DIAL*

ONCE, you had to crank a car by hand. There was no other way.

Then came the self-starter. You know what it did for the automobile.

Once, you had to juggle several dials back and forth to tune a radio set. There was no other way.

Then came Atwater Kent ONE Dial operation. It is doing as much for Radio as the self-starter did for the automobile.

Thousands of people who wanted Radio but were waiting until getting a station should become as simple and easy as pressing the button of an electric starter, wait no longer.

Turn this ONE Dial slowly and you hear all the stations on the air within range, one after another. It's like a roll-call. Even if you never saw a radio set before, you can get the same results as a radio engineer.

Here's speed and certainty as well as simplicity and ease. A new precision, a new satisfaction, with Atwater Kent ONE Dial Control—the kind that requires no auxiliary tuning devices to help out the ONE Dial.

The opportunity is at your dealer's today. He will gladly let you demonstrate this remarkable ONE Dial Receiver with an Atwater Kent Radio Speaker famous for naturalness and beauty of tone.

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING the Atwater Kent Radio Artists bring you their summer program at 9:15 Eastern Daylight Time, 8:15 Central Daylight Time, through:

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| WEAF . . *New York* | WRC . . *Washington* | WGN . . *Chicago* |
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*A. Atwater Kent, President*
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Model 30, six-tube ONE Dial receiver. Less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable attached, $85.00

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*Write for illustrated booklet telling the complete story of Atwater Kent Radio.*

. . .

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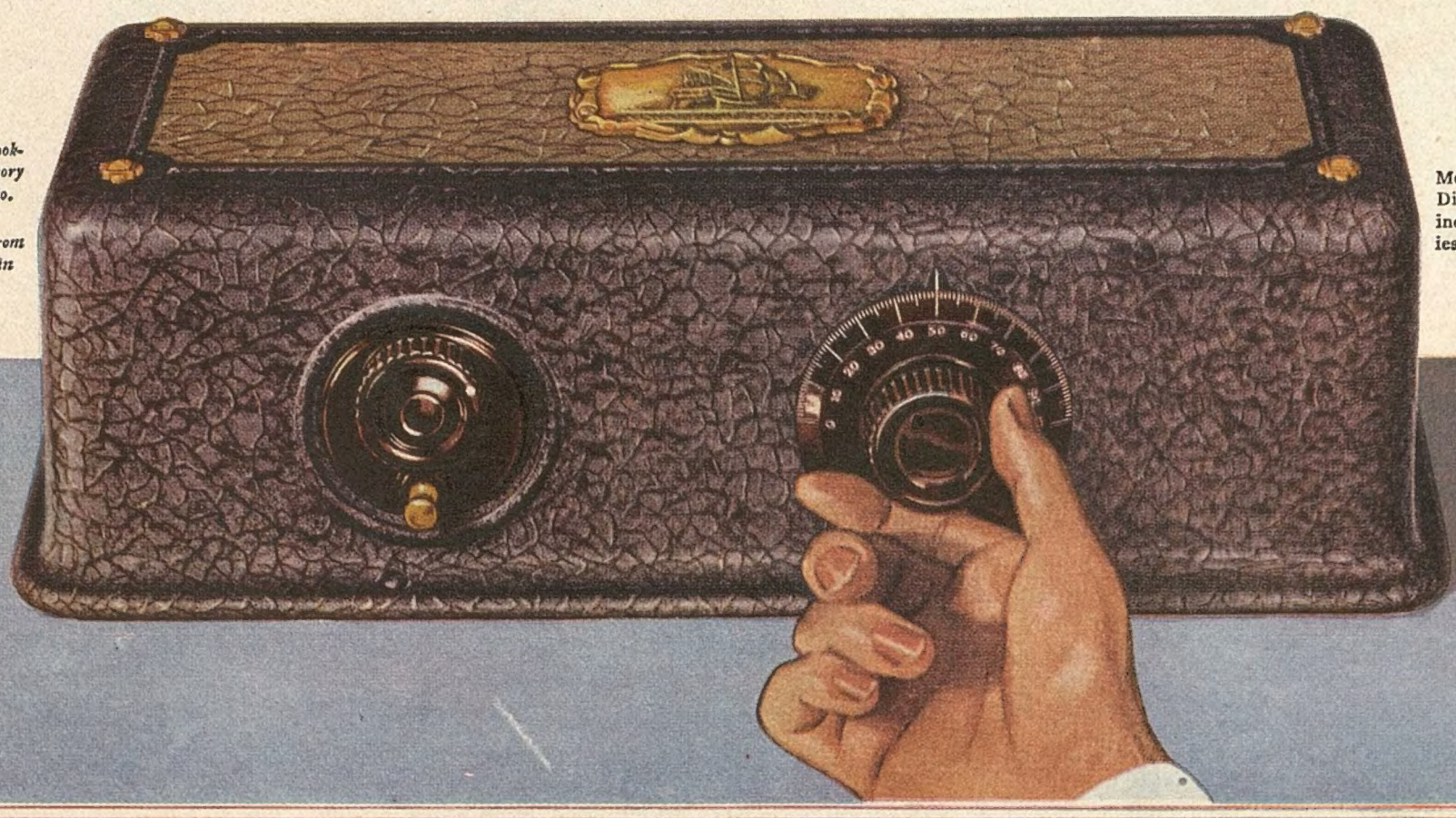

Model 35, six-tube ONE Dial receiver, shielded cabinet. Less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable attached, $70.00